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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



What You Don't See By L...

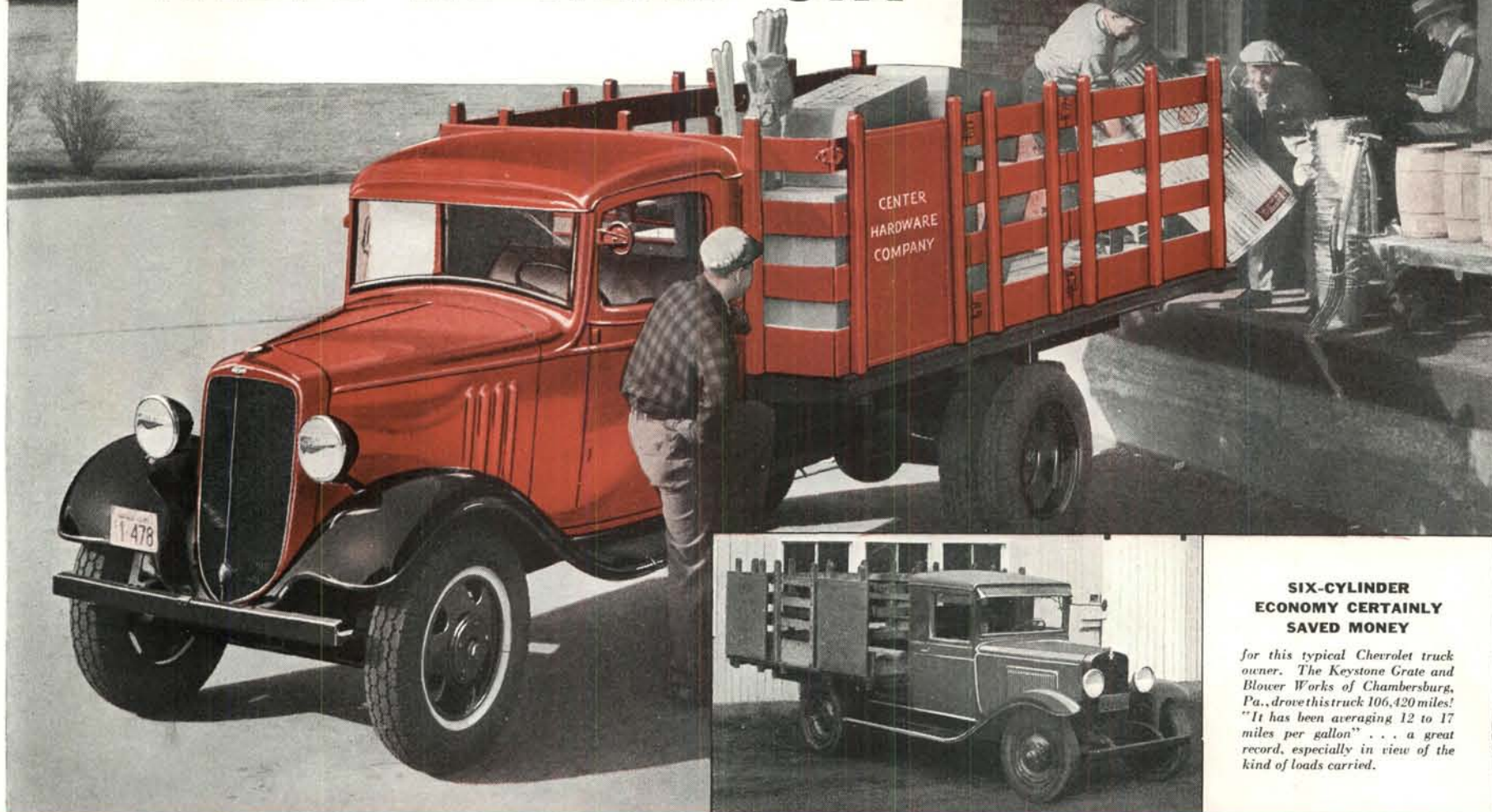
A great coach begins a series of footba

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN Ballard Mallory walked out of the offices of Grast, Furman and Menck in Red Lion Square he had a job. The lawyers had been very precise in their instructions—he was to lead an expedition into the heart of South Africa and there find, alive or dead, one Larry Morland. If he brought back evidence that Morland was dead he would receive a reward of \$25,000. In brief, Ballard Mallory had been hired to kill a man.

Orders like those are enough to absorb any young man's attention, even on safari. Add to that the fact that the beautiful Josephine Cascoden mysteriously insisted upon going along and you'll see that Mallory's position was a difficult one. But interesting. You'll travel with him in George Agnew Chamberlain's brilliant new serial, "Two on Safari."

UPTON SINCLAIR'S announcement last spring that he would seek the Democratic nomination for governor of California seemed to the more conservative element something of a joke. Upton Sinclair, the writer? Upton Sinclair, the radical? Don't be silly. But they weren't able to laugh off his nomination. The press thundered denunciations, exhorting all and sundry to flee from the wrath to come. Mr. Sinclair remained calmly absorbed in his economic speculations. His followers shook the well-known California sky with their shouts of triumph. And Walter Davenport compressed all this for you in an article: "Sinclair Gets the Glory Vote."

NO ONE would have taken Barton Lang for a poet. He was six feet two and looked like an athlete. He was, however, a poet and as such a little absent-minded. Anyway, it was not until he was engaged to marry Bunny Martinez that he discovered she had four children and a great deal of money. Harlan Ware tells you what came of the discovery in "Poet and Princess."

WHEN an astronomer sits down to figure out the behavior of three moving bodies he's up against a problem. Think what a football coach faces with twenty-two moving bodies to keep track of. But that's where his chance lies, too. Lou Little, in his second article, shows you "What It Takes."

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT writes a brilliant story of Hollywood. William MacHarg, Aimee Larkin, Talbert Josselyn, Arthur Somers Roche, Freling Foster and others keep up the good work. And that makes it nice.

This Week

October 20, 1934

Cover by Janice Wathen

LOU LITTLE

What You Don't See. The famous coach of Columbia University shows you football from the inside. Page 7

KYLE CRICHTON

In Sickness and in Health. Taking thought for the morrow. Page 10

FRANCIS and KATHARINE DRAKE

Final Flight. Heroism on the air lines. Page 11

HENRY F. PRINGLE

Bad Boys of the Movies. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur start rolling their own. Page 13

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ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Shadow of Doubt, Part II. A pretty kettle of fish. Page 24

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Take your pick. Page 37

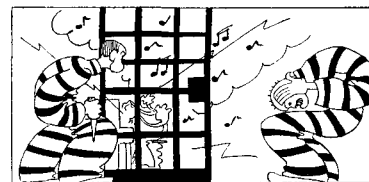
EDITORIAL

Stop Calling Names. Page 62

Any Week

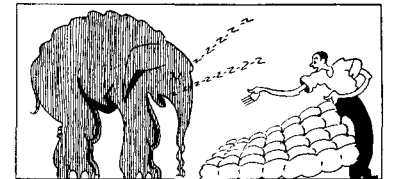
LIKE the rest of you, we're rain-bow chasers. The elusive is forever, alas, our goal. For example, there's Peace. Thinking it over very calmly we find that our craving for enduring peace comes first. And that's why we're very glad we were not within reach of Mr. Leonard B. Hinchman of Jacksonville, Florida, when our recent editorial about shorts entered his home and was read by Mrs. Hinchman. "I had just about convinced my wife that neither she nor any of her friends had any business wearing shorts," says he. "Mrs. Hinchman is a very pretty woman in spite of the fact she has been married to me for seventeen years. Furthermore, she can wear shorts with the best of them. But I'm against it and I had just about won my case when your editorial came along. Now I have to start in all over again and I'm not the sort of man who likes to start in all over again. She read your editorial, put on her shorts and told me to go take a jump at an alligator. Maybe you can lick me but you would have had to prove it if you had been here."

AND one morning not long ago, Mr. L. J. Lubiniecki of Sturgis, Saskatchewan, Canada, sat down at his desk to do a bit of figuring. Apparently Mr. Lubiniecki was in no light humor. But having arrived at his conclusion he sent the whole process, without comment. He calls it Modern Arithmetic and it runs thus: "Two pints, one quart; two quarts, one fight; one fight, two cops; two cops, one judge; one judge, twenty days."



IN CERTAIN circumstances those twenty days in a well-conducted cooler would do a person no little good. But not in a jail house of which Mr. B. Lovenby of St. Louis, Missouri, knows. "The warden's wife's sister," writes Mr. Lovenby, "was in love with a piano tuner who met up with a fatal accident about a year ago. He told her she had the makings of a musical genius and ever since then she practices the piano and also singing three to five hours a day. She lives with her sister next to the jail but the warden couldn't stand it. The piano is now in the jail proper. I can't identify this jail for you just yet but you will get all the facts some day when the inevitable jail break occurs."

OF COURSE things like that, properly persisted in, are bound to have consequences. Here, for example, is a letter from Mr. Robert Heitz of Offenburg, Germany, telling you what can be done if you stick to it. "I am finishing a interesting bild-reportage," says Mr. Heitz. "The work of a lifetime; the clock out of glass. This marvellous work was constructed by a German glassformer in 30 years and consistet quite out of glass. She goes with the greatest promptitude. I should be very glad if you would let me know."



GIVING the national situation a very thorough going over, Mr. Everett L. Steinfeldt of Salt Lake City finds himself pretty disgusted. "With fine issues on every hand," says Mr. Steinfeldt, "the Republicans can find nothing to talk about except liberty and what of it. The unemployed have made 79,528 mattresses at the government's expense. If the Republicans had any sense they would get mad about this and demand an investigation into why more aren't available. While it is true that thousands of Republicans are asleep on their feet it is not fair to let them stand there unconscious for the next six or eight years. We Republicans demand more mattresses."

WHEN Miss Jeanne Brown of San Antonio, Texas, buys this copy of Collier's she will, she says, be trembling a little with excitement. There's always something exciting about buying a new issue. However, after calming herself recently and reading us from cover to cover she found that the heroes of three of the stories in that issue were named George. Miss Brown does not write of this in anger but suggests that we give George a rest for a change. We promise. No George could be man enough to stand it.

"AND another thing I want to know," storms Mrs. L. Dorner of Troy, New York. "What does 'tsk' spell and what does it mean and how do you pronounce it? I read 'Tsk, tsk,' said the doctor.' And in another place the beautiful heroine's uncle says 'Tsk, tsk, my dear!' For years authors have had their characters saying 'tsk, tsk,' and I'm sick and tired of it."

TSK, tsk, tsk, tsk.

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with 102% More Ink Capacity ...
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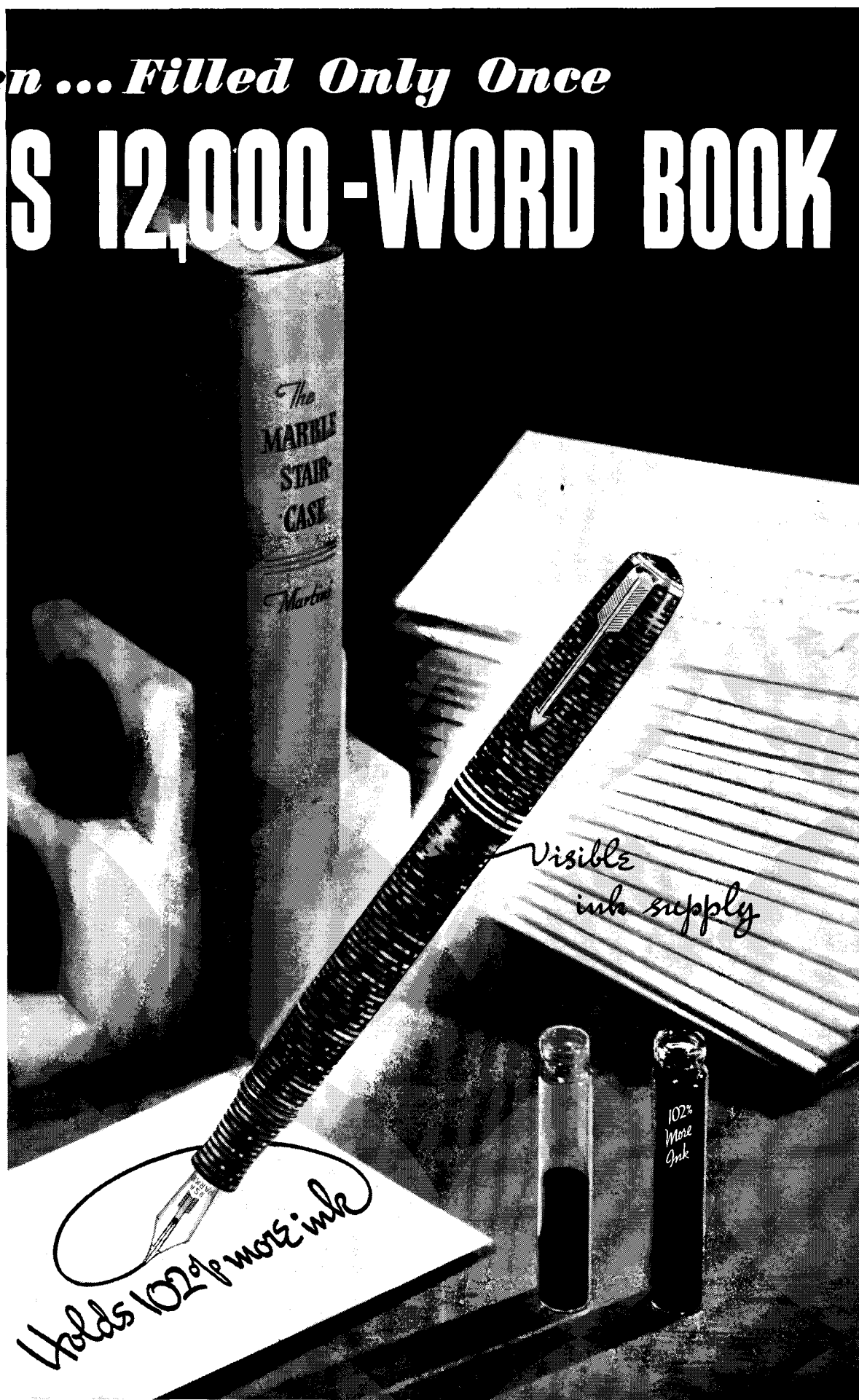
ROLAND MARTINI, the author, filled his Parker Vacumatic, and with it wrote "The Marble Staircase," a 12,000-word story soon to appear. He wrote it without once refilling this revolutionary pen. In addition, he wrote 17 letters before the pen became empty.

Don't think that Mr. Martini's pen is any different than the Parker Vacumatic that you can obtain from any good department store, druggist, jeweler, or stationer in your city. It is not. He received his pen last Christmas from some thoughtful person who went out and got this new creation—as thousands of people are doing—just as you can do today.

But be careful not to confuse this sacless marvel with ordinary pens containing rubber ink sacs, or with so-called vacuum filler pens having piston pumps and valves.

The Parker Vacumatic eliminates 14 such old-time parts—has nothing that will fail to stand up in service—hence is guaranteed mechanically perfect! It's like a pen from another world—does what no previous pen can do.

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Its ultra-smart style is wholly exclusive because design patented—the only transparent barrel that doesn't look transparent.

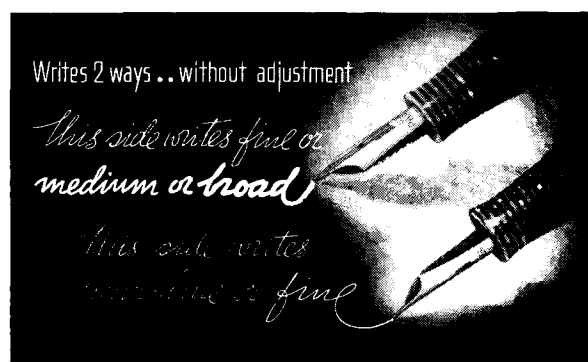
Stop at the nearest pen counter—try writing two ways with this one Point—a custom-made point of Platinum, Gold and Iridium—perfectly formed on both sides, and slightly turned up so it cannot scratch or drag, even under big-fisted pressure.

See what it means to have a pen that won't run dry at some critical moment—how it gives your earning and learning an utterly new "pick-up." The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

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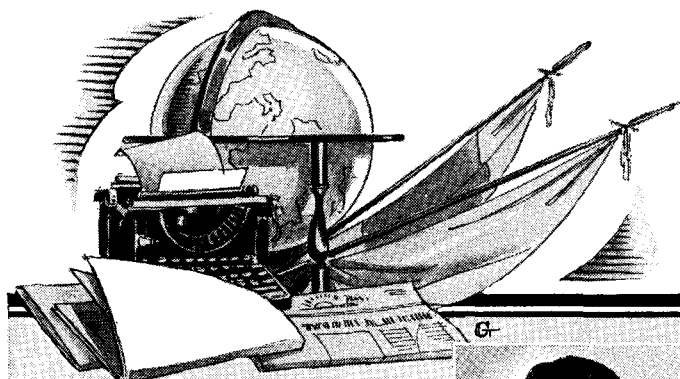


How to Make A Pen Clean Itself—Get a 15c bottle from any store, or send your name and address—no money—for a free 20,000-word trial bottle of Parker Quink, the new discovery—a quick-starting, pen-cleaning, quick-drying ink. Dries 31% faster on paper—does not dry in your pen. Quink contains a secret, harmless solvent that makes your pen a self-cleaner. Address Dept. 166.



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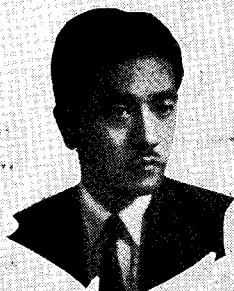
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MR. ROGER DAPOIGNY, editor of Agence Havas, secretary of the Foreign Correspondents Association and delegate to the International Federation of Journalists.



MR. C. V. R. THOMPSON, New York correspondent for the London Daily Express, one of the world's great newspapers. It has a circulation of 1,850,000.



MR. Y. E. MURAOKA, New York correspondent for Hochi Shimbun, one of the oldest newspapers in Tokyo, Japan. He also edits and publishes the Japanese-American.



MR. R. J. CRUICKSHANK, New York correspondent for the London Daily News-Chronicle, whose 1,350,000 readers are located in practically every part of the globe.



MR. CAMILLE LEMERCIER, North American general manager of Agence Havas, which is one of the biggest news services of Europe with headquarters in France.

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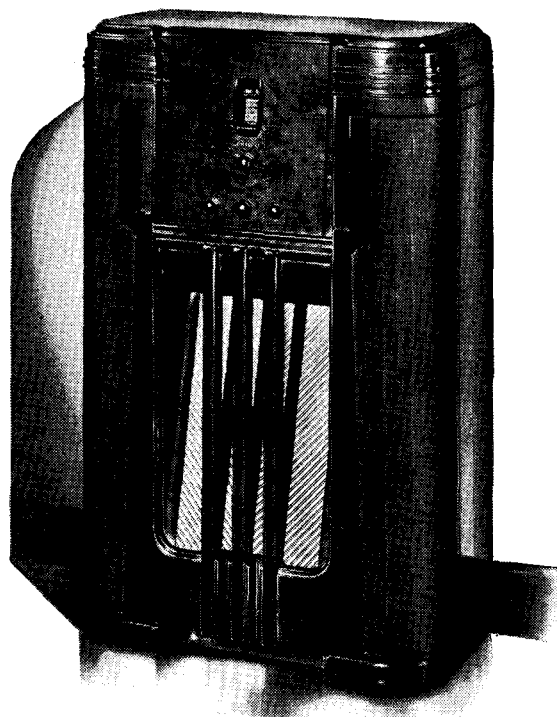
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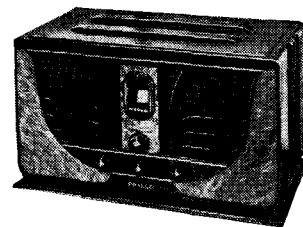
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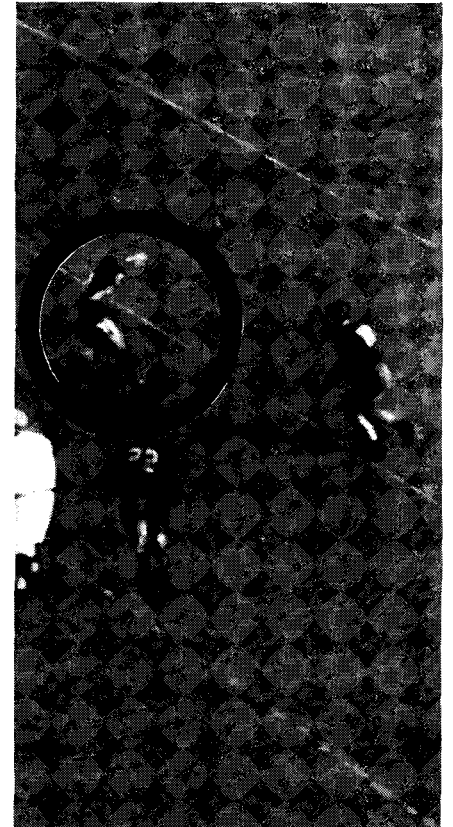
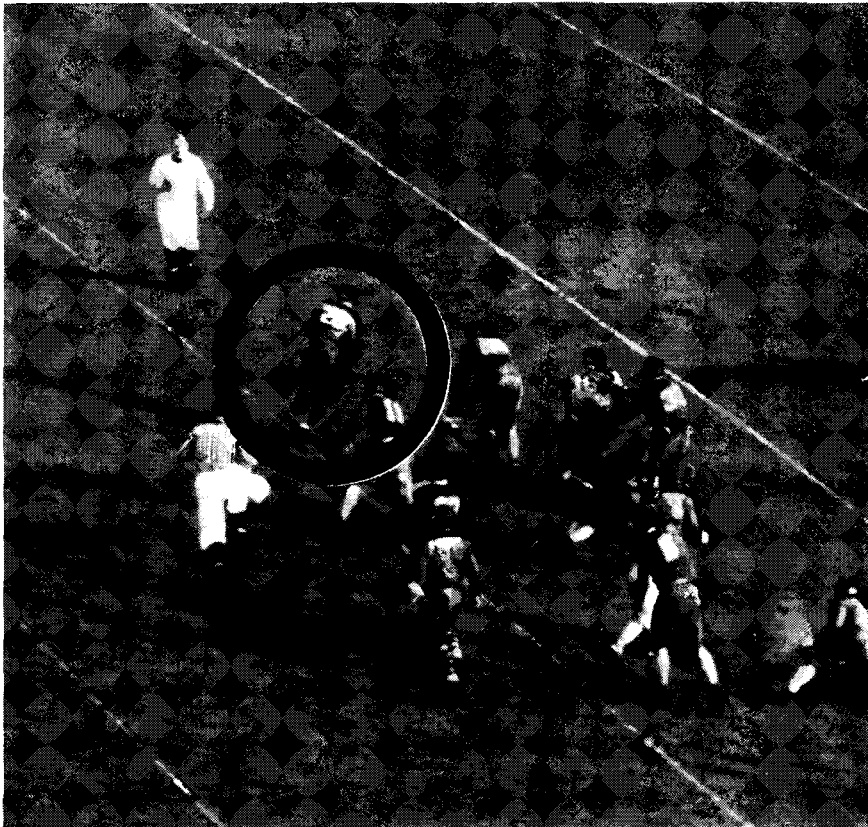
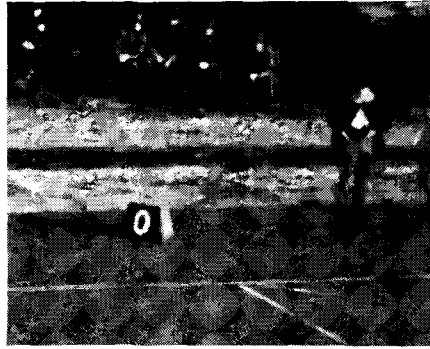
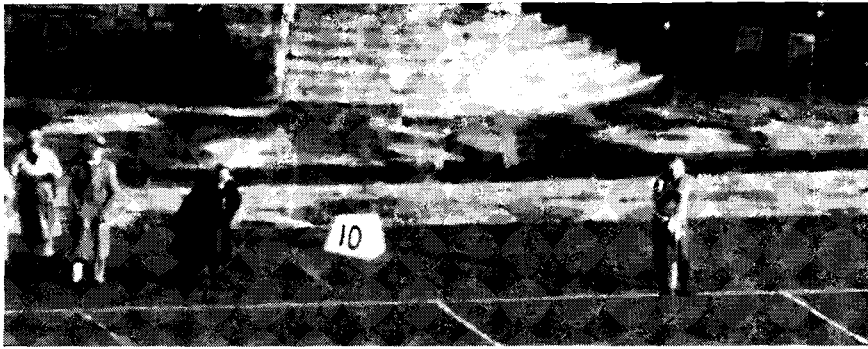
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What You Don't See

By Lou Little

SIX minutes to play," the line coach said, sitting there beside me on the bench. "Time enough to lose the ball game if those tackles don't start getting across there again to rush that passer. If that big sophomore kid were only ready!"

Almost as if hoping for a miracle, he looked up the bench to where said sophomore, one foot bound in a tape bandage, was not even in uniform. Varsity tackles need two sound ankles and this young man at the moment was equipped with only one. The other would be ready in two weeks for Cornell—we hoped.

Meanwhile—Columbia led Dartmouth, 13-6, in the fourth period, six minutes to play. The slanting rays of a late-afternoon sun about to drop behind the Hudson's bare Palisades lighted a Baker Field stage on which tragedy might still stalk for Columbia.

Columbia wanted very much to win that football game. In the previous season of 1930 Dartmouth had shackled and humbled the Columbia Lion by 52-0 at Hanover. A master of understatement might have described that as a distressing experience, especially as Columbia had actually outrushed Dartmouth, despite the one-sided score. In the twelvemonth interval Dartmouth

had been much in the boys' minds and in mine. Nine of the eleven players who had started against the Big Green team the previous year and who had made their vows in the retreat from Hanover had been again in the opening lineup today and there had been few substitutions.

Now, with six long minutes remaining, a touchdown would tie the score. And Dartmouth, rugged in man-power, was surging.

Held momentarily just beyond midfield, however, the Green turned to the forward pass, as wise generalship dictated. Sam Fishman, a flashy, threatening youngster, shot a long forward pass down the middle—one of those low-arching, spinning heaves on which so often ride game-winning touchdowns.

But there happened to be in the safety position for Columbia a sophomore named Cliff Montgomery. He had gone in not many minutes earlier as substitute for Captain Ralph Hewitt at quarterback. Always remarkably quick in his reactions, Montgomery intercepted the throw and started up the field, veering toward the sideline as a threatening array of Dartmouth tacklers hemmed him in. To have cut in toward the center would have meant disaster. Straight-ahead speed up the sideline



was the answer. Perhaps he could outrun them all.

All but one, I meant. Five yards ahead now, in perfect set-up for the tackle, was a single green-shirted defender. Montgomery, the quarry, was trapped—sideline on one side, half the Dartmouth brigade on the other, the lone tackler directly ahead. Montgomery's field of operation now was a slim strip of turf no more than ten feet wide. It was inevitable that he would be nailed.

But the inevitable does not always happen in college football.

The Lot of a Lineman

There arrived on this restricted scene at the precise moment a stocky, thick-legged young man named Steve Grenda, modishly dressed in the light blue of Columbia. Always I had considered him amazingly fast for his physical specifications, which was one major reason for his presence at the running guard position. Now arms, legs and a barrel-chested body flashed through the air and the lone Dartmouth tackler was cut down in one of the cleanest blocks it has ever been my good fortune to see. A clear field beckoned now to Montgomery and it has always been true of Monty that when he saw a clear field ahead he knew what to do with it. He did so on this occasion with gratifying celerity and the touchdown which put the game beyond recall, 19-6, had been scored.

The cheer leaders called for the Columbia stands to signify their approval of Mr. Montgomery in the usual fashion and the response was most enthusiastic. But the cheer leaders, I guess, didn't see the number on Grenda's

jersey because I happened to notice that his name didn't come booming out over our heads across the field. I judged that the writers in several of the Sunday papers missed getting that number also. It is more difficult, you know, to establish the identity of the young man rolling in a jumble of arms and legs on the turf than of the fortunate youth running sixty yards in the open to a glamorous touchdown. But we linemen of football have to be philosophical about such things.

When I was a boy in the little town of Leominster, Mass., in the days when a winning streak at marbles was more important than Wall Street closing prices and the current classroom marks of a prospective varsity fullback, a certain parental admonition fell frequently upon my ears. Occasionally, I admit, it was prompted by my demand for recognition of accomplishments in tasks concerned with keeping a New England yard clear of boyish debris and, in the autumn, of dead leaves. A weekly labor assignment was imposed upon my brother and me on autumn Saturday mornings, to be completed before a leaky football could be inflated for the sustained action of the week-end.

In substance, the admonition was as follows: "My boy, as you grow older, only be sure you do your job. The recognition will come. Get the work done. Others will give you the credit when it is deserved."

Our Most Complex Game

So I took the advice and became a tackle at the University of Pennsylvania. It was my chief extra-curricular activity as an undergraduate. Later I became a teacher of varsity football. That has become my life work. Now, after some twenty years of football experience, as player in prep school and college, and as coach, I am forced on behalf of the great brotherhood of football centers, guards, tackles and ends, to note one exception to the old New England preachment of my boyhood.

Almost invariably the man around whom the key play swings in an important football game fails to receive the recognition he deserves for his part in achievement of victory. He fails to receive it from you, the spectator, although you may sit in a seat on the 50-yard line, for which pasteboard you were obliged to part with serious money unless you were a friend of the graduate manager or of Joe, the chap who works downtown at the ticket agency.

He fails to receive his due more often than not, does this football forgotten man, from the sports writer, peering down from his perch in the press peak and flashing play-by-play details with an anxious eye on edition time. And, most surprising of all, he fails too often to gain the credit he deserves from his own coach who, sitting on the bench, is in probably the poorest vantage point on the field.

All this is no one's fault. Football crowds in the past fifteen years have improved remarkably in the intelligence with which they view the game, taking into account defenses, varying styles of line play, offensive formations and quarterback strategy. No football man will deny that. That they have done so is almost wholly to the credit of the football writers who have made a study of the game and who, in many instances, turn out analytical stories which coaches can ill afford to ignore.

The fact is that the game of American football has reached a degree of complexity that defies full comprehension at times, even by those closest to it. Perhaps that is the reason why the sport retains its charm for the inquisitive American. That thought occurred

to me last spring as I watched the Cambridge University Rugby football team of England in several matches on their tour of the East. The British athletes played a vastly entertaining game in which the flowing, wide-open action was almost unchecked throughout two forty-minute halves. But Rugby seemed to me to be a sport in which generalship was reduced to its primary form, man against man rather than team against team. It lacked the exactness, the intricate precision of the American game. As a result, its reception at the hands of our American players, coaches and writers was marked by—well, you might say faint praise.

Back to my knitting. Perhaps you need to be convinced that you, from your seat in the stands, don't see everything important that happens while a football game is being won or lost. All right, come along with me to Pasadena's Rose Bowl in beautiful Arroyo Seco, where Columbia defeated Stanford last New Year's Day. I'll show you a play in which the game swung around two linemen whose names haven't yet found the headlines.

All season at home at Baker Field we had practiced a play which I'll call the "47" play, and which, rarely used by our quarterbacks for the same reason that you don't spend all of the week's salary on Saturday night, had scored two or three touchdowns and as many long gains. I think both the Navy and Syracuse elevens will recall having seen the play. We had used it sparingly because, unlike almost every other play in our offense, it depended almost wholly on deception rather than on effective application of power. Power, of course, must be the basic element in a sound attack. From that point of view you might almost say that "47" was the unsound play of our offense, with timing, a generous amount of dramatic ability on the part of the backs, and a dash of legerdemain its principal parts.

Drop in to see the Columbia squad in action some Saturday afternoon this fall and it may be you'll chance to see "47" in play again if we are so fortunate

as to get within scoring distance of Yale, Cornell, Navy or one of our other major rivals. I can't promise, however, that there will not be a change or two in the way it develops.

As run last fall, it was a play from single wingback formation, usually strong to the right, involving a fake reverse and a spin and a half, with the left halfback ultimately going wide around the opponents' right flank as free of interferers as a defeated ward politician is free of friends.

They Had to Be Fooled

The play's success in launching that left halfback free and open and off on a buoyant jaunt around the rival right side hung solely on Columbia's ability to fool the opposing linemen and backs into firm belief that either our quarterback or our wing (or right) halfback had the ball. The wingback's assignment was to come across, fake at receiving the ball from the spinning quarterback and then to go crashing off tackle on the apparent reverse. The quarterback, spinning, was to fake at giving the ball to the wingback, after having actually given it to the left half while continuing to impress opposing

linemen with the possibility that, after all, perhaps he did retain the oval. At any rate, the transfer to the left half had to be made perfectly if the play was to be masked and the opposition convinced that either the wingback, going off tackle, or the quarterback, spinning and going back into the line, had the ball. There is nothing quite so disconcerting, I discovered some years ago, as to make a fine, hard tackle, only to have your man roll over, pat you on the back and remark with a genial smile, "Nice tackle, old chappie. You're looking good but there's the guy with the ball going down the sideline."

We had, of course, check or alternate plays on which the wingback did take the ball off tackle or the quarterback did go back into the line with the oval while the left half was going wide on his sweep empty-handed. In their inception, it was necessary that the three plays should look exactly alike. You understand that basic principle of the present-day football attack.

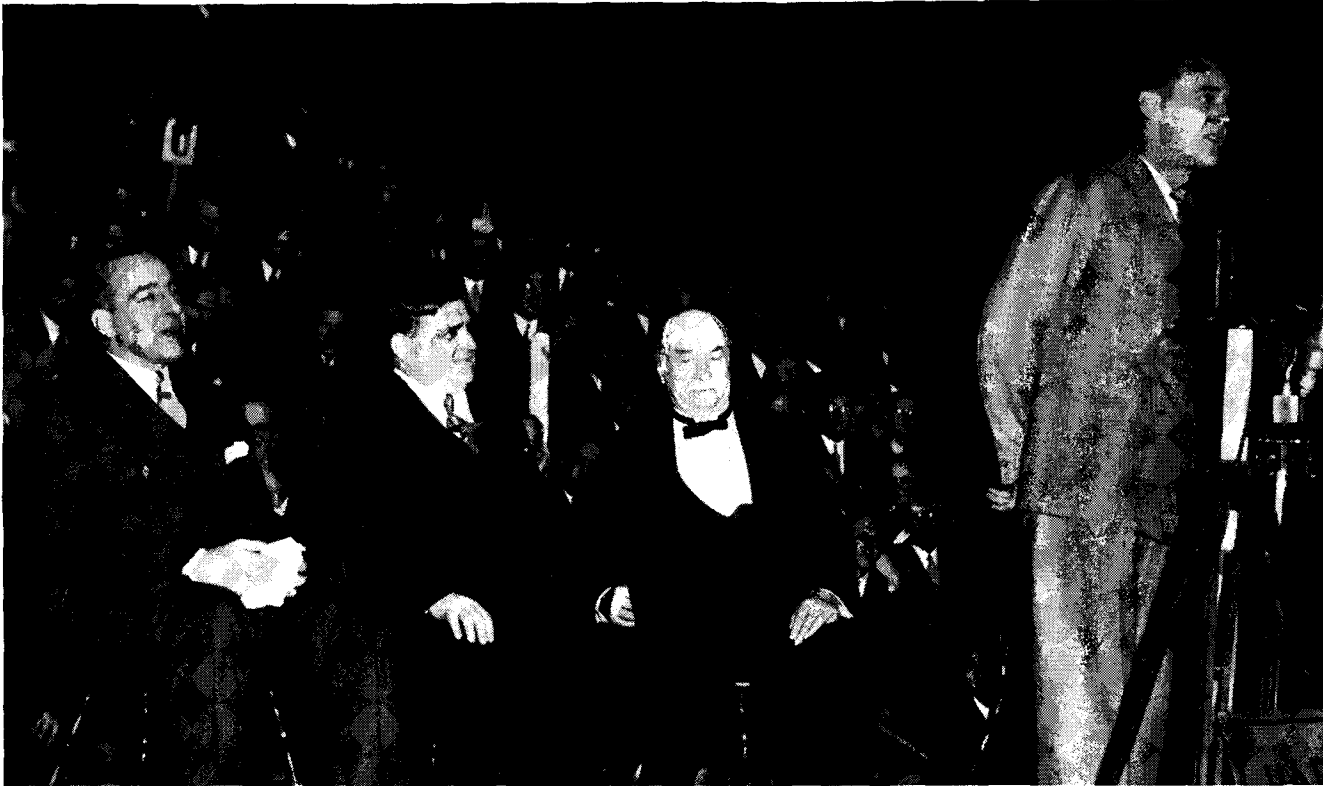
Rightly fearing Stanford's tremendous power, we worked long hours perfecting the play after Columbia had accepted the Westerners' invitation to represent the East in Pasadena's War of the Roses. Under a blazing sun at



Columbia 19, Dartmouth 6. Hewitt of Columbia stopped by three Dartmouth tacklers in the game that Columbia waited a year to win



The Rose Bowl game at Pasadena last New Year's day. Cliff Montgomery, Columbia quarterback, carrying the ball



KEYSTONE



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The Georgetown-N. Y. U. game in 1928. Ken Strong, N. Y. U. back, with the ball. Georgetown won 7-2, by yielding a safety at a crucial moment

Tucson during Christmas week, we applied the finishing polish and geared up the clicking timing. Ninety degrees was the temperature as the boys ran through plays and finished with a bit of scrimmage on that Christmas afternoon. I'll remember that on some Christmases hereafter while sitting before the fire in blustery New York or frigid New England.

But it was under a dripping sky that we arrived in Pasadena. As the train pulled into the station on that damp Sunday morning, I glanced from the window to see a Columbia "old grad" standing on the platform with a beautiful lion cub held firmly but a little apprehensively on a stout leash. The cub, however, was a rather downcast lion at the moment, with large drops of this "California mist" glistening on his silky fur and an expression of disapproval concerning intercollegiate football on his leonine countenance. I hoped his pessimism would not prove an omen. He perked up considerably at the hotel, to the detriment of a rug and an upholstered chair, while photographers attempted to snap his picture by flashlight. I felt better.

The game next day was played on

turf remarkably firm and fast despite the truly unusual three-day downpour. Early in the first quarter, with Columbia's attack moving well, there came the moment which Quarterback Montgomery decided was auspicious for the "47" play. He was right. Masked by nice deception in the backfield and speeded by the split-second timing we had mastered at Tucson, Al Barabas, Columbia left halfback, cruised out around Stanford's right flank with the ball. The Stanford right end, drawn in as we had planned, had nailed Brominski, Columbia wingback.

Everybody Was Fooled

Brominski, upright and honest young man that he is, was our "confidence man" on the play and had betrayed the Stanford end's misplaced faith in the apparent reverse. Meanwhile, the left side of the Stanford six-man line had waited for Montgomery, as a well-coached line should, only to find that the ball was no part of Montgomery's personal possessions at the moment. Several times before, Montgomery had gone back into the line on the "spinner."

Coach Little, Mayor La Guardia of New York City and Nicholas Murray Butler celebrate at the close of Columbia's 1933 season. Cliff Montgomery is at the microphone

I thought Barabas surely was headed for a touchdown. The Stanford safety man, however, a large and rugged youth named Maentz, cut over with uncommon speed and managed to spill Barabas with an ankle-clutch at the 17-yard line. I settled back and waited.

In the second quarter, having set his stage for another performance of the "47" by running the true Brominski reverse several times, Montgomery decided again that the fateful hour had struck. The incident immediately preceding that decision was a pass from Montgomery to Tony Matal, our right end, which Matal on a handsome catch over Bobby Grayson's shoulder turned into a 24-yard gain. It was first down on Stanford's 17-yard line. Montgomery called the Barabas play again.

This time the fake was so perfectly executed that not until I saw Barabas skirting wide around the end after his prescribed split-second delay did I realize that this was the "47" and not its checking play, the Brominski reverse. They had fooled me, as well as Stanford.

Then, in utter surprise, I saw Owen McDowell, Columbia's left end, go downfield and drive for the safety man instead of taking Hamilton, the Stanford defensive right halfback. Remember, the safety man had recovered and had nailed Barabas on the play in the first quarter. But now he failed to perform that noteworthy service for Stanford for the good and sufficient reason that our Mr. McDowell threw a long, not graceful but wholly devastating body at him. As Barabas crossed the goal-line standing up, he was untouched by human hands.

Now let's flash back, as the motion picture people say, into the huddle that had preceded the scoring play. Montgomery has called the signal. They're unwinding into the formation. McDowell is whispering to Larry Pinckney, the guard who plays beside him on the short side when the formation is to the right.

"You take my man, Hamilton," McDowell tells Pinckney. "I'll go down for the safety man. He won't get Al this time."

Pinckney did his job and McDowell did his. The play scored. It was the only touchdown of the game. And yet, what names do you recall in the headlines after that contest? Barabas, Montgomery and Matal? They deserved credit, certainly. But surely not more than the two linemen of whom I have just written.

And tell me this: Can you, if you were in the stands on that damp afternoon, declare to me honestly that you recognized the part McDowell and Pinckney played in making the touchdown possible? Yes, of course, it was impossible for you to hear what McDowell was planning as they came out of the huddle. But did you follow his part, and Pinckney's, as the play worked out? I'd like to know about that from those readers who were at the Rose Bowl game.

Not for Publication

That's an example of what to look for if you're to get full value for your football pasteboard outlay this fall from Saturday to Saturday. It also provides one reason why I smile while I read the statements of some educators that our varsity football methods in these days tend to breed qualities of initiative out of our boys.

Consider the case of Mr. James Mooney in the 1928 game between New York University and Georgetown. I was then devoting my teaching efforts to Georgetown and I should like to tell the members of that New York University team now, if they have not heard a similar statement ascribed to me before, that I have ever since considered that afternoon one of the most fortunate in my coaching career. N. Y. U. ranked in my mind then, and still does, as one of the greatest football teams I have ever seen. But Georgetown won the game, thanks in large part to the rapid mental processes of the aforesaid Mr. Mooney. You did not read about these in the newspapers, however. You read only about his remarkable punting.

The only touchdown of that mud-marred battle came in the first period. New York University, threatening on the power of a great running attack which had forced Georgetown to employ an unusual defensive ruse, had reached our five-yard line. I was beginning already to frame my post-game congratulatory remarks to Coach Chick Meehan.

But on the next play, Ken Strong, one of the greatest backs that ever tucked a pigskin under his arm, fumbled the slimy ball. There was an "Aaaaahhhh" from the crowd as Provincial, Georgetown end, scooped it up and headed up-field with the amazing speed boys can develop when the opportunity to do the impossible looms in a football game. He was not normally an exceptionally fast runner. The rule prohibiting a defensive player from running with a recovered fumble was not then in the book. Mr. Provincial, accordingly, took off with my fervent blessings for a successful flight.

But Strong, one of the fastest big men I have ever seen, recovered immediately and was off in pursuit. I groaned.

"He'll get him in five yards," yelled Herb Kopf, our backfield assistant, sitting beside me. I started an affirmative nod that I never finished.

Jim Mooney, Georgetown tackle, came across to sideswipe Strong in one of the quickest actions I have ever seen on a football field. A sprawling block, it knocked Strong down and presented Provincial with a clear title to the remaining ninety yards of the field and a Georgetown touchdown.

(Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BECKHOFF

In Sickness and in Health

By Kyle Crichton

THE one certain thing about a doctor is that when you want him, you want him. Time, tide and tummy-ache wait for no man. What follows after that is how you are going to pay him and how he is going to live if you don't pay him and what is going to be done about this business of getting sick.

I have a friend who has been captured by the idea that his family is practically immune from disease. There is more than a little basis for this because he is healthy himself and his wife is no weakling and his three children are more on the tough side than otherwise. The doctor comes but rarely to their house and their dental bills are no more than the average. For this reason I asked him to look over his check stubs for last year and find exactly what his medical bills had been.

He found that he had paid twenty-three dollars to a hospital and fifty dollars to a surgeon for a tonsil operation for one of his boys. When his little girl fell and cut herself over the eye, there was one house and one office call by the doctor, five dollars; change of glasses for himself and wife, seventeen dollars; whooping cough, three children simultaneously (but during the summer time and very mild), nine dollars; tests and examinations for his wife, suffering from some minor kidney ailment and afraid it might be more serious, twenty dollars; dental bills for the entire family, sixty-six dollars.

Deducting the dental expense and the fees for the glasses, the family had only spent \$107 for doctors and hospitals, surely about as little as a family of five could be expected to survive on. It was plain that the family was not one which yelled for help at every ache and pain. But between the time he made that compilation for me and I could get around to writing this, something more serious happened. His wife was taken to the hospital and operated on for the removal of a cyst. He had the best surgeon in town perform the operation and there were a night nurse and a day nurse for the first week and a day nurse for two weeks following. The cost of the operation and treatment will come to \$750. In short, he spent more for one severe and unpredictable illness than he ordinarily might have spent for the entire family in seven years.

That happens to be the big problem agitating medical circles these days. Looking around for some way to allow the patient and his family to anticipate his medical needs, various plans have sprung up for health insurance and for prepayment medical care. What it amounts to is simply that the head of the family will pay a fixed monthly sum for the care of his family, whether they need the attention or not. Since it is

Company clinics for the medical care of employees have existed in some of the larger industries for a long time

Something is wrong. Millions of Americans are without medical care while thousands of doctors, dentists and nurses are without adequate incomes because they have no paying patients. Some say the solution lies in health insurance. But the American Medical Association emphatically says "No!"—and the battle is on

rather well established that people won't or can't set aside enough for the family sicknesses, this is held to be a method of doing it efficiently.

It can be best explained by telling how the Ross-Loos Clinic in Los Angeles works. The clinic was started six years ago at the request of various associations of city and county employees of Los Angeles who wanted to share in the same sort of medical protection being afforded the employees of several large industrial units. The clinic handles no individual cases, does no soliciting of subscribers and accepts groups only on their own application. At the present time it has 15,500 subscribers representing thirty-three groups of employees.

A Bargain for the Subscriber

But what we are concerned about is the subscriber. What does he get for his money? He pays two dollars a month for himself and his dependents, for which he is entitled to drugs, dressings, three months' hospitalization in a Class A hospital, ambulance service, office and residence calls, laboratory work and X-rays. His dependents get the same service except that cost prices are charged for hospitalization, drugs and dressings, X-ray films, ambulance service and the services of specialists not on the staff of the clinic.

If the patients like the service and if the staff is competent and the clinic run by reputable physicians, it would seem to a layman that this was rather all right, but the row over the Ross-Loos Clinic is one of the most tempestuous in the medical profession. Both Dr. Ross and Dr. Loos are of the highest standing and yet they were expelled from the Los Angeles Medical Society last year and are now applying to the state association for reinstatement. What is at stake, of course, is not the reputations of the physicians involved but the principle of prepayment health service itself.

That brings up a recent incident in St. Louis. A physician was giving an hour a week to a free clinic. He would come in at eleven, see as many patients as possible and leave at noon to keep his regular appointments. He was a conscientious man and didn't like the way he had to sweep through the cases but he was doing what he could to help out. Even working at top speed, however, he was never able to treat more than a few of the patients waiting to see him. On this particular day, when he left the clinic, he was mobbed by the disappointed women in the reception-room.

The gentleman was pushed around a bit and the women raised such a rumpus that the police were called in.

(Continued on page 51)



Payment or no payment, the doctor must answer the call of patients whenever a health emergency arises

Final Flight

Carmichael made a promise—the most difficult promise a flyer can make. He broke it, of course. But there was nothing else to do

By Francis and Katharine Drake

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

CARMICHAEL hung up the receiver and trod like an automaton along the corridor. The other walls, the arbitrary notices—"Quiet Please!" and "Do Not Smoke!"—had become unreal and bodiless. He felt like a swimmer who has held his breath under the water for such unbearable spaces that but one thing, out of a multitude of human needs, has power to reach him. And that one thing, Carmichael knew, was not for him.

He paused outside the door of Room 11, which bore in a small metal frame the card: *Mrs. M. Carmichael*. He stared stupidly; the words had no significance. Even the smell of ether, flavored with carbolic, that had trailed like an emulsion round him for the last twelve hours, failed for an instant to revive its picture. The thing that reached him was the memory of a voice over the wire clipping its words off like machine-gun fire.

A sound came sharply from behind the door. Carmichael pulled himself together and went in.

The nurse looked up and nodded her impersonal smile. Janet lay with her eyes closed as he had left her. Her face was paper-colored and the destroying lines of pain were showing up with crueler emphasis. Poor kid! Carmichael came to life again with a swift pang of pity.

Poor little Janet with her debonaire smile, her innocent appetite for changing commonplaces, the most meager happenings, into "events." It struck him almost as a profanation that Janet should be lying there so limp and sense-drugged when her warm young life had always challenged dullness like a chime of bells. A Sunday in the woods . . . a new chintz for the living-room . . . the heady blooming of a crocus from the Five-and-Ten. Spectacular events! Janet could sweep life and light and color through them as a band lends tang to a parade. Carmichael thought back to her ecstasy when he had told her of the new job waiting in New York. . . .

"I'M GROUNDED, kid! A big executive, that's me! Manufacturing . . . and twice the pay check!"

"Mike! Darling, say it again—and say it slowly. . . . Oh, mister—no more flying?"

"Curtains for the old eagle! Ground-gridders. In short, me for the barnyard, baby. And now—how's chances for a little celebration?"

"Groundgridders! Is that a promise, Mr. C.? You wouldn't call it merely badinage?"

"That is a promise, Mrs. C. From me to you and—" he had grinned. He had held her for an instant in his arms and kissed her. "—And to the future Master C. A toast, say I!"

"A toast it is!"

They had pledged it in a Split-Wing

Special. Frivolously. But there had been a quality about that moment that wasn't frivolous at all, an underlying essence that made fleet tears gather in Janet's eyes. Relief? Poor kid. . . .

Carmichael's teeth came together. He moved softly and stared out at the weather, flagging himself to interrupt the hideous hum inside his brain.

"I'm through," Carmichael said, "I've quit. I'm free."

He noticed that the rain had turned to sleet. That would mean ice—ice in high passes, ice scoring fierce white lines on metal wings. His trained mind moved to the Divide, two hundred miles away. Almost he could see the wind bending the pines, could hear the howl of its rough play around great rock masses, could feel its parasitic suck down into canyons, a legendary mountain monster with a bag of cut-throat tricks. Bad medicine for a transport ship. Carmichael knew. He had played hide and seek up there more times than he cared to count.

"Mike!"

CARMICHAEL was at the bedside in an instant.

"Right here, honey . . . don't you talk. . . ." He smoothed her hair, smiled, patted her hand, swallowed the lump that her poor dazed eyes brought to his throat.

"What'd they want?" Her voice struggled to come across incalculable distances. "The airport?"

That dumb cluck of a switchboard nurse! Carmichael cursed her with silent, stinging fluency. He cursed, not for the first time, the almost telepathic sense that existed between him and Janet. But most of all he cursed the voice of Doyle, driving those hammer-strokes into his wincing brain: "*Trip Four missing. Crew, three passengers and mail. All unreported.*"

"Nothing. Not a darn' thing, sweet. Don't worry now . . . just take it easy!"

There was a pause. Janet looked at him again and mumbled:

"Lousy flying weather."

"There," Carmichael said desperately, "there, there. Nobody's going to fly. Not me. I'm staying right here, right beside you. . . ."

Janet began to cry. Gently at first, and then in frightening, abandoned paroxysms. Carmichael found himself out in the corridor again, the nurse behind him gentle but determined.

"It'll be better for you in the waiting-room. We'll let you know."

"How long?" Carmichael loathed her bland impersonality.

"Some hours at least." The door closed.

Carmichael recalled making for the waiting-room. That part was clear. What he could not explain was how, some twenty minutes later, he was at the airport. He was aware, merely, that he had got there, by some involun-



"I'm grounded, kid! A big executive, that's me!"

tary process for which his conscious self was not in any way responsible.

He pushed through into the radio room. Doyle, the airport manager, was there and Powers, and Reed, his old copilot. Powers was bent over his instrument, head a little to one side. They greeted him, Carmichael saw, without surprise, as if, indeed, he were still part of the old show and had not exercised, over the telephone, a perfect right to turn down Doyle.

"Tough," Carmichael said and took a cigarette from Reed. He sat down on a desk and waited. His mouth was obstinate. Let 'em ask away. He owed them nothing, not even explanations. The only obligation that Carmichael recognized was on the other foot, an obligation to be back inside the hospital in half an hour. He would give advice. Sure. All the advantage of his special knowledge. And then he would cry quits with the carping devil in his brain. Doyle could go right ahead and ask.

Doyle went ahead. But he asked nothing of his former senior pilot. He merely gave him, briefly, undramatically, the story.

SIX hours ago Trip Four Westbound had taken off. Doyle himself had cleared her. The first radio checks had come in punctually, then they had mushed, then stopped.

"Sounded as if their set had jammed," Powers added.

Beacon caretakers reported her as far as the Divide. Then for some hours thick local storms had given them zero zero. Trip Four was more than three hours overdue at her next stop, her whereabouts unknown, her fuel gone.

"Well, Mike—I guess you know the stretch. As well as anyone."

"Uh-huh," Carmichael said, "and better." Foul weather and fair, three times a week for five unbroken years he'd ferried mail and passengers over that surly mountain country, with Janet waiting breathlessly at home. He knew the haul as a New Yorker knows Fifth Avenue from Forty-second Street to Central Park.

"Who's up?" he asked.

"Olsen—" Olsen had inherited Carmichael's job—"he's with McNeal scouting behind the Hump. Hendricks described the circle to the north. He's coming back now. Too much ice."

"Olsen," repeated Carmichael, "Hendricks, McNeal." Three of the best men on the Line. Well, they could do all that he could do and more.

"Liar!" hooted the demon in his brain.

"There's a new Merlin," Doyle said, "on the ramp. Blankets aboard and a supplementary first-aid kit. She's gassed up to the gunnels. Reed's going along."

Reed and Olsen, Hendricks and McNeal. Blankets aboard. Blankets and Janet. Janet and blankets. Reed's going along. Don't cry, Janet. Didn't I promise? I made a promise, didn't I? Quick now, beat it back to Janet. Quick. Janet, don't cry, Janet. Gas up to the gunnels. And *who's* going?

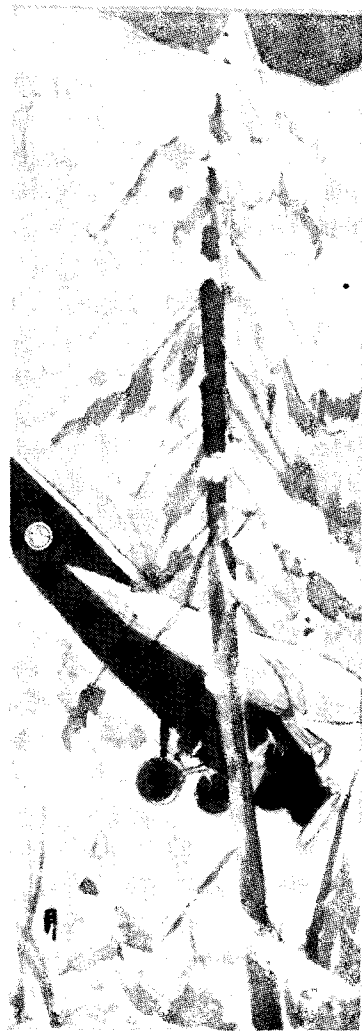
Carmichael passed a hand over his pounding forehead.

"Trip Four was light," Doyle was saying, "five hundred pounds of mail, crew and three passengers. Man, wife and a baby."

"A baby!"

Carmichael threw his head back and laughed. It was an ugly sound that dragged a silence after it, the brief hush that follows mirrors when they smash. The splinters reached into Carmichael's heart. Cheat, double-crosser, louse.

A voice that matched the laugh came out of Carmichael. He wheeled on Reed. "What's holding you?" he snarled. "Go warm her up!"



"Carmichael to Parker City. Height nine thousand. Over Beacon 13. Ceiling five hundred. Storm conditions unchanged. Visibility poor. Snow and some ice. No news. Repeat."

THE air roaring through the triangular side windows was cold and damp. Sometimes a little cyclone of snow shot into the cockpit and powdered over the pilots' coats. The gap between the gray, disheveled ceiling and the snow-clad ridges underneath was slowly shrinking as Carmichael smashed ahead through the rough air. The bumps were savage. Sometimes they hit a downdraft, a swirl so vicious that the plane nosed up and, engines open wide, descended like a plummet toward the jagged spikes of spruce and pine. Near the ground the downdrafts leveled off; the two men climbed back hastily. One by one, the beacons checked them off. Sometimes they could see a keeper race in to report them on the teletype, but beyond that the forsaken landscape offered their eyes no sign of life.

Carmichael pointed ahead. The ceiling was drawn down to the rock masses like some monstrous blind. Only a ragged slit showed over the barrier as it came toward them—the Continental Divide. Ten miles. Three minutes and a bit of flying time. Carmichael throttled a little. His eyes hunted like a cat's along the ground. He felt Reed stiffen in the seat beside him, knew that they shared a guess about the ceiling closing in behind. The Divide swept by under the wheels and fell away again. Valley and ridge, and an-

He marked the distance, his forehead creased. There seemed no option but to try a takeoff, to bid five lives in a gamble



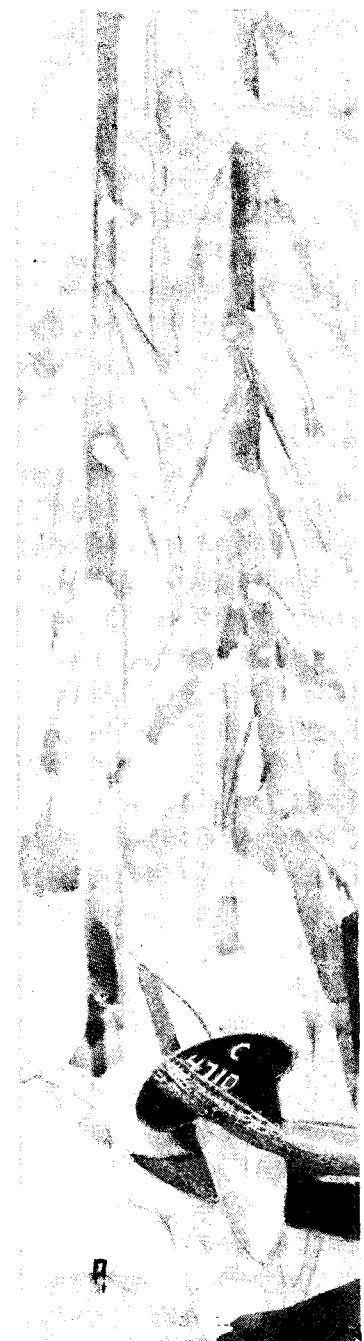
other valley and again a ridge. It was like this for another hundred miles until it swelled into the last great wave, the Hump itself. . . .

The Hump broke into view. Somewhere on the far side were Olsen and McNeal. They held on up the long crest, wheels scraping the trees, clouds just above the wings, but their sifting eyes went unrewarded. There was nothing now but to turn back. They had used up their last mile of visibility.

Carmichael swung the ship up suddenly into the gray void, turning. The moment filled with sinister suspense and hung around them timelessly. The world was gone. Sightless, they moved across a spectral mist where Death clung to the shadows. A second later and Carmichael caught the pass again and nosed her down. They headed back for the Divide.

THE weather let up for a bit. They pushed two hundred miles behind them, but the radio dope was going sour. No news. No reports. Only the sizzle of static and the everlasting beat of the beam. Pilots searching the far side of the Hump had all gone down, but ground parties were still active. Three-thirty, and the vague light was none too good.

(Continued on page 48)



Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur have a low opinion of Hollywood producers. Even such conspicuous hits as *Viva Villa*, *Twentieth Century* and *The Front Page*, failed to measure up to their authors' expectations. So the authors fired their bosses. And started rolling films of their own in the East

LAST February Ben Hecht was invited to address the Writers' Club of Columbia University on the Art of the Cinema. He accepted the invitation. But he said, when he arose to speak, that art had nothing much to do with the cinema. Neither had intelligence or good taste or common sense. The Hollywood producers.



Lee Garmes, cameraman and director for the productions of the Hecht-MacArthur company

Mr. Hecht declared, were principally to blame.

"I have never met a Hollywood boss yet," he continued, "who knew a thing about movies or whose opinion on plot, cast or dialogue was worth a nickel."

Thereupon he went back to Hollywood and joined his partner, Charles MacArthur, who, in his own more subtle way, can be just as insulting. The pair proceeded to extract another large batch of dollars from the producers. They have been doing this for the past five years, at the rate of about \$150,000 annually each. In addition to *The Front Page* and *Twentieth Century*, which were Broadway hits before they reached the screen, Hecht and MacArthur have written innumerable movies. Their last collaboration was the gory saga, *Viva Villa*, a tale about the bandit hero of Mexico. But all the while they have taken savage pleasure in hurling harpoons at the movie barons.

There is, of course, a good deal to be said on the other side. Ben and Charlie have been outrageously careless in wasting the time and money of the producers for whom they have worked. They have given the impression that the sordid details of cost sheets and possible earnings had no interest whatever to artists such as themselves. So the Hollywood magnates have sworn from time to time that never again would the terrible pair be allowed on the lot. They broke their resolutions, however, because the screer stories evolved by this team invariably make money in the end. Their extravagances are promptly forgotten.



Ben Hecht (left) in an informal conference with his writer friend, Charles Lederer

Bad Boys of the Movies

By Henry F. Pringle

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



Charles MacArthur, at the studio during the shooting of one of the new "economy" productions

Now all has changed. For Hecht and MacArthur have fired their bosses and have, themselves, become producers. They are spending their time these days at the old Paramount Eastern Studio in Astoria, Long Island, and are showing the world how pictures should really be made. That is, they hope devoutly that this will be the case. Meanwhile Hollywood is laughing softly and sharpening a harpoon or two of its own. If Hecht and MacArthur succeed they will be more insulting, as well as more expensive, than ever.

The partners like to make movies. They disapprove violently of the Hollywood method with its confusion, rush and insanity. "They won't let you tell a story out there," Hecht laments. "They hire you to do a script for Dietrich's legs or Harlow's blond hair."

He was summoned to the office of one producer late last year and introduced to the screen's most recent Great Lover. Hecht said he would try to evolve a



Make-up time for Margo, girl lead in *Crime without Passion*, a Hecht-MacArthur production

story; a conference was held the following week. The writer outlined the yarn, but the Great Lover shook his head.

"That won't do at all," he said. "I want you to write me a story in which I shall be a lover to all young girls, a husband to all wives, and a son to all mothers."

Hecht grabbed his hat, told the Great Lover to drown himself and rushed to his hotel for a drink.

Writing Against Time

Another time MacArthur had finished the script for a picture but learned, when the shooting began, that the story had been totally changed. Further revisions had to be made while the cameras were grinding. Charlie sat hunched in a chair and wrote furiously.

One sequence concerned a girl who had obviously been done wrong. The actress went to the microphone. A prop boy dabbed menthol on her eyes and she began to weep.

"Oh! Oh!" she moaned, "if only it had never happened!"

This was rehearsed several times and a visitor on the set, a stranger to Hollywood's methods, approached MacArthur. The suspense, he said, was terrible. What had gone before, what had happened to the lovely damsel?

"I don't know," snarled MacArthur, raising his voice so that a high executive standing near by could hear. "I haven't written that part yet."

As a team and individually, Hecht (Continued on page 58)



Mrs. Millingham, her face gleaming like a bloody hatchet, moved within easy hearing

The Widow's Choice

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

How to win a lady, nobly demonstrated by the artful and exciting Mr. Arlie Byshaw of Pike City

ARLIE BYSHAW, proprietor of Arlie's Place—gasoline, soft drinks, insurance, men's made-to-measure suits and fish in season—faced an unusually busy day. It was scarcely an hour after sun-up and already sufficient news had come rolling down U. S. Highway 61 to indicate that Mr. Byshaw had better be on the move.

Cousin Heber Byshaw over at The Knob had taken to his deathbed again with a complaint reputedly diagnosed by Doc Hudwell as sleeping sickness. A new farmer from Iowa who had rented the Cream Eye Johnson place beyond Riverton was reported to be in the market for a secondhand truck. The Whiteside boys had moved up their baseball game with the Auburn boys to that afternoon. And there was going to be a basket dinner at Prairieville church that evening.

To Arlie this schedule presented certain problems of time and space, but he believed he could get it all in and still have time to drop by the widow Terping's farm. Arlie had been wooing the widow Terping for nearly three months. He considered that he had established infinite superiority over Bill Drewis, the widow's other suitor, and he meant to pop the question very soon—perhaps that very evening. Being a man of large affairs, it would all depend on how matters arranged themselves.

"Well, Bud," Arlie said genially to his fifteen-year-old nephew, "reckon you're man enough to manage the business today?"

Bud, a worthy scion of the great clan Byshaw, was sweating at the base of a

rusty gasoline pump. He was a realist, and a snub-nosed realist, at that.

"I manage it dern near every day, don't I?" he said. "But before you go off you better leave me the money for Mister Will Oppenkiner. He was by yestiddy. And we owe for five cases of pop."

Walt Sayles, colored, and Dad Turner, the venerable and respected filling-station sitter, chuckled.

"That Bud boy he got you there, Mistah Arlie!"

MR. BYSHAW donned a slightly soiled seersucker jacket with dignity.

"He ain't got me, Walt. If I could collect the big money owed me in this county—say, I'd have me a brand-new see-dan and about two hundred acres of good corn ground and I'd turn this business over to Bud lock, stock and barrel. It comes mighty close to four thousand dollars, what's owed to me by folks around here."

"That much, Mistah Arlie? Whoowheee!"

The debt question settled, Arlie handed Bud a dollar in pennies and nickels with which to make change;

snapped a ready-tied cravat into position on his pink-striped shirt, turned down the bottoms of his overall trousers and was ready to face the world. He walked around the black galvanized iron shack to the Byshaw flivver coupé.

This car was a relic of nobler and braver times. It had a green leather sun-visor, special mudguards, triple horns, a thermometer surmounted by an eagle, and fringed curtains. Across the back window was a sign reading: "Baby, Here's Your Coop," and lower down another sign with the warning: "Keep Your Distance. Air Brakes."

Arlie kicked at an almost flat rear tire and frowned.

"Hey, Bud, where's them license plates?"

"Mister Herman Luckett borrered them. He had to go to Clarksville after his Maw."

"Dag-gone it! I told you never to lend them plates to Herm Luckett. Missis Patson don't like him and she'll spot 'em on his car and won't let us use 'em no more."

Dad Turner hobbled over with a cardboard sign stating that Missouri License 22-568 had been lost.

"I can't risk that since they went and elected Chuck Maxwell constable. I was agin him. Guess I'll have to use it, though."

A truck drove up to the pumps.

"Howdy, Arlie!"

"Hi, Tucker. What'll it be for you this morning?"

"Gimme about . . . uh . . . two gallon."

"Bud, shake a leg here. Mister Tucker Lank wants a couple o' gallon. Oil?"

"Don't reckon. Can't buy no oil till Henry Wallace sends me my corn-hog money. Say-y—did you hear about Missis Terpin', Arlie? She got her checks yestiddy. Fust one in the county to get paid!"

Arlie grinned unbelievably.

"I know better'n that. Missis Terping didn't even sign the agreement."

"You're way behind, Arlie. She taken Bill Drewis' advice and signed up with the county agent. I know she got her checks because I just been talking to Bill."

THIS was news of grave and startling import. It overshadowed Cousin Heber's illness, the baseball game and even the basket dinner.

"You mean to tell me Missis Terping went and took Bill Drewis' advice?"

"Bill just now told me so. You can ask him. He's a-plowing corn in that front field of his'n."

Mr. Byshaw nodded darkly.

"I knew it! Bill and the county agent is in cahoots. I knew it all along. Now, ain't that a shame! A poor lone woman with a kid—and they pick on her!"

"Pick on her? She's dern' lucky to get it, if you ask me. Bill figgers them two checks comes to mighty near a hundred and eighty dollars!"

To this statement Arlie paid the tribute of a pitying, grim smile.

"You just don't know what's been going on in this county, Tucker," he said. "I been watching that county agent. Now, his foot sure has slipped!"

"Say-y—you mean there's something crooked?"

"I ain't makin' no charges agin nobody till I got my facts. But I'm sure gonna get 'em! S'long, Tucker. It's thirty-one cents and tax for the gas."

So saying, Arlie strode to his flivver. The motor started like a machine gun loaded with live cartridges and duds in equal numbers.

Ten minutes later, Arlie was whirling in a typhoon of dust up to the white frame farmhouse where lived the comely widow Terping.

The widow Terping, having milked her cows, fed her chickens, churned the butter and tidied house, was now engaged in the minor recreation of weeding her potato patch. Her four-year-old daughter, a blond and jolly child, was busily hauling dirt in a bright red wagon. Old lady Millingham, the widow's mother, was hanging laundry in the side yard.

"Here comes trouble, Henrietta!" said Mrs. Millingham, sharply.

The widow Terping giggled delightedly. It had been a quiet, dull morning. Maw was dead agin Mr. Byshaw, but Henrietta liked him. Mr. Byshaw was

awful windy and good-for-nothing. Lord, didn't she know that? Folks told her so often enough. But just the same and all, Mr. Byshaw did have an awful lot of excitement buzzing around him.

Mr. Byshaw's flivver careened perilously to a stop beside the garden fence. Mr. Byshaw leaped out and his long legs simply walked over the fence.

"Morning, Missis Terping."

"Morning, Mr. Byshaw. My, but you was going some up the road!"

"Doing a flat seventy mile. Just heard some bad news. Did you-all cash them government checks yet?"

MISSIS TERPING blushed guiltily. Mrs. Millingham, her face gleaming like a bloody hatchet, moved within easy hearing distance.

"Why, no—we ain't, Mr. Byshaw. I was aimin' to go to town this evenin'."

"Sure is lucky, Missis Terping! How much cash money is the government paying you?"

"Reckon that's our business!" called out old lady Millingham.

"Shut up, Maw," said the widow Terping. "I hope you don't mind Maw, Mr. Byshaw."

"I and your maw get along fine. Whew-w-w-w, I'm sure glad I was able to get here in time. I want to warn you that if you're thinking of acceptin' any measly figger like a hundred and eighty dollars, advantage has been took of you!"

Missis Terping gasped.

"Why, that's just about what it comes to. Isn't that the right amount?"

Mr. Byshaw exploded with righteous indignation.

"Well, of all the crimes and misdemeanors! I've heard tell of plenty crooked work goin' on in this county since last election, but this beats the Dutch. You got your papers that you signed?"

"Yes—they're in the house, but—"

"Don't show him nothing, Henrietta!"

"Shut up, Maw. Mister Bill Drewis advised us to sign up with the government and—"

"I don't like to say nothing agin Bill Drewis. He may not be the guilty one. You let me look at them papers and I can tell you."

"All right, I will. Shut up, Maw."

She went in to get the papers while Arlie made friends with Olivia Anne Terping, and old lady Millingham glared.

Arlie looked through the papers.

"Just like I thought!" he exclaimed. "Instead of a hundred and eighty dollars you should be getting at least five hundred and eighty dollars!"

Missis Terping gasped again. Old lady Millingham sniffed.

"That much? How come, Mr. Byshaw?"

"They've cheated you even wuss than they cheated Uncle Thurmon Byshaw. Luckily, he had sense enough to come and ask me and I took it up personal with the government—"

"Isn't Mister Tom Campbell, the county agent, handling everything? Mister Bill Drewis said—"

"What does Bill Drewis know about

the U. S. Government or the Agricultural Adjustment Administration? Campbell and them other crooks over to the county seat just pulled the wool over his eyes. Lookit here—you come along with me. I'll get this deal straightened out in just about fifteen minutes. I'll long-distance Henry Wallace—"

"Mister Henry Wallace don't know you!"

"Shut up, Maw. Mister Byshaw says we should of got over five hundred dollars. I never did trust Mister Tom Campbell. He's got shifty eyes."

Arlie nodded vigorously.

"Hully Moses, lookit this now. Just lookit this now—it says your last year crop of corn was eight hundred bushel off'n forty acres!"

"Mister Bill Drewis helped shuck it and he said that was right."

"HE'S wrong, plumb wrong. I seen that corn growing. This ain't no twenty-bushel-to-the-acre land. That corn, taking the thick stand and gener'l growth, would run between forty and fifty bushels!"

"We-ell, come to think of it, twenty bushels wasn't much for good land. Mister Ted Terping, my husband, always 'lowed the crick bottom field would do at least thirty-five bushels."

"And lookit this! It says you only had in forty acres. Sixty would be more like it. I know them fields—"

"Mister Bill Drewis always cuts it for wheat and he says the twine amount shows forty acres—"

"That old binder of his'n don't tie half the bundles! Did Bill Drewis survey your corn ground?"

"No, he didn't. And I always remember Mr. Ted Terping saying the barn pasture field was twenty-seven acres by itself!"

Mr. Byshaw was by this time supremely indignant.

"I ain't even checked them hog figgers, yet! You come along with me. We'll see Mr. Tom Campbell and we'll long-distance Washington—the government don't give you but twenty-four hours grace. How long you had them checks?"

"Since morning mail, yestiddy."

"Hully Moses. It's almost too late now!"

"No! It couldn't be the time is up—"

"Lacks twenty-seven minutes. I can make it, if that old car of mine will still do eighty. Hold them checks till you hear from me. I'll take these papers and get the figgers right!"

"Henrietta!" snapped old lady Millingham. "Don't give him no papers! Send for Mister Bill Drewis."

The widow Terping hesitated. But the sheer drama of Mr. Byshaw's impending eighty-mile-an-hour dash to the county seat was too powerful.

"Shut up, Maw. Here—take 'em. I do hope you get there in time, Mr. Byshaw."

"I may have to turn the super-charger on that car loose to do it, but I'll do it!"

ARLIE BYSHAW dashed into the public square of Pike City with eight minutes of the hypothetical twenty-seven to spare.

County Agent Campbell, a harassed young man, up to his ears in the intricate work of the AAA's crop and hog reduction program, was not amused when Arlie, accompanied by seven town loafers, swaggered into his office.

"This case is closed for the year and Mrs. Terping has her checks!" he said, after hearing Mr. Byshaw's not very bold complaint.

"But the figgers is all wrong. She's been done out of her eyeteeth!"

The seven town loafers nodded.

County Agent Campbell kept his temper. The Byshaw clan was numerous and powerful in politics and he

(Continued on page 42)



ILLUSTRATED BY
FLOYD M. DAVIS

"All I say is that she's got a whole lot more money coming to her than what was paid!"

The Great Duck Famine

By Quentin Reynolds

Ducks have not gone on strike for better living conditions: they are just quietly dying off as we ruin their breeding and nesting places. And a few of our smarter citizens have read the warning in the sky

IF ALL the guns in the country were laid end to end in the bottom of the Grand Canyon the birds of the air and the beasts of the field might breathe a little easier—but they'd only be living in a fool's paradise. Man has a much more cruel, subtle and effective way of exterminating game than by the comparatively merciful method of sending winged lead at them.

Man has a habit of fooling around with land, and land doesn't like to be fooled around with. Man takes something away from land, adds something to it—and the first thing you know the land rebels, becomes sick, becomes useless as a supporting medium for bird and beast life—and eventually dies. Years and years ago governmental agencies realized that the death or illness of land meant the death and extinction of wild life, but nothing was done about it. Now another Administration, realizing that if you're marking time you'll never advance a step, has begun a campaign of land restoration designed to bring back to life millions of acres which have died. If the land is brought back, game and bird life will be brought back and the economic life of the country will be the beneficiary. As an example of the close connection existing between land and animal life suppose we take the duck, a species of waterfowl which for years has been dwindling until now it is threatened with eventual extinction.

Now suppose you are a duck. Oh, come on, be a duck—it's only a game anyhow. You can be any kind of a duck. Be a mallard, a redhead, a pintail, a black duck or a canvasback. All right, now you're a duck. A live duck.

You're up in the prairie provinces of Canada or perhaps south near the Canadian border.

This was once a paradise for ducks but drainage operations, grazing, mowing, drought and a dozen other factors have combined to lower the water tables, kill the vegetation and in general destroy what was once perhaps the best nesting and breeding land in the world. But being a duck you still return to it every spring, for you are pretty much a creature of habit and, anyhow, you don't know where there is a really good nesting place. However, it has been warm and you've managed to survive. But it's October now and occasionally a brisk wind makes you shiver and you wonder if it isn't time to think of a wintering resort. Then one day you wake up, cast a speculative eye at the heavens and you see snow in a tremendous cloud that is hanging overhead. It hasn't snowed yet but you can feel snow long before you can see it.

"It's time we scrambled outa here," you sigh, and your friends and neighbors nod.

You talk it over and you all agree that there are only three really decent places to spend the winter: the Gulf of Mexico, southern California and Mexico, and the Atlantic coast.

"I rather fancy the Gulf," that snooty redhead over there says. "We were there last winter and it was just too, too lovely. And the children just adored it. We met the nicest people there, too."

"But it's so far," another complains. "It's such a long trip for the children. Why not come with us to Chesapeake Bay?"

"Too cold, too cold," another says. "Mexico is the place, or California. Oh, but California weather is gorgeous. It's the land of eternal sunshine—it's always springtime in California."

You're Off for the Winter

"You talk like a real estate salesman," you say, and the argument goes on and on and on.

But deep in your heart you know that it is a silly argument. You'll go just where you went last year. You know the way and you feel at home there. It's the same every year. You talk and talk about changing but when the snow comes you fly right back to where you had been. Being a duck, you're like that.

So you set off—thousands of you—and you are joined by ducks from the east-



ern part of Canada and from Alaska and from the mouth of the Mackenzie River. You're off, thousands and thousands of you, and you cleave the calm air at your top speed and the whistling of your wings is heard over the land. You're off and your hearts are brave and your hearts are gay—what matter if you are on your way to participate in the greatest of all gambles, your life against the aim of a hunter?

Somewhere above the Canadian border you'll separate to follow one of three well-defined flyways or routes. If you are a redhead or a canvasback or a scaup, you will probably turn southeast, fly along the line of the Great Lakes and reach the Atlantic coast somewhere near Chesapeake or Delaware Bay.

If you are on your way to California or Mexico and if you are real smart you will probably head for the Bear River marshes of Utah for rest and refueling. And if you like it a lot you may stay there. If you are clever you will stay there because that is known as a mi-

gratory bird refuge and no shooting is allowed. But if you are adventurous, and most ducks are, you'll head straight for the Sacramento Valley or for the more southern San Joaquin Valley or farther south to Mexico.

But suppose you want to reach the Gulf coast. Well, my little feathered friend, you've got a tough trip ahead of you—but you're only young once and you might as well see the world. In which case you'll take the well-traveled Mississippi Flyway. Almost paralleling this is the Central Flyway, but we'll merge them. It makes traffic control easier. Now this is a popular flyway and, my dear, you are apt to meet practically everybody who is anybody on this trip. You reach the Mississippi Valley at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. If you should happen to be a blue-winged teal you'll then shoot directly east and head for North Carolina and if anyone asked you why you did this you'd reply shortly, "If the Carolinas were good enough for

Our game birds are a hardy lot, but they are disappearing by millions from a country of drought-blasted feeding and nesting grounds



my father and for his father they're good enough for me. So there."

Now our game is over. You can stop being a duck. From now on it's no fun being a duck, anyhow. The trip south from the Mississippi Valley is no cinch. In fact, it's a terrible trip and you'll be lucky to make it.

We have told you about some of the habits of ducks and now we'll tell you how we know these things.

It has always been known in a general way that "birds are creatures of the climate." It wasn't until John James Audubon, probably the greatest of all American authorities on bird life, came along in the middle of the last century that the habits of birds were taken out of the field of speculation and placed where they belonged in the field of science. It was he who defined the flyways which are traveled by ducks and it was probably he who first saw the importance of banding ducks and other waterfowl. The banding served as a check on his discoveries and his theories and nothing has happened in the past eighty years to disprove any of his assertions.

So what? So why is this important? Well, it's important for many reasons. First, if we know just what route the ducks take we know that they are going to rest on the way and we know that if conditions are good they may stop, like their surroundings and settle down to feed and rest. If there are no adequate resting or feeding places en route the ducks are apt to get into trouble. Ducks are hardy enough. Despite unfavorable conditions and despite lack of food they manage to get to their wintering places each year without any substantial damage. However, when they return to the north to breed they won't tarry long in poor surroundings and therein lies the tragedy and the reason why ducks in this country are becoming scarcer and scarcer.

It is a tragedy because the duck is not only a bird that hunters delight in shooting at—but he is the nucleus of a billion-dollar industry. And that is why the government is determined to keep him alive and to encourage him to multiply in this country rather than force him to seek faraway pastures. There are about eight million hunters in this country. About an eighth of them are primarily duck hunters. Every duck shooter spends plenty of money on guns, ammunition, boats, clothing, rubber boots, tents, transportation, guides and fifty other items which are involved one way or another in the preparation for and the shooting of ducks. Now you are a business man, let us say. Suppose you saw a billion-dollar indus-

try just going to seed for no other reason than sheer neglect and stupidity, wouldn't it make you a little bit sick? Sure it would. Yet this industry (I apologize to the duck shooters for calling such a grand sport an industry) is dying on its feet. In other words, unless something is done the duck as a game bird will eventually become extinct or so close to it that it doesn't matter. This, in fact, is true of all waterfowl, but we'll only consider the duck.

Members of the Biological Survey, which is under the Department of Agriculture, knew all this. Information that they had been collecting for years pointed to this. When the present Administration came in it proved to be a very inquisitive Administration. The newly appointed heads of departments had a nasty habit of asking questions. They started asking questions about the Biological Survey and found that it had been doing magnificent research work for years—but that no one had ever really done very much with the mass of hard-won knowledge which had been collected.

Time to Do Something

Several months ago a group of sportsmen got together and sent a spokesman to see a man named Roosevelt to acquaint him with the conditions and to ask that he help. He found the President to be an interested and receptive audience. The President appointed a committee to investigate. The three men appointed by him were three non-political, intelligent, unbiased men whose only idea was to ascertain the facts and to prove or disprove the assertion that waterfowl were becoming extinct and to find out whether or not that fact was important enough for official governmental action to be taken. Then it was to recommend life-saving remedies. The committee wrote a very blunt report, too well upholstered by fact even to be questioned, which pointed out that the sportsmen who had been viewing the situation with alarm were correct. It pointed out the causes of this depreciation in waterfowl. It pointed out the penalty which had already been imposed on the country because of it and it (again very bluntly) told of the penalty which would be visited upon the country in the future unless something was done to correct the prevailing conditions.

Leaving aside for the moment the fact that America would lose one of its greatest sports, it dwelt chiefly on the economic side of the picture, concluding that "unless remedial measures are adopted promptly and prosecuted vigor-

ously and intelligently, this resource (waterfowl) which is of great economic importance will be completely exterminated."

The President turned the problem over to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and Wallace said, "Let's do something about this." He put a man named Jay N. Darling of Iowa in charge of the Biological Survey, gave him a free hand, and things commenced to hum. Darling has been famous for years as the "Ding" who draws cartoons, but among sportsmen he is known as the Game Commissioner of Iowa and as the moving spirit in the program which reclaimed considerable land in Iowa and made Iowa a model for the rest of the country when it came to protecting the natural resources of the state. Darling, following out suggestions made by the President's committee, has launched a program of rehabilitating waterfowl, the chief features of which are:

(a) Water conservation, including the creation of new water areas, restoring drained lands which have proved unfit for or unprofitable for agriculture, stabilizing water levels, etc.

(b) Restoration of marsh and aquatic plant life to provide food, cover, and nesting sites for birds.

(c) Protection of waterfowl from their natural enemies.

(d) Other activities, such as fencing and patrolling refuges, disease prevention, etc.

The chief death-dealing agencies which menace waterfowl and which have contributed to their thinning ranks are: drought, man-made as well as the drought wrought by nature; overshooting; disease.

The latter two are fairly easily disposed of and are comparatively unimportant. Last year approximately nine million ducks were killed in this country. Years ago that would have been all right but recent years have not been normal years—nor will this year be. This year the shooting season will last thirty days—each state may pick thirty days between October 1st and January 15th.

The thirty days can be consecutive or the state may provide two days a week for fifteen weeks or three days a week for ten weeks.

Disease in ducks is generally caused by malnutrition. If ducks are placed in the surroundings provided for them by nature few die of disease.

Now we come to drought—chiefly that caused by man, and it is this which Mr. Darling and his department hope to cure by restoring dead land to life. Land may not look sensitive—but it is. Land left alone does pretty well

for itself because it has a wise mistress called Nature which gives it everything it needs. But man starts kidding around with the land—taking this from it, adding this to it—and soon he has made the land sick and thereby has upset the perfect balance in nature.

Here's what happens when water is taken away from the land: The dirt around the roots of grass loosens. It is blown away. Then the grass itself loosens and it too blows away. The first thing you know, you've got a desert on your hands.

Drained to Death

North Dakota, just to take one of too many examples, was once one of the greatest nesting and breeding grounds for ducks in this country. Parts of the state consisted of shallow lakes, ponds and pot holes which teemed with waterfowl and muskrats. Man conceived the idea of draining this land and of diverting that water to arid areas which could then be transformed into fertile farm land.

So they drained—and they drained—and over the course of a few years reduced the subterranean water level of North Dakota by fifty-seven feet. The great duck-breeding centers became alkali deserts. The alkali came to the surface to kill whatever vegetation was there and the muskrats and the waterfowl disappeared. But didn't the farm land benefit? says you. Sure, to some extent, and when the grain and the wheat came up it looked mighty pretty waving in the breeze. But soon it wilted in the sun, for there was no use harvesting it. It was merely part of the enormous surplus we had in the country.

The ducks and even the muskrats would have been of prime economic importance—not only to the state but to the country.

Now it is the idea of Mr. Darling and the men under him and the great white fathers in Washington to bring such land as we have described back to normal. That is—to restore it. This costs plenty of money but it is money that is invested—not money that is wasted.

There are many, many migratory bird refuges in the country but very few breeding and nesting areas. If the ducks find congenial surroundings they'll stay and they'll breed and that billion-dollar industry will not be imperiled and millions of sportsmen will continue to feel the thrill of winging a bird in flight.

And in making the land once more habitable for ducks we shall also make it useful to man.





Then his voice came back. "Pull, pull," he yelled

The Traitor

War reached up among the mountain peaks—and was put back in its place by a mountain climber

By Edwin Muller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

AWKWARD country to fight a war in," said Merrill. It seemed to me an absurd understatement—even for an Englishman.

We sat on a slope high above the Val di Cismone with the whole amazing panorama spread before us like a stage set. I had never seen the Dolomites before. They lay before me—mountains twisted and tortured into incredible shapes, like the gnarled fingers of giant hands thrust up from the depths.

"They actually fought battles among those monstrosities?" I asked.

"Among them and beneath them and on their tops," he said, "and the natives of these valleys did a big share of the fighting."

I remarked that it must have taken an extraordinary degree of loyal patriotism to fight in such surroundings.

Merrill thought that over in his gravely courteous manner. He was one of those lean-faced, self-possessed men who give eleven months of the year to some ill-paid, responsible home office job in London and then blow off steam by risking their necks in all sorts of ridiculous ways in the Alps. I had met him the night before at the little inn down in Primiero where we had been the only English-speaking guests at the table d'hôte.

"I'm not sure of the patriotism," he said after due consideration. "These South Tyrolean peasants live here in such a remote corner of the world and they've been tossed back and forth from one empire to another for so many centuries that they haven't much nationalistic loyalty. But loyalty to duty and to the tradition of their calling—yes."

"Take, for example, the guides—guides like old Johann Gruber—who climbed with Leslie Stephen and Tucket and the rest of the Alpine Club crowd who made climbing history back in the golden age. You hear a lot about the loyalty of soldiers and sea captains—last off the ship and all that sort of thing. But what of the fellows like old Johann, who get a day's wages for carrying you up a mountain?"

He paused for a minute or two while we watched the clouds writhing among the crags. "To show you what I mean," he went on rather diffidently, "I'd like to tell you about something that happened over there across the way. It was my big experience of the war." He flashed out one of his infrequent grins. "I was so scared that it's taken me all these years to want to see the place again."

I lit my pipe and found a softer piece of turf.

WHEN I arrived at Primiero in the late summer of nineteen-fifteen," he began, "I felt at first as if I had left the war behind and had come home."

"I'd had enough of the trenches. Three months before, I'd been detached from my regiment in Flanders and sent to Italy. That was just in time for a big show on the Isonzo and I got—a bit worn down. So it was a godsend to be transferred to a quiet sector, and I'd

have chosen this sector above any other.

"You see, I'd known this country pretty well before the war. Rock climbing always appealed to me and there's none better in Europe than you get on those peaks across the valley. I'd spent the best part of five or six seasons hereabouts. As a rule I'd climbed with Johann, and when we needed a third on the rope we took his son Hans along. Hans never had his father's brilliance in leading a first-rate pitch, but he was a sound, dependable Number Three."

"When I reported, things were so quiet that I had no trouble in getting a few days' leave. I hunted up Johann and we went off for five days of scrambling in the peaks of the lower Cismone south of the war zone—pleasant country but not to compare with what you see across the way there. It was a mental tonic to be on the rope again with Johann, to watch his bronzed, wrinkled face intent on finding the one right way to negotiate a steep slab. We didn't talk much about the war—I was out to get away from it. I did learn, though, that Hans had been conscripted into the Austrian army."

"You understand, of course," said Merrill parenthetically, "that Primiero was Austrian territory before the war. The Italians had pushed into it, and a few miles beyond, on their first offensive."

"Since the occupation no word had come from Hans, and Johann was naturally concerned about him. The old man's attitude was rather odd. I can't say that he displayed a patriotic resignation to the necessities of war. He seemed to feel a puzzled indignation that any authority could have reached across the hills to take away his son—a son who owed obedience solely to his father."

THE day after we got back to Primiero the *commandante* sent for me and asked me to make a reconnoitering trip up into the Pala group. In this country, you see, planes weren't much good, so they had to depend mostly on observation from strategic peaks. The peaks were outside the Italian lines—a no man's land where both sides' patrols operated. There was, as the *commandante* pointed out, a fair chance of an observer being spotted on the peaks and picked up by the Austrians.

"I suggested that I take my guide and the *commandante* agreed. I blamed myself afterward for not explaining more clearly to Johann the possible consequences of the expedition and the fact that by going voluntarily he was committing treason against the Reich. The affair was simple enough to him; he was a guide, I was his Herr who wanted to climb with him; if the climbing was complicated by soldiers—Austrian or Italian—that was just one of those things one had to put up with in these crazy times."

"When I told him that we might get among the enemy he looked pleased. 'So,' he said, 'then we may see Hans.' Which, by the way, wasn't such non-

sense as you might think. The Austrians, at least in the Alpen Korps, were organized to use men in the districts where they lived, where they were familiar with the topography.

"We left Primiero at dusk, nothing to distinguish us from an ordinary mountaineering expedition. I've never explained to myself how I made the blunder of leaving my uniform behind. It's true that the British service uniform is a singularly inefficient outfit for climbing. For any sort of steep work, you know, you must have the freedom that baggy knickers give you for a long step up. However, that wasn't worth chancing the consequences of being caught behind the Austrian lines in mufti. Just the difference between spending the duration in a prison camp and standing with your face to a wall with a firing squad behind you. But it wasn't until later that that picture began to etch itself on my brain.

"Our first objective was the peak you see there, just coming out of the cloud, the one that looks like a ragged obelisk twisted over at the top. . . .

"Yes, you're right, it can't be climbed from this side—at least not the last three hundred feet. But over on the other side, from the Val di Pradidali, there's a back-stairs route that's quite simple going.

"At the head of the Pradidali, among the rocks at the foot of the peak, there used to be an Austrian Alpine Club hut, a little two-room affair where, before the war, the club kept a caretaker. It was the only house in the valley and a long way outside of our lines, but our patrols had reported that none of the enemy had been seen near it. We planned to reach it by nine or ten o'clock at night, get two or three hours' sleep and be on the summit by sunrise.

"IT WAS dark when we came to the point where the Pradidali branches off from the main valley. Near the entrance we were challenged twice by Italian sentries. After that we saw no one. Soon we were in a narrow trench between thousand-foot walls of rock that even in the daytime would shut the sunlight away from its floor. That night it was dark as the lowest chamber of a dugout.

"The path was an imperceptible track over and under great boulders, but Johann led the way without hesitation. There was something sound and profoundly reassuring in the outline of his broad back moving steadily in front. I needed reassurance too. For some reason I had an oppressive sense of impending danger worse than any I had felt in the trenches. Absurd, of course, because no enemy could have spotted us at the bottom of that black pocket.

"Two hours brought us to the head of the valley where it broadens into an irregular plateau, surrounded by crags. Off to the left was the dark mass of our peak and at its foot we could make out the shape of the hut.

"I stopped abruptly and caught Johann by the arm. In the one window a light was burning. Johann started to climb toward it and, after a moment, I followed him. Just before we reached it I had an impulse to go back, and called to Johann but he was already at the door. I waited for him outside. When he came back there was a perplexed note in his voice.

"There is a man inside, *mein Herr*. A man not of our valley."

"A soldier?"

"No, he wears clothes such as mine."

"Johann was sure that there was only the one; so, with my hand near the butt of my revolver, I went in. I swung my rucksack down on the long bunk where the straw had moldered since the war ended mountaineering. As I straightened up I saw the man standing

in the doorway of the inner room staring at me over the lantern that he held. His hair hung uncombed over his eyes and his clothes were frowzy from sleeping in them, but somehow I had the feeling that he was no peasant or caretaker.

"I GREETED him in my bad German and, after a moment, he answered civilly enough, but when I tried to find out who he was and what he was doing there I could get no understandable answer. His accent seemed to me German rather than Austrian. He looked on silently while my guide and I kindled the stove and boiled water for the soup. Later I went to lie down on the bunk and through the partition I could hear the two talking.

"Johann came back shaking his head. 'He does not say who he is or why he stays here.'

"A sudden misgiving came to me.

"What did you tell him of us, Johann?"

"I told him who I was and that you were of the victorious army of Italy," said the simple old fellow, and a hurt, puzzled look came into his eyes when I let him know plainly what a fool he had been.

"As a rule I sleep soundly in a mountain hut but that night I couldn't rest. Two hours after midnight Johann shook me by the shoulder and, half awake, I began the routine of preparation for getting under way. Suddenly I remembered and looked around for the man. He was gone.

"I couldn't get the fellow out of my head. His disappearance—slinking off like that as soon as we were asleep—worried me more than his unaccountable presence in the hut. But there was nothing to do about it.

"When we started I was shivering in the icy wind that flowed down from the heights. I followed close behind Johann and picked my way by the lantern which he carried. In a few minutes the ground tilted up in our faces and we were on the steep face of the peak.

"The climbing wasn't hard—about equal, I should say, to the ordinary way up the Matterhorn. We roped up, using about thirty feet—half of what we had with us—and Johann led, finding the right hand- and footholds with the uncanny precision of a cat. As I warmed up to the work I began to throw off the weight of apprehension that had been pressing down on me. In two hours we were halfway to the summit and the Pradidali was a black pit far down under our feet. We stopped on a flat ledge for a few minutes' rest. Toward the east a faint gray light was climbing up against the darkness of the sky.

"JOHANN leaned over the edge, peering down.

"A party comes," he called suddenly.

"I scrambled up to look, all my anxiety returning. On the black floor of the valley a pin-point of light was zigzagging along. In a moment another joined it, then another until there were six of them. That meant a party of twelve to fifteen.

"I called sharply to Johann to put out our lantern although the chances were that it had already been seen. The lights below moved slowly up to the hut and clustered in front of it. Then one by one they started upward in our direction.

"At once we were on the rocks again, climbing faster than before. Johann grumbled to himself as if he were inquiring why he should be running away from anyone. As for myself, I felt trapped. There was no cover on the face of the peak and daylight would expose us plainly. As we mounted, the light from the east covered the sky and

(Continued on page 39)



There they were—just above the ledge where we had rested

Cross of Fire

A brand-new type of European dictator has been preparing for months to take over the reins of government in France. There is nothing boastful or theatrical about Colonel de la Rocque, leader of the formidable "Cross of Fire." A silent, listening man, he has been waiting patiently for "the hour to strike"

By T. R. Ybarra

IN THE shadows behind the French political stage a soldier stands at attention. He watches in silence. He listens. He waits.

Under his command is an army numbering thousands. Most of them are veterans of the World War, like himself; all of them are resolute, hard-fisted and keen for battle, as were the Blackshirts of Mussolini and the Brown-shirts of Hitler in the days when their commanders were fighting for supremacy over Italy and Germany.

This watchful Frenchman, though, wears no distinctive uniform; nor has he prescribed any for his waiting battalions. And, unlike Mussolini and Hitler and their British imitator, Sir Oswald Mosley, he has worked out no detailed program of what he means to do. From his pen has come no volume like Hitler's "Mein Kampf," no long list of projected reforms for France. Nevertheless, he and the subordinates who look up to him with a mystical devotion akin to that inspired by the Fascist master of Italy and the Fascist master of Germany, have sketched the outline of their ambitions in words that are plain enough.

"When the hour strikes," they say, "we shall pour into the streets of Paris and other French cities and overthrow the government, and make ourselves the government and give the French nation the sort of government which, for many years, it has been demanding."

This silent, listening, waiting Frenchman is Robert de la Rocque. He holds the rank of colonel in the French army. Like Mussolini and Hitler and Mosley, he has an excellent war record. He has seen fighting in Morocco, in Algeria, at the French front in the World War. He is entitled to wear medals awarded for conspicuous gallantry in action. His body is scarred with wounds; and his mind bears the scars left by grim pondering on the harm which the war has done to France, and the good into which—somehow, some day—that harm must be transformed.

Under de la Rocque's orders are the steadily growing regiments of the "Croix de Feu." This means, literally translated, "Cross of Fire," an appellation which, to Americans, conjures up pictures of fiery crosses burning at midnight, of masked figures, shrouded in white. Frenchmen, however, read into that title a different meaning.

To them it suggests military decorations—war crosses—won by brave men in battle. "Decorated under Fire" is what a Frenchman understands when he hears the words Croix de Feu.

Originally, the organization built up by Colonel de la Rocque consisted of men who had been decorated for bravery during the war, in posts of danger, at the front, under the enemy's guns. It had no place for those who had seen no war service except in snug berths far in the rear. Later on, men were

Colonel Robert de la Rocque, French wartime hero and potential dictator, marching with his supporters in Paris



admitted to the Croix de Feu who, though they could show no medals, had fought bravely in the front lines. These are known as "Briscards." A third section of de la Rocque's army is composed of sons of war veterans and of French youths in general who are credited with placing the welfare of France above all considerations of class or party.

The total membership of the Croix de Feu, according to claims made by members a few months ago, was 120,000. Since then it has undoubtedly increased its numbers.

Like Hitler in Germany and like Mussolini in Italy, Colonel de la Rocque has singled out Communism as the archfoe. Should the Communists—and, next to them, the Socialists—try to get control of the French government, the Croix de Feu, he declares, will be at their throats. But he also insists that he and his army will be equally vigilant against attempts by partisans of the extreme Right to make themselves masters of France.

The Croix de Feu and its commander leaped into prominence during the bloody riots in Paris last February. In the ranks of the rioters who stormed across the Place de la Concorde, threatening to throw the members of the French parliament into the Seine, none were more conspicuous than the men of de la Rocque. After the rioting, ex-Premier Daladier, testifying before a parliamentary commission, placed the main responsibility for the trouble on the Croix de Feu. And Colonel de la Rocque, when he appeared before the same commission, broke his habitual silence to say that his organization was adding thousands to its membership, in expectancy of days of action yet to



come. In Paris at that time the colonel's name was on countless lips; indeed, the impression prevailed in some quarters that had he wished he could have seized power then and there. He preferred, however, to bide his time; his hour, he believed, had not yet struck.

Robert de la Rocque is forty-five years old. He is straight and sinewy. He has the severe cast of countenance and the level glance of a man accustomed to giving orders—and to having them obeyed. His face gives evidence of aristocratic lineage; it is clean cut, with high forehead, straight lips and strong chin. It is typical of a soldier alike by blood and by training—and de la Rocque is both.

Years ago he got the idea that what France needed most was a thorough political clean-up; that what it lacked above all else was leadership. So, for effecting the clean-up, he founded the Croix de Feu; and, to fill the vacant place of leader, he offered himself. But he did it without parading or boasting or bombast. He kept in the shadows and he refused to talk.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS

He refuses to put into writing the exact basis upon which he wishes to found his new France. But on one point he is explicit: it must be a clean France, a France purged of political corruption, cleansed of the stains left by scandals like the recent Stavisky affair. When pressed for further details about his plan, he lapses into the silence which is second nature to him.

Other members of his organization, less reticent, hint at a régime which, having first seized control in France, will summon the nation to a plebiscite, and get overwhelming sanction for its previous acts, quite à la Hitler.

"What is the use," they ask, "of telling prematurely the kind of constitution and government we propose to have? Power first, then reforms! That is our aim."

Or, growing more explicit, they explain how their commander and they are sworn to fight, at one extreme, the Reds bent on destroying France, and at the other the clique of big business interests who would sell their country for personal profit.

"But how do you propose to fight these extremists?" you ask.

"Wait!" is the answer. "When the hour strikes, you will see!"

Meanwhile, clouds gather on the French political horizon. Prophecies of more riots like those of last February are heard on all sides. The economic situation grows more serious. The grumbling of the French people in Paris, in other French cities, in the provinces, grows louder and uglier. And, in the midst of all these signs of impending trouble, Colonel de la Rocque, deep in the shadows behind the French political scene—stern, aloof, silent and inscrutable—stands at attention.



The clouds seemed to melt away with its passage until it burst into a mass of incongruous flame

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

The Story Thus Far:

TWO strong men, Heinrich Behrling and Adolf Krust, are struggling bitterly for control of Germany. General Berati, astute Italian politician, is uncertain with which of the two sides Italy should ally herself. To secure a confidential report, he sends a secret agent—Major Martin Fawley, an American—to Berlin.

Cognizant of his mission, both Behrling and Krust endeavor to win Fawley's support. Among those working for Behrling is a beautiful woman, the Princess Elida di Rezzo di Vasena, the niece of Berati's wife. With her, Fawley has a series of amazing adventures; after which, while Europe trembles on the brink of another devastating war, he goes to London. He makes no explanation of this move to Berati; he merely goes. The princess follows him, warns him that Berati, regarding him as a traitor, is plotting his death.

Within a few hours, Prince Pietro Patoni, Berati's secretary, appears and insists that Fawley return to Rome at once. Fawley, however, has other plans, plans of the most vital importance to the entire civilized world. He is working (as he has been for five years) in collaboration with a small group of powerful men in England and America for the complete and permanent abolition of war!

Already, England and America have signed a secret peace pact, of which Europe knows nothing. Fawley is, he believes, in a position to secure the signatures of the rulers of France, Germany and Italy. He knows that France is in possession of a remarkable new invention—a diabolical device which, hidden in the mountains of Sospel near the Italian border, is capable of destroying all enemy aircraft, all life, for miles about! He has actually seen that device, a "hellnotter"; and he knows that (how little the French suspect it!) Germany also has one! He feels sure that if Italy, which has no such mechanism, can be made to realize her peril, she will gladly sign the pact. Likewise, France and Germany.

There is no time to be lost. Fawley goes to France, boldly outlines his plan to M. Fleuriot, France's most powerful leader, and asks him to give a demonstration of the "hellnotter's" powers of destruction—with certain Italians looking on! And Fleuriot agrees to do so! The American then goes to Rome. To Berati—"General," he says calmly, "I am now going to disclose to you the greatest secret which has existed in Europe for a hundred years."

Conclusion

FAWLEY paused. Then: "If it is your wish that I should continue in the presence of these men I will do so. For reasons of policy I should advise you to send them away. I am unarmed: your person is safe to me. I give you my word as an American officer that I shall not raise my hand to save my life. I do pray for one thing, however, and that is that the few words I have to say now are spoken for your ear only."

"Search this man for arms," Berati commanded.

Fawley held out his hands. The two guards went over him carefully from head to foot.

"The Signor has no weapon on him," one of them announced. "Wait outside the door," Berati ordered.

The men retired. Fawley waited until the door was closed.

"General Berati," he said, "on the twenty-fourth of May or thereabouts you intended to launch the most amazing airplane attack which history has ever dreamed of—some thousand planes were to have destroyed utterly Nice, Toulon and Marseilles and swept round upon Paris. A German army, muni-



tioned and armed by Soviet Russia, was to have joined hands with forty divisions of Italians upon the eastern frontier of France. Roughly these were your plans."

"It is fortunate indeed," Berati sneered, "that the man who knows them so well is the man who is about to die."

"We are all about to die," was the indifferent response. "The length of our lives is merely a figure of speech. In comparison with the cause for which I am fighting my life is as valueless as a handful of dust."

There was a light in Fawley's eyes which Berati had never seen before. In spite of himself he was impressed.

"What is this cause of yours?" he asked. "For what are you fighting?"

"By this time you should have known," Fawley answered. "Remember, I went through the war. I started as an ardent soldier. The profession of arms was to me almost a sacred one. I took it as an axiom that the waging of war alone could decide the destinies of the world. I came out at the end of the war a broken man. The horror of it had poisoned my blood. For two years I was recovering my health mentally and

physically. I came back into the world a crank, if you like—a missionary, if you will, but at any rate a man with a single desperate purpose. It made a man of me once again. My own life became, as I have told you, worthless except in so far as I could use it to carry out my purposes.

"Washington alone knew the truth and they thought me crazy. Two people in England divined it. To the official classes of every other nation in Europe I was just a secret service agent working for himself, for his own advancement, and because he loved the work. Italy—I came to you. I cared nothing for Italy. Germany—I went to Germany. I cared nothing for Germany. France—I very nearly mortally offended, but I cared nothing for France. What I did care for was to cherish the great ambition which has come to fruition after years of suffering. To do something—to devote every atom of energy remaining to me in life—to tear out of the minds of men this poisonous idea that war is the sane and inevitable method of dealing with international disputes."

BERATI sat with his chin raised upon his hand, sprawling across the table, his eyes fixed upon his visitor.

"France has made the first sacrifice," the latter went on. "I am hoping that Italy will make the second. I ask you to send a messenger, General Berati, across to the French Embassy and to request them to hand you a letter which they are holding, addressed to you in my care. I tell you frankly that I dared not bring it myself across the frontier or travel with it to Rome, but the letter is there. When you see what it contains I will finish my explanation."

"That means," Berati said, "that I shall have to keep you alive for another half an hour?"

(Continued on page 28)

After the Hounds

*Two men—a girl—a fox-hunt—and
a story that will make your blood race*

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BROWN

PERHAPS what fooled Dick Thomas was that the whole issue was befogged by a general sense of fitness. Ann Taylor, as she sat now beside Dick's fire in his little stone house, certainly looked as much a part of a comfortable background as anyone could possibly look. Her tweed riding kit and trim russet boots, the soft white collar snug at her throat, the careless toss of her hair—they belonged here.

That was something, because here not every girl would have seemed at home. In the fall Pennsylvania's Wissatuck Valley is a country of golden-shocked cornfields, and of orchards that lay a spicy smell of apples upon the clean, cold air; of cascading brooks, ragged brush coverts along old stone walls, and woods of walnut, dogwood and shagbark. Moreover, it is the home of the Deep Spring Hunt, and this makes the Wissatuck a country gentleman's sort of valley, distinguished by fox hounds, drag packs and horses, among which only hunters and jumpers count.

There are things in such a country which show up brittle people. They did not show up Ann. She brightened the room under the low dark rafters like a bowl of cornflowers as blue as her eyes. Just by sitting there she seemed to make the little old house glow and live, taking on a gentle sparkle; as if the house had been waiting for her since its stone was new, and felt better now that she was here. This tricky phenomenon was partly responsible for Dick's inexplicable assurance that what had come to him was something inevitable, which was sure to drift gently into consummation.

In short, Dick had himself all set for the most beautiful cropper of his life.

Ann set down her glass and stretched her arms over her head in pleasant weariness. She grinned at Dick lazily. "I was terrible today."

"Awful," he agreed. "Couldn't make out what you were doing with your elbows."

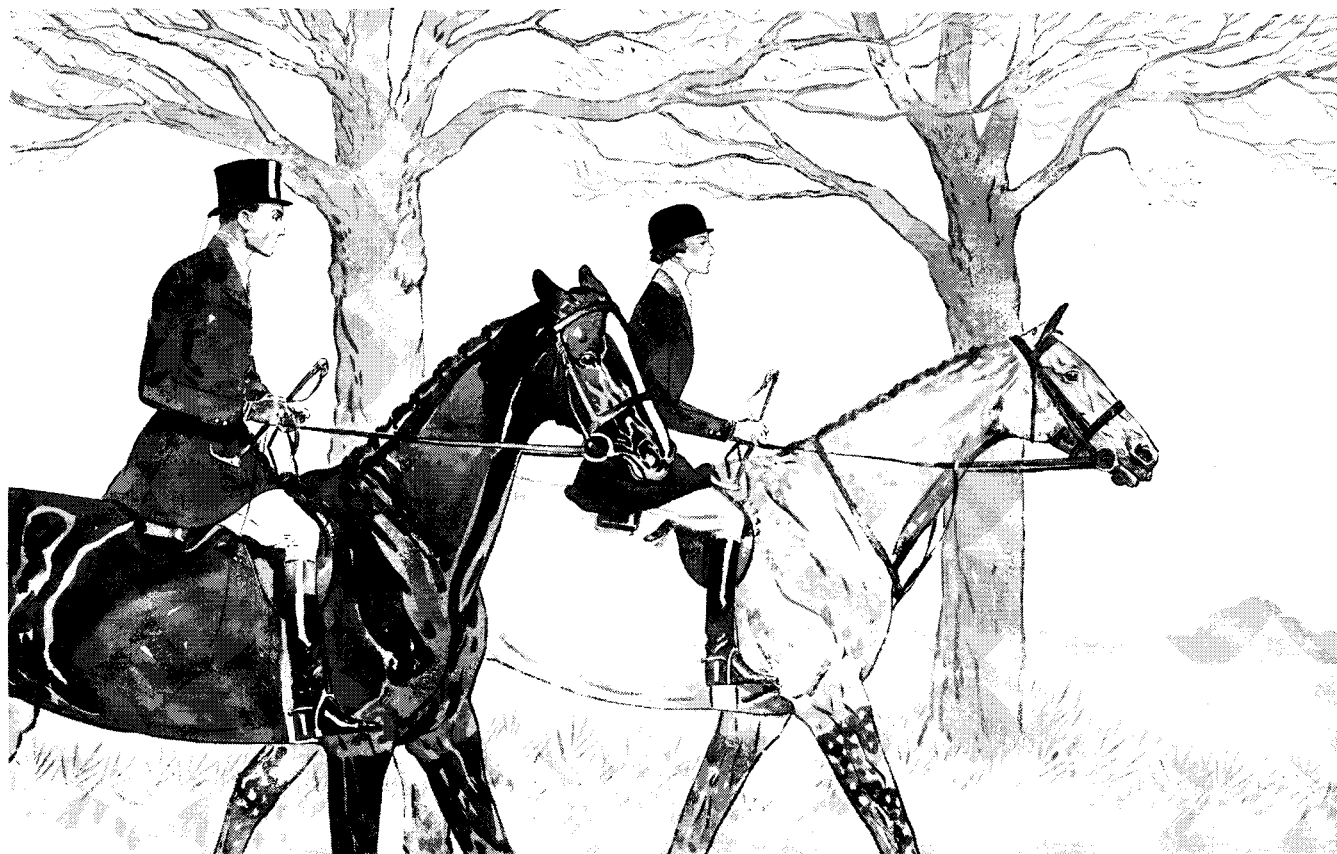
"I was flapping 'em," she said with honesty. "Trying to help the horse over by flying, slightly."

Ann Taylor was a niece of old Hugh Taylor, who, besides being one of Dick's neighbors, was master of the Deep Spring Hunt. The fact that Dick Thomas hadn't known her before was sufficient evidence that she had never hunted the Wissatuck; for Dick had been born and raised on this deep-reddish soil—mostly in a hunting saddle. Anyone he didn't know was of necessity a stranger here.

Ann, as it happened, had never hunted anywhere. When his niece came to visit him for her first hunting season, the old master of foxhounds had one look at her jumping style and took her to Dick Thomas.

"This is the best horseman I know," her Uncle Hugh explained; and left her in Dick's care.

DICK made it his responsibility to see that Ann didn't hunt until she could take the fences with at least reasonable safety. He couldn't remember fear ever having ridden with him, for himself; but he found himself thinking of Ann as something too fragile and too much needed in the world to take chances with. Every morning he schooled her, using steady hunters that he borrowed as well as his own wise old horses; and almost every day, after she was tired,



"What a large, determined-looking horse," he said. "Caisson, I suppose?" "Yes," Ann answered, and pushed ahead

they had lunch together, served with intimate informality by the merry, strapping Dutch woman who kept his house.

Today as they looked at each other across their pre-luncheon cocktails both had the feeling that everything had gone particularly well.

"As a matter of fact, you're jumping beautifully."

"Better?"

"Immeasurably."

"That," she said, "is because I had you to teach me. You're more than a horseman. You're about the kindest and most patient man I've ever known."

She rested her head back, and closed her eyes with the pleasant laziness of a body surcharged with hunting-country oxygen. When she opened her eyes again she let them rest on the dark beams above, dreamily. "I love this old house," she said.

"I want you to love it. I want you to love it a lot."

They were silent a moment, and an electricity came into the silence between them—not for the first time. But this time Dick suddenly realized that the moment had come when he was going to make love to her. There was a transforming thrill in it, like bringing a horse up to the greatest hurdle it had ever faced.

"Listen," he said.

"I am."

The telephone rang. Ann answered it. Then—

"Dick—it seems I can't stay after all. For lunch, I mean. You'll forgive me,

won't you? You see, Clifton Foster has just driven in, and Uncle Hugh seems to think—"

The moment was exploded. He let her go.

Dick Thomas went into his sun-bright little dining-room and sat down alone. He didn't realize what had happened to him yet. He didn't even suspect it when nearly three days passed without any glimpse of Ann. In fact, it took Babs McChesney to tell him.

BABS MCCHESNEY and her husband were some other neighbors of Dick Thomas, horse people right down to their roots. Babs knew a lot about horses, and absolutely all about the people of the Wissatuck Valley.

"Now you've done it," Babs said.

Dick looked unintelligent. "How now?"

"That girl," said Babs, "shouldn't marry that man."

"What girl shouldn't marry what man?"

"This Clifton Foster," Babs said, "is regarded as a good catch. But Ann Taylor shouldn't marry him, anyway."

"Easy, easy," said Dick, as he would have calmed a horse. "What makes you think she's going to?"

"If you would take a little more interest in winning hunt cups," Babs said, "you'd know more about this Clifton Foster."

Dick did know a little about Clifton Foster—that is, he knew the name. Clifton Foster had large and elaborate stables somewhere in Ohio and could

afford to raise as many jumping horses as he wanted to. He had never met Foster. Of course Ann had told him that Foster was coming.

"Foster has been giving Ann Taylor a terrific rush since before the clubbing season," Babs McChesney now informed him. "Everybody knows they're crazy about each other. Foster isn't like you and me, exactly, but in his own way he's a pretty horsey person. If he had found out that Ann was terrible on a hunter, the game would probably have been up. So Ann came up here to learn to jump. Due to Herculean efforts on your part, Foster now arrives to find her jumping most handsomely. So everything is lovely—if you like it."

"I can't see what—"

BABS looked at him pityingly. "You've missed six straight outs with the hounds," she said, "while this girl made a convenience of you in catching another man. I would have headed you off, if I'd been home. Didn't you wonder a little why she should be seized by this sudden insatiable enthusiasm for jumping?"

She swung onto her horse and rode off, jumping the four-bar gate in the neat, compact way she had.

Dick Thomas sat down on his doorstep and thought it over. He had an impulse to ride over to the Taylor place, seek out Ann, and ask her outright: "Look here, you—was all this fuss and bother just meant to set you up in the eyes of this Foster?" He didn't do it, however; he didn't do anything at all.

The big horse rose to the jump, and went hurtling over into space. Riding breakneck down the hill, Caisson's heels went up, kicked desperately for balance as he went down



"Thanks, old man." Foster got up, gathering his hat, gloves and crop. "About this place—please don't answer now, just think about it a few days before you make any decision. I'll meet any reasonable figure." He took himself away.

The Deep Spring Hunt was having a dance that night. Dick decided that he would not go; that he would sit by the fire with a book on veterinary medicine and forget both Ann and Foster. He held to this program until almost half past ten that night. Then, with angry illogic, he changed into the formal scarlet of the Hunt and went out.

DEEP SPRING dances have an intimate tone; the clubhouse, rebuilt from an ancient Post Road inn, is not so very large, nor its raftered ceiling so very high. But its fireplaces will take enormous logs, and its windows are cut through four-foot walls of stone; it is a friendly and pleasant place to be.

Dick Thomas spotted Ann at once; he was always aware of her as soon as he entered a room where she was, always saw her instantly without looking for her. She was dancing with Clifton Foster, of course. Foster was a striking figure with his curly blond head and his flat-backed height. Towering over Ann, he made her look even smaller and more fragile.

Dick Thomas waited until Ann was dancing with someone except Foster, and then cut in. So well had she put on her make-up that until she smiled up at him from within his arms he had not seen that there were three inches of adhesive plaster under the curl on her right temple.

"You've had a fall," he said at once. "Yes; Caisson and I had a little trouble again this morning."

"Caisson?"

"ONE of the horses Cliff brought. He can go over timber like a turkey sailing over a henhouse. The only thing is, he and I don't always come down in the same place."

"Was that what happened today?"

"Well, yes—the first time."

"The first time? How many times a day do you run this off?"

"Well, today it was twice. Only, the second time Caisson and I really did come down together. In fact, we came down like half a carload of kindling. It seems I didn't hold up his head."

"In heaven's name," Dick said, "tell me Caisson broke his neck!"

"I'm happy to say that he did not. He wasn't even scratched."

"It's a wonder he wouldn't rig that horse with rubber reins, so that Caisson could cast you with them like a slingshot."

"I should like to know whom you mean by 'he'."

"Consistent performance is all very
(Continued on page 54)

"I wonder," Foster said, "if you've ever thought of selling this place."

The idea was so preposterous to Dick that he was slow in answering. Dick had inherited only a last remnant of the lands the Thomases had held in this valley for many generations; as a matter of fact, he didn't even own the massive Tudor effect a mile away, which had been the Thomases' main house. But in the two or three years of Dick's tenure he had already made some progress toward rebuilding the properties which the Thomases had lost, and he had made his Wissatuck lands self-supporting. The small stone house in which Dick lived had been built for his great-grandmother. Nothing about it was for sale.

"You shouldn't have any difficulty finding what you want," Dick said. "You can pick up wonderful country nowadays, for just a song."

Foster shrugged. "I've searched the country—and nothing else will do."

"But you haven't even seen it."

FOSTER hesitated, fidgeted, then looked Dick in the eye. "You see, Ann's crazy about this place."

"Oh," Dick said.

"Of course I'm anxious to have her have just what she wants."

"It's all settled then?"

Foster hesitated again. "Well, of course there has been no official announcement, but—"

"I see." Dick went to the window and stood looking at the big buttonwood tree outside. He watched a couple of leaves fall and tailspin through the clean sunlight.

"You're certainly to be congratulated," he said at last.

He simply wasn't bothered by what Babs had said.

Then, next day, he came back from a cross-country ride to find waiting in his house a tall and almost objectionably good-looking young man, drinking a highball.

"I'm Foster," the visitor said.

"I've heard Ann mention your name."

Sounding each other out in a polite and wary way, they found they disagreed about a good many things; especially as to the age at which hunters should be raced, and as to when a young horse should be whipped over a jump. They argued for an inconsequential hour before Dick found out what Foster had really come for.

Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

FOR years, Sim Sturdevant, a prominent New York advertising man, has been in love with Trenna Plance, a motion-picture actress. His proposals—he proposes many times—are invariably met with a firm “No.” Planning a radio hour for one of his clients, “Saunders Soap,” Sturdevant calls on Trenna, and asks her to sing in the hour. To his surprise, she rejects the offer. Then: “Sim, I’m going to be married. I am going to marry Len Haworth.”

Sturdevant is a thorough sportsman; he does not, however, take announcement calmly. He does not approve of Haworth—he knows him to be a dissolute spender. He knows, also, that Haworth is engaged to Lisa Bellwood, a popular debutante. He believes that Haworth, an arrant snob, is merely trifling with Trenna, a “mere actress,” that he does not intend to marry her; and he says so.

Trenna steps to the telephone, calls Haworth. “Darling,” she says, “my answer is yes. We will be married tomorrow.” She turns triumphantly to Sturdevant, who, convinced, at last, that Haworth is really serious, presently takes his departure; not, however, until Lisa Bellwood has telephoned Trenna to inform her that she, Lisa Bellwood, is engaged to the wealthy Len Haworth! . . . On his way home, Sturdevant stops at “Merrygoround,” a Broadway resort. Inez Johnson, the star of the revue, is singing as he enters. Recognizing him, she comes over to his table. He offers her the radio job, which she accepts with enthusiasm. As they chat, Haworth comes in—with Lisa Bellwood!

Observing Inez, he comes over and greets her. He has been drinking; he is in an ugly mood. As calmly as he can, Sturdevant tells him to go away. “I suppose,” Haworth sneers, “you don’t like it because I took Trenna Plance—” He gets no further—Sturdevant knocks him down.

Within three hours, the story has been told all over Broadway. And within three hours, Sturdevant, sleeping in his Gramercy Park apartment, is awakened by the telephone. Reed Ryan, a newspaper-man, is calling him. He has some startling news: *Len Haworth has been murdered!* “Who,” Sturdevant gasps, “killed him?” Ryan chuckles. “Sure you didn’t?” he asks. Then: “The police are on their way to see you. If you didn’t do it, it must have been one of the lovely ladies.” “What ladies?” Sturdevant asks. The answer snaps in his ear: “Lisa Bellwood or Trenna Plance.”

II

FOR a moment Sturdevant made no answer. Ryan had unquestionably been drinking; evidence of that was in his voice. But he hadn’t been drinking enough to cause him to concoct an absurdly false statement. Even his wild sense of humor would find no gayety in such a fabrication. Therefore his statement was doubtless the truth. That is, there must be some foundation, however slight, for what he had just said.

“If I didn’t do it, why does it follow that one of them did it?” he asked.

“Opportunity first, my lad, and then motive. They both had the chance and the cops seem to think it won’t be hard to pin a motive on them.”

“They’re arrested?” Sturdevant was incredulous.

“Not yet, but any minute. I’m surprised the officers of the law haven’t paid you a visit by now. But they’ll be on their way pretty soon. And I thought that you, we being pals, would give me a break and tell me whatever pretty little yarn you’re goin’ to give the coppers.”

“Just how drunk are you, Ryan?” asked Sturdevant.

“Not much. Sober enough to know I’m on a swell story.”

“And how did you know that I hit Haworth?”

“What paper do you represent?” laughed the reporter. “Boy, you don’t get the point. I’m interviewing you.”

“For God’s sake, forget the fun and games,” cried Sturdevant angrily.

“Oke, Sim,” said Ryan, quickly serious. “Like this: I’m in the Merrygoround about one-thirty, knocking over a stein or two of the foaming brew. Manoel, one of the captains, whose name I once printed and who has never forgotten that brief but glorious flight of fame, dropped over to my table to see that the press was treated kindly. He told me there’d been a sweet little one-rounder pulled off a couple of hours earlier. Said you flattened Len Haworth with as handsome a right cross as he’d ever seen.

“Well, that meant two more flagons. One to Haworth, hoping his jaw was broken, and the other to you. After which I meandered over to that Spartan-simple apartment whence I call you now. About ten minutes ago a pal of mine on the homicide squad rang me up to give me a tip. Haworth was shot and killed in his own apartment at about two o’clock. My pal couldn’t give me any of the details, beyond the fact that the police were questioning Trenna Plance and Lisa Bellwood.”

“THEN why assume that one of them killed him?” demanded Sturdevant.

“Because I hope one of them did,” said Ryan callously. “Big star, slightly on the skids, or prominent debutante—or both. What a yarn! Tell me, was the Bellwood girl sore because you belted over Haworth?”

“For publication?” warily inquired Sturdevant.

“Listen, pal,” said the reporter, “this is a high-life murder. Haworth had twenty millions and belonged to the right clubs. Which proves they’re the wrong clubs or they’d never have let him in. Lisa Bellwood’s family don’t even know there was a depression. And Trenna Plance is way up in the neons. Not to disregard you, the boy from Park Avenue that’s made good on Broadway and adjacent thoroughfares. The police will comb the town on this one. They probably know by now all about your fracas with Haworth. Do you expect to keep out of the papers?”

“So what?” parried Sturdevant.

“So give your old friend Reed Ryan an exclusive statement.”

“Are you my friend or just a reporter?” asked Sturdevant.

“The Crier pays my bills,” said Ryan.

“I suppose so,” said Sturdevant.

“Well, I have nothing to say.”

“Don’t be silly, Sim. You know I’ll give you a break. But I’ll be put on this story. It’s right down my street.”

“Well, give me time,” said Sturdevant. “I don’t want to say anything now.”

“What’s the harm in telling whether Miss Bellwood was angry with you or not? I know she talked to you after the fight. Manoel told me so. And what did you fight about?”

“Reed, you’re a great fellow, and a good reporter, but I’m not talking now.”

“You’re wrong, but you’re a stubborn jackass,” complained Ryan. “But don’t

talk to any other reporter, will you? And I’ve not been assigned to the story yet, so you haven’t refused to talk to me—yet. That needn’t be printed until I’m officially on the job.”

“Much obliged,” said Sturdevant.

“I suppose you have an alibi?” asked Ryan. “If you haven’t, better be preparing one.”

“Oh, have some sense!” exclaimed Sturdevant. “Am I the kind of man that shoots people?”

“Any kind of man is that kind of man,” said Ryan. “Well, walk softly. And if the bulls get rough, mention you’re my friend.”

“Thanks, old man,” said Sturdevant.

He hung up the receiver and stared blankly at his bedroom wall. Why were the police questioning Trenna and Lisa? Merely because a man happened to know two women, it didn’t necessarily follow that one or both of them need be questioned upon his violent death. Even the fact that the dead man was known to have had love affairs with the women would not in itself justify their immediate questioning by the police.

HE LOOKED at his wrist watch. It was ten minutes before four. According to Ryan’s informant on the homicide squad, Haworth had been killed at about two o’clock. Ryan had been talking with Sturdevant for about ten minutes. He said he had learned of the murder ten minutes before he telephoned. That meant that by three-thirty, ninety minutes after Haworth had been shot, the police had not merely discovered the tragedy but were questioning the two girls who thought themselves engaged to the victim of the tragedy.

This must mean that the police had immediately stumbled upon some evidence connecting one or both of the young women with the crime. His face was hard as granite, looked as though it had been hewn from a block of that stone, as he arrived at this point in his thoughts. At this very moment Trenna Plance might be undergoing that ordeal which is terrifying even to the innocent, the cross-questioning by detectives. The same thing was doubtless happening to Lisa Bellwood, but Sturdevant was less concerned with her. In the first place, he didn’t happen to be in love with Lisa; in the second place,





Lisa Bellwood's father was not merely wealthy, but he was a successful lawyer with financial and social and political connections that would enable him to take care of his own. Lisa would not be treated rudely by anyone.

But Trenna had no such connections. She had, despite the failure of her last picture, countless thousands of admirers, but these were mere fans. And they would gloat, too many of them, over a scandal or tragedy in which she was involved, with as much pleasure as they sighed over her romantic songs.

She had, of course, a lawyer. Allied Pictures, debating whether or not to renew her contract, would send her legal aid. But there was no influence to smooth the very rough path which she was facing now. Many motion picture actresses much less successful than Trenna Plaice had a wider acquaintance among people of importance than she had. She had never cared for society. A thousand doors were held open for her, but she had passed through few of them. Perfectly normal, she was never impressed by possessions. She liked parties moderately, but if they interfered with her work she wouldn't attend them.

Pondering her predicament, Sturdevant decided, quite without vanity, that he was probably the most important person, from the standpoint of influence, with whom the actress was intimate. He knew people who knew people who knew other people. He might, in some way, through some friend, happen upon someone who would be able to see that Trenna was not roughly used. But the first thing to do was to ascertain from Trenna herself if she had summoned a lawyer.

NOT until he had called her number and a man's gruff voice had responded did he stop to think that the police, if they still questioned her, would refuse to let her talk over the telephone.

"Miss Plaice," he said.

"Don't hang up; the call can be traced. Sackville of the police speaking. Who are you and what do you want with Miss Plaice? Don't lie to me."

"Why should I lie to you?" demanded Sturdevant, more angry with himself for not anticipating this than with the policeman for his tone. "This is Simon Sturdevant speaking."

"Oh, yes? You beat us to it, didn't you, Mr. Sturdevant? There's a man on the way down to your place now to have a little chat with you. And what are you calling up Miss Plaice for at four o'clock in the morning?"

"Because I heard she was in trouble and wanted to know if I could help," replied Sturdevant.

"What sort of trouble?" demanded the officer.

"The trouble that brings you to her apartment," Sturdevant replied.

"And who told you about it?" persisted the officer.

"A newspaper-man rang me up a few minutes ago."

"You don't say. And why would he bother to wake you up and let you know that Haworth was bumped off, and that we were paying a friendly call on Miss Plaice?"

"Because he knew that I knew Miss Plaice, am a friend of hers," answered Sturdevant.

"He didn't want to know why you socked Haworth on the chin tonight, did he?"

"Yes, he wanted to know that, too."

She might have been playing in a picture, so lovely was she as she entered the smoke-filled room

"And who was this newspaper-man?" "What difference does it make?" evaded Sturdevant.

"Plenty of difference. Say, Sergeant Wilcox ought to be ringing your bell in a minute. You whip into your clothes and come right up here with him. Make it snappy."

"Just as you say," said Sturdevant. His voice was placid, and his face was soft now, made so by the light of battle in his eyes. He hung up, then jiggled the receiver swiftly. His mistake, if such it was, in ringing up Trenna's apartment, had turned out well. He had time now in which to put through another call. He asked for a number.

"I CAN'T wake up Mr. Granby at this hour," a sleepy servant sullenly told him.

"You'll wake him up or look for a job in the morning," threatened Sturdevant. "Tell him Mr. Sturdevant."

The servant grumbled something, but in a moment another sleepy voice spoke angrily.

"What the devil do you want, Sim?"

"Len Haworth was murdered tonight. A friend of mine, Trenna Plaice, is mixed up in it somehow. I slugged Haworth in a restaurant a couple of hours before he was killed. There's a cop coming down here to take me out for questioning. I think I'm going to Miss Plaice's apartment. Maybe it'll be headquarters. Get on the job and find me."

"I'll be dressed in ten minutes, Sim," promised the lawyer.

"Okay," said Sturdevant.

He was half dressed when the front doorbell rang. Coatless and collarless, he walked through his living-room and opened the door, admitting a slim, dapper little man, surprisingly juvenile and unsophisticated of countenance.

"Mr. Sturdevant?" The sergeant walked into the room. He eyed Sturdevant in friendly fashion. "Say, you have your shirts made, don't you?"

Sturdevant stared at him in surprise. The little man nodded sagely.

"Sure you do. They wouldn't sit down over your shoulders and chest unless you did. Well, I don't blame you. I would if I could afford it. Where were you going, Mr. Sturdevant?"

"Uptown—or downtown—with you," replied Sturdevant. "I just called up Miss Plaice and a man named Sackville told me you were on your way down here. He said you'd want me to go places with him, so I started dressing."

"THAT'S the way," said the sergeant. "Make it easy for us and we make it easy for you. I hear you stowed Haworth away with one clip. You got those sloping shoulders. Well, why did you kill him?"

He grinned engagingly at Sturdevant and the latter involuntarily smiled in return.

"Because he didn't have his shirts made to order," he laughed.

"And a damned good reason, with all his jack." He followed Sturdevant into the latter's bedroom. A closet door was open and he peered into it, handling, almost reverently, a coat inside.

"Swell goods," he commented. "And those ties! Gee, but we both got good taste. So you followed him home and shot him, eh?"

"Yes; he didn't stay down when I hit him, and that embarrassed me; it looked as though I had no punch. Was I right?"

"Oh, absolutely. I'd have shot him in the restaurant. What did you do with the gun?"

"Threw it in the Aquarium," replied Sturdevant.

"Them baby sharks need something

to harden their gums," said Wilcox. "Well, shall we mosey uptown?"

"Why not? I hate staying in bed," said Sturdevant. "Mind if I tell my man I'm going out?"

"Oh, why disturb his rest? You haven't told him I was on my way down?"

"Sure, but I want to look innocent," said Sturdevant.

The little sergeant laughed gayly.

"I love good-natured killers. It's these sour shooters that get me winging. So Haworth wore ready-made shirts and got up off the floor and stole your girl, eh?" His voice was suddenly hard and his light eyes bored into Sturdevant's.

"And he wouldn't adopt me and put me in his will," said Sturdevant easily.

"It looks just like self-defense to me," said Wilcox. The hardness left his voice as suddenly as it had come, and now his light eyes lost their concentration.

He stood aside and let Sturdevant precede him through the door. There hadn't been a moment, Sturdevant realized, that the dapper little sergeant had been in a position where, if Sturdevant made an antagonistic move, Wilcox wouldn't have been able to draw a weapon. And that momentary hardness of voice and steeliness of eye had informed Sturdevant that the little dandy, whose gayety was so foreign to the usual conception of a police detective, had not attained his rank through influence. Wilcox was a very capable officer.

THEY walked down the one flight of stairs that led to the street; at the curb awaited a police department car and the officer politely ushered Sturdevant into the tonneau. Instantly the machine started, whirled around the park and proceeded up Lexington Avenue.

"Well, you're in a tough spot," said Wilcox. From the left-hand pocket of his gray double-breasted coat he produced a large and very black cigar. He lighted it and leaned back against the leather cushion. "A very tough spot," he added.

"What do you want me to do, cry?" asked Sturdevant.

"No, tears get you nowhere. But what with Haworth about to marry Miss Plaice and you burning—"

"Where'd you pick up that nonsense?" laughed Sturdevant.

"Here and there. If you really want to know, I'll tell you. Miss Plaice told me. She said you were in love with her, and so jealous that she isn't surprised you bumped him off. Now what do you think of that?"

"That you're a clumsy little liar," said Sturdevant quietly.

Wilcox laughed aloud.

"How you can take it," he said. "I suppose you've got an alibi."

"Of course I have. I was killing another man up in Harlem," said Sturdevant.

"You don't say? Black or white?"

"Yellow," said Sturdevant.

The sergeant's laugh died away in a chuckle.

"That's one color you aren't," he said.

IT WAS still dark when they arrived before Trenna Plaice's apartment on Park Avenue. Last night's threat of snow had not been fulfilled, as yet, but there was a quality in the atmosphere that presaged foul weather. In silence Wilcox and Sturdevant went through the lobby and entered the elevator. The operator stared at them with sleepy curiosity. At the fifth floor they left the lift and in response to Wilcox's ring the door of Trenna's apartment opened. Her charming living-room was transformed; it was more like a speakeasy of prohibition days

than the abode of a woman of good taste. Ash trays were overflowing with cigarette and cigar stubs; the air was blue with smoke; men's coats and hats were strewn upon chairs and the floor, and their owners were sprawled in comfortable though uncouth attitudes.

STURDEVANT met the curious gazes of a dozen men with outward calm. He recognized one of them as a newspaper friend of Reed Ryan's and guessed that at least half of the dozen men in the apartment were also newspaper-men.

"Well, you brought him, did you?" A burly man, thick-chested, yellowish-gray of mustache, grizzled of hair, weather-beaten of countenance, glared truculently at Sturdevant.

"Here he is, Lieutenant," said Wilcox. "This is Lieutenant Sackville, Mr. Sturdevant."

Sackville grunted; Sturdevant said nothing.

"Where were you at two this morning?" asked the lieutenant abruptly.

"In bed," replied Sturdevant.

Sturdevant frowned. He recognized the truth of what Wilcox said, but he writhed inwardly at thought of the inevitable publicity that would follow. He realized that Sackville would enjoy publicity, that his love for newspaper notice was the reason he questioned Sturdevant before these reporters.

"I was having supper with Miss Johnson, the star of the revue at Merrygoround, when Haworth came over to our table."

"Supper!" Sackville's voice was jeering. "A lot you ate. A couple quarts of wine. Johnson a great friend of yours?"

"I was engaging her to go on the air for a client of mine," said Sturdevant. "Saunders Soap hour. That was the occasion of our being together. Haworth came over to our table. He was in an ugly mood, resentful of the fact, apparently, that Miss Johnson was with me. He looked dangerous, so I rose to my feet. He started a punch and I knocked him down. He got up and walked off."

"You don't wait long before letting

could make him. I told him that I didn't know, and he said that I was ugly because he took Miss Plaice. I suppose he meant away from me, although he didn't finish the statement. I got up and told him that if he didn't walk off he'd be carried out. He swung at me and I knocked him down. That's all there is to it."

"Short and snappy, eh?" jeered Sackville. "What did Miss Bellwood come to your table for?"

THE same situation as had confronted him a moment ago faced Sturdevant now. According to Reed Ryan, the police had already questioned Lisa. That frank young woman would certainly have told them why she went over to Sturdevant's table. Publicity, scandal—these things had no terror for Lisa Bellwood. What she wanted to do she always did; what she wanted to say she always said. If Sturdevant lied now, nothing would be gained. Further, Inez Johnson had surely told the police what Lisa had said.

"She told me that she was glad I'd hit Haworth. She said that she had told Haworth the same thing. She said she was going to tell him so again. I advised her not to. I told her to let him cool off. With that she laughed and left us."

"And then what did you do?" asked Sackville.

"I went home."

"What time did you get there?"

"I don't know," said Sturdevant.

"Maybe your taxi man would remember," suggested Sackville.

"I walked," said Sturdevant.

"From Fifty-third off Broadway to Gramercy Park? That'd be a couple of miles. Why did you walk, Mr. Sturdevant?"

"Why do I take a glass of water? Because I felt like it," replied Sturdevant.

"Now don't get too tough," advised Sackville.

"I'm not being tough. I'll answer any reasonable questions. I walked home because I wanted to walk home, as I often walk home late at night."

Sackville shifted his attack.

"You had dinner with Miss Plaice in this apartment, didn't you? How did that happen?"

Sturdevant laughed.

"How does it happen that anyone dines with anybody? I wanted to talk a business matter over with Miss Plaice and she invited me to dine with her."

"You certainly pick pretty dames to talk business with. And pleasant places. This swell apartment and the Merrygoround. I suppose your acquaintance with Miss Plaice is all business and nothing else?"

"She's a dear friend," said Sturdevant.

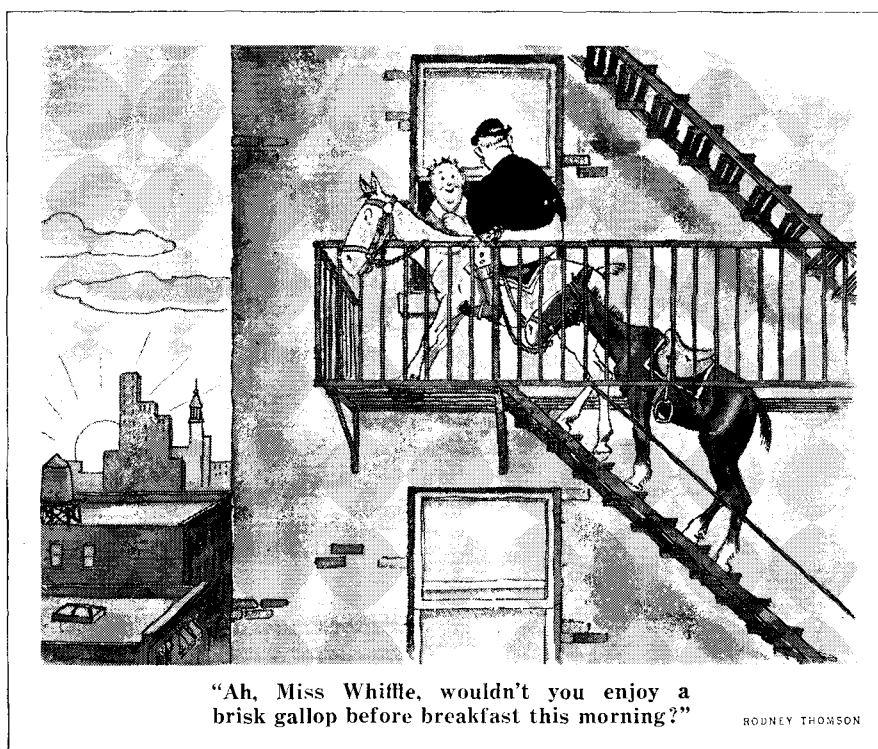
"Oh, she is, is she?" Triumph was in Sackville's gruff voice now. "That's all?" In his tone was every insinuation.

STURDEVANT turned to Wilcox. "What happens if a suspect in a murder—that seems to be what's in the mind of your fat friend—parks a right hand on a police lieutenant's chin?"

"I'd have to subdue you with a black-jack," grinned Wilcox.

"That's all I wanted to know—the odds," said Sturdevant. He looked icily at the lieutenant and his harsh face was deceptively soft. "I realize that this is a murder, Lieutenant, and that it's your job to find the killer. I also realize my own rights. I don't have to talk to you or anyone else, and unless you change your manner, I won't talk to you or anyone else. And if you want to question me you'll arrest me and swear out a warrant. Now you

(Continued on page 57)



"Ah, Miss Whiffle, wouldn't you enjoy a brisk gallop before breakfast this morning?"

RODNEY THOMSON

"Can you prove it?" demanded Sackville.

"Can you prove I wasn't?" retorted Sturdevant.

"Don't get tough," said the lieutenant. "I don't like pushy guys."

"Neither do I," said Sturdevant.

A reporter chuckled. Sackville turned upon him a hard pair of eyes. The reporter's eyes were just as hard, and the lieutenant turned back to Sturdevant.

"Any of these men here tell you about Haworth's killing?" asked Sackville.

Sturdevant shook his head.

"But you still stick to it that some newspaper-man gave you the information?"

Sturdevant nodded assent.

"What was your quarrel about? With Haworth, I mean."

"Is it important?" asked Sturdevant.

The lieutenant waved a stubby hand. He glanced around at the eagerly listening newspaper-men.

"Do you get that? He wants to know if it's important!" He glared at Sturdevant. "This is a murder, Mr. Sturdevant. Anything that happened to Haworth in the last twenty-four hours, maybe in the last twenty-four months, is important."

Wilcox smoothly intervened.

"The lieutenant's right, Mr. Sturdevant. You got to answer sooner or later."

it go," said Sackville. "Was that all he said? According to Miss Johnson more was said than that."

Sturdevant shrugged his wide shoulders. There was no use in attempting to suppress his conversation with Haworth. Of course, having discovered that Sturdevant had fought with Haworth, the police would have discovered with whom Sturdevant was sitting at the Merrygoround. Unquestionably Inez Johnson had been questioned already. Equally unquestionably, she must have told the police of the conversation that led up to the fight. There was no point in trying to keep Trenna's name out of the affair. To do so would only arouse stupid and unnecessary suspicion. To lie now, with the chivalrous purpose of protecting Trenna, would be silly. Why, Wilcox's statement that Haworth had stolen Sturdevant's girl was proof that if the police didn't know that Sturdevant loved Trenna, they at least knew, from Inez Johnson, that Haworth had mentioned Trenna's name.

"HAWORTH came to our table. He spoke in an ugly fashion to Miss Johnson. I forget his exact words, but she had apparently refused to have supper with him sometime or other and he didn't like it that she was with me. I told him to run along back to his table and he wanted to know if I thought I

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The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 21

"It would be advisable," Fawley acquiesced.

Down on the coast the marvelous chain of lights along the Promenade des Anglais and the illumination of Monte Carlo shone pale in the steady moonlight, but up in the clefts of the mountains by the straggling frontier line the mists were rolling and at best there were occasional glimpses of a vaporous twilight. Stars were few; only the reflection of a shrouded moon wrapped at times in a sort of ghostly illumination the white-topped caps of the distant mountains.

Berati shivered in his fur coat as he leaned back in the open touring car. Fawley, pacing the road, continually glanced skywards. The two other men—one a staff officer of the Italian flying command, the other a field marshal of the army—scarcely took their eyes from the clouds. In the distance was a small escort of Chasseurs Alpins. They stood like dumb figures at the bend of the curving road, veritable gnomes of the darkness in their military cloaks and strange uniforms. There was no need for silence, but no one spoke. It was Berati at last who broke through the tension.

"It is the hour?" he asked.

"Within five minutes," Fawley answered.

"We run some risk here, perhaps?" Berati continued in his thin, querulous voice.

"An experiment like this must always entail risk of some sort," the staff officer observed.

DUMESNIL held a small flashlight to his watch.

"The first should be here in ten minutes," he announced.

"Guido Pellini is the pilot," Berati muttered.

"Much too brave a man to be the victim of such a ghastly enterprise," one of the Italian staff officers declared.

"I agree with you," Fawley said emphatically. "It was Air Marshal Bastani here who insisted upon the test being carried out in such a fashion. It was he who asked for the ten volunteers."

"I asked only," the marshal announced harshly, "for what our brave Italian soldiers offer always freely—the risk of their lives for the good of their country. I myself have a nephew in the clouds somewhere."

Someone whispered a warning. There was an intense silence. They all heard what sounded like the muffled thunder of a coming earthquake from the sides of the mountain. The ground beneath their feet trembled, startled birds flew over their heads. From the unseen distance they heard, too, the trampling of a flock of goats or sheep galloping madly towards the valley. The sound died away.

"The dynamos," Fawley muttered. "The hellnotter is at work."

They listened again. Another sound became audible, a sound at first like the ticking of a watch, then unmistakable. Somewhere in the hidden world above, an airplane was traveling. Everyone was now standing in the road. Berati was breathing heavily. The excitement among the group was such that Bastani, the chief of the Italian Air Staff, found himself moaning with pent-up anxiety. Then, when their eyes were red with the strain of watching, there shot into the sky a long, ever-widening shaft of light—pale violet light—which seemed to illuminate nothing but stayed like a ghastly finger piercing the clouds. There was a second rush of light, this time towards the sea. The intervening clouds seemed to melt away with its passage until it burst like a rocket into a mass of incongruous flame and then passed onwards and upwards. Through the silence of the night came a crash from

the other side of the precipice as though a meteor had fallen. The staff officer saluted.

"A brave man," he muttered, "dead!"

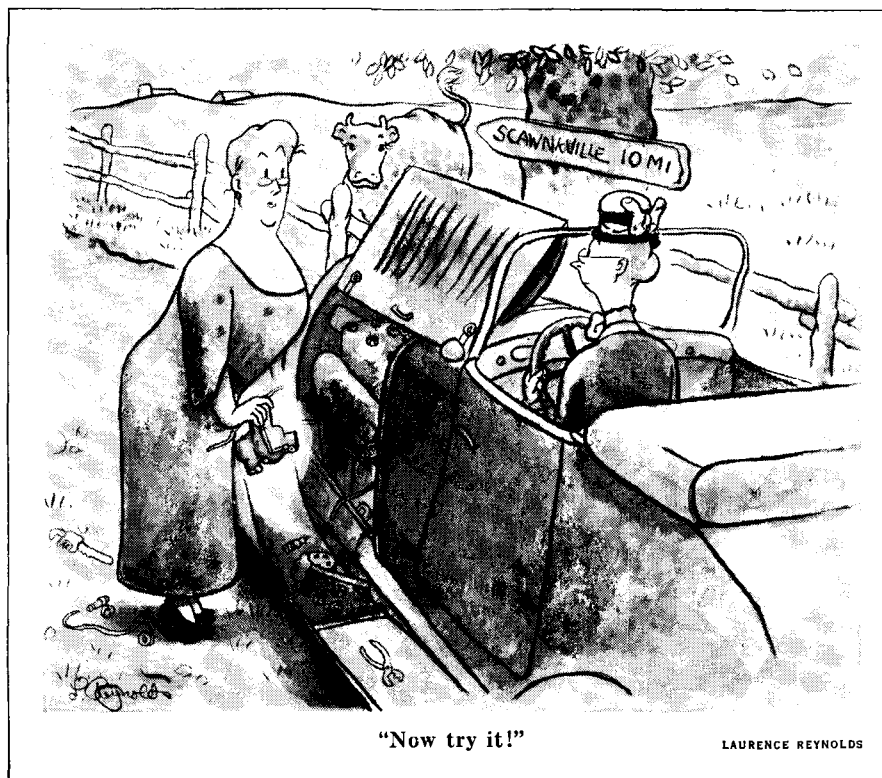
"It was a ghastly test, this," Fawley observed sorrowfully. "There was no need. The thing could have been proved without human sacrifice."

AGAIN there came the sound of that horrible nerve-shattering crash. This time closer at hand. They even fancied that they heard a human cry. Fawley would have stepped into his car but the staff officer by his side checked him.

"They were flying at over two thousand feet," he said. "No one could live till the end."

Fawley pointed upwards to where that faint violet light seemed to have discolored the whole sky.

"You see that area, General," he pointed out. "Nothing living could exist within it. No form of explosive could be there which would not ignite."



"Now try it!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

No metal that would not be disintegrated. The man who works the hellnotter has no need to aim. He has an illimitable range, a range which in theory might reach the stars and a field of ever-increasing miles as the ray flashes. A hellnotter is the last word in horrors. It has been your own choice to sacrifice your men but you will not find a single machine which exists except in charred fragments, or a single recognizable human being. If the squadron tonight, instead of ten airplanes, had consisted of a thousand the result would have been precisely the same. There would not have been a human being alive or a wing of a machine to tell the story."

Fawley spoke with no elation. Sorrowfully though convincingly Berati spoke only once and his thoughts seemed far away.

"Von Salzenburg knew. God!"

The violet tinge in the sky seemed to lean in their direction. There was a warning shout from Fawley. In a crowd they dashed into the wide opening of the shelter outside which the cars had stopped. Fawley called out to them.

"Keep well away from the mouth," he directed. "There was one about a mile up. I heard the humming."

His voice echoed and reëchoed down the smoothly tunneled aperture. Bastani opened his lips to reply but for the next few moments no speech was possible. From outside came a sound like the battering of the earth by some gigantic flail, the crashing of metal striking the rocks, the roar of an explosion. An unnatural calm fell upon them all. They were in almost complete darkness, but when Berati pulled out his flashlight their faces were like white masks in the velvety blackness. Outside in a matter of seconds the fierce rain had ceased. There were the hissing and crackling of flames, a lurid light which for the moment showed them the whole countryside. The silence, which lasted for a few seconds, was broken once more by the screaming of birds and the galloping backwards and forwards of terrified cattle. Bastani pushed his way to the front.

"It is my duty to see something of this in the moment of its opening."

explosion which shook large fragments of rock from the sides of their shelter. In one place the cement floor beneath their feet cracked. Then there was silence.

"I wish Bastani had stayed with us," Berati murmured.

The dawn through which they started their short ride to Colonel Dumesnil's headquarters brought its own peculiar horrors. With every yard they found strange, distorted fragments of metal—nothing recognizable. A bar of steel transposed into the likeness of a Catherine wheel. What might have been the wing of an airplane rolled up like a sheet of paper. At different points on the mountainside there were small fires burning. At the last bend they came suddenly upon a man walking round in circles in the road. He wore the rags of a portion of torn uniform. One side of his face was unrecognizable. Blood was dripping from a helpless arm.

"Count Bastani! My God!" one of the Italian staff officers cried.

They were near enough to see him now. He looked at them with wild eyes, threw up one arm and called out. Then, as though he had tripped, he fell backwards heavily. There was plenty of help at hand but Air Marshal Bastani was dead.

IN THE orderly room of the French headquarters hidden among the hills Colonel Dumesnil's secretary was seated typing. Dumesnil himself, who had raced on from the pass, rose to his feet mechanically at their entrance. He handed a sheet of paper to Berati, who was the first to stagger in. The latter waved it away.

"Read it to me," he begged. "My eyes are blind with the horrors they have looked upon."

"It is my first report to headquarters," Dumesnil confided.

"I have to report that ten apparently enemy airplanes endeavored to cross the frontier tonight at varying distances. All ten machines were at once destroyed and all pilots are believed to have perished. I regret also to announce that Air Marshal Luigi Bastani, one of the observers selected by the Italian War Office, having left the shelter provided, was killed by the falling fragment of one of the planes."
DUMESNIL,
"Colonel."

"The Air Marshal's body was brought in a few minutes ago," the colonel announced. . . . "My orderly has prepared coffee in the mess-room."

A soldier servant threw open the door of the next room. Somehow or other everyone staggered in that direction. The windows looked across the precipice to the mountains eastward. As they sank into their places the first rays of the rising sun in ribald beauty moved across the snows.

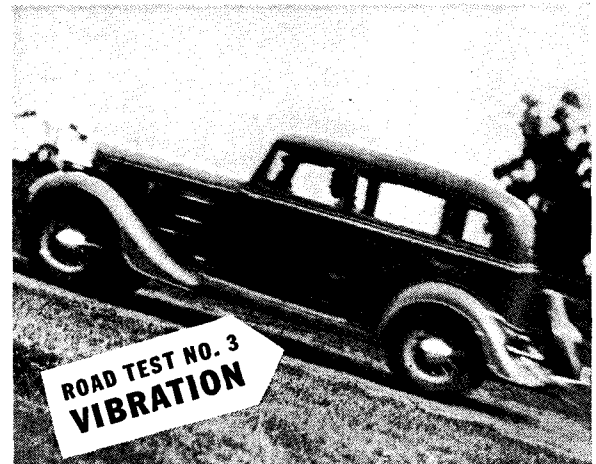
FAWLEY reached Berlin a tired man, with the firm determination, however, to sleep for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time he came back into the world, submitted himself to the full ministrations of an adequate barber and sent round a note asking for an interview with Heinrich Behrling. There seemed to be some hesitation about granting his request, but in the end it was acceded to. Behrling, now established in a palace, received him a little coolly.

"You lacked confidence in me, I fear, Major Fawley," Behrling remarked, motioning him towards a chair but making no effort to shake hands. "Well, you see what has happened. I suppose you know? Some of the newspapers have done their best to hide their heads in the

(Continued on page 30)

YOU CAN'T SPOT *IMPORTANT* DIFFERENCES

LOOKING OVER CARS ON THE SHOWROOM FLOOR



A FEW YEARS AGO, many people bought low-priced cars on showroom performance. For in those days, price and past reputation were usually the deciding factors.

But today prices don't vary as they used to. The big differences don't lie in the way "All Three" are priced . . . but in the way "All Three" **PERFORM!**

Now, there's only one way to be sure of making the best buy. You have to put "All Three" through their paces . . . on back-roads and highways.

The pictures above show three vital things to compare. The first one demonstrates spring action. One ride over a rough road will make it clear why the most expensive cars use the same kind of Individual (knee-type) Wheel Springing as Plymouth.

Likewise, one sudden stop on a slippery pavement will prove how Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes prevent dangerous swerving. And finally, a long, hard

pull with the engine wide open will show how Floating Power engine mountings prevent engine vibration from reaching you.

In neither of the other low-priced cars will your ride be the same. For only Plymouth has all of these major engineering advantages . . . plus a Safety-Steel Body of steel reinforced with steel for your additional protection.

Take a ride in "All Three." Compare them feature for feature and price for price . . . in your own impartial way. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will gladly put a Plymouth at your disposal.

PRICES AS LOW AS \$485 for Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six \$560 up. De Luxe models start at \$595. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, and are subject to change without notice. Convenient time payments to fit your budget. Just ask for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH \$485

AND UP
F.O.B. FACTORY
DETROIT

**IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED
LOW-PRICED CAR**

VITALIS and the 60-SECOND WORKOUT

KEEP YOUR HAIR AT ITS BEST

**Healthy, Well-Groomed Hair
Always Commands Attention**



THE 60-SECOND WORKOUT



50 SECONDS TO MASSAGE . . . Rub Vitalis briskly into your scalp. It wakes up—and your hair has a chance!



10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . . Comb your hair and brush it well. It looks rich, lustrous. No "patent-leather" look.



A HANDSOME HEAD OF HAIR is always the target of admiring eyes. Socially and in business it's a valuable plus to every man. Yet too many men are careless about their hair—never seem to sense the fact that it needs and deserves special attention.

Tight scalp is often the trouble—tight, dry scalp that shuts off natural and nourishing oils and leaves the hair lifeless and dull. It needs Vitalis—Vitalis and the invigorating and stimulating effect of the famous 60-Second Workout. Vitalis and the 60-Second

Workout quickens circulation in the scalp—restores the flow of nourishing oils—leaves your hair alive and lustrous and easy to comb. Loose dandruff disappears and the threat of falling hair. And yet there's never the slightest trace of that "patent-leather" look.

Give your hair a chance. Start your first 60-Second Workout today and keep it up regularly. All druggists have Vitalis. Get a bottle today.



ASK YOUR BARBER
When your barber prescribes Vitalis—he's giving you good advice! Take it!



**Keeps Hair
Healthy and Handsome**

VITALIS

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 28

sand but the truth is all the time there."

"I never lacked confidence in you," Fawley said. "I never doubted your star. You have triumphed as you deserve to triumph. I have come here to make sure that you retain all that you have won."

Behrling moved uneasily in his chair. "What do you mean—retain what I have won?" he demanded harshly. "There is no question about that."

"Perhaps not," Fawley replied. "At the same time it is necessary that you should forget the satisfaction of small triumphs. You must rise above them. Italy, if she turned towards anyone, would turn towards you. Any idea of a treaty signed by anyone else on behalf of Germany has been washed out. On the other hand, the treaty itself has vanished."

BEHRLING looked keenly at his visitor.

"The War Office of Italy has abandoned its scheme," Fawley confided. "I dare say you know that already. If they had made their alliance with Krust and the monarchists, as at one time seemed probable, they would have remained a vassal state for another thirty years. A merciful Providence—I ask your forgiveness for a somewhat slang phrase—put them on a winner. They distrusted Von Salzenburg, and Krust and Berati were never on good terms."

"There was some other happening, though?" Behrling asked, his voice hardening.

"There was never any intention of keeping you in the dark," Fawley assured him, "but naturally they did not want the Press to get hold of it. France issued a private challenge to Italy and Italy accepted it. What happened will always remain a chapter of secret history, but it was a very wonderful chapter. France and Italy have shaken hands. There will be no war."

"Between France and Italy?"

"There will be no war at all."

Behrling sat motionless in his chair. The lines of thought were deeply engraved on his face. He drummed with his fist upon the table. His eyes never left his visitor's. They seemed as though they were trying to bore their way into the back of his mind.

"Germany has yet to speak," he reminded Fawley at last.

"There is no one who knows better than you yourself," the latter said calmly, "that Germany cannot go to war without the alliance of another nation."

"A million of the finest young men any race has ever produced—"

Fawley, who was rarely impetuous in conversation, interrupted almost savagely:

"The most reckless military fanatic who ever breathed, Herr Behrling, would never dare to sacrifice the whole youth of this country in an unequal struggle to gain—God knows what. You are without munitions, a sufficiency of guns, you have not even rifles, you have not the food to support an army, you have not an established commissariat, you have no navy to follow your movements at sea. You cannot make war, Herr Behrling."

Behrling's face was dark with passion.

"Who are you who come here to tell me what I can and cannot do?" he demanded furiously. "You appear first as an envoy of Italy. You are an American who bargains in Downing Street. You were at the Quai d'Orsay a week ago. Whose agent are you? For whom do you work?"

"The time has come for me to answer that question," Fawley replied. "I am glad that you have asked it. I work for no nation. I work for what people have called a dream but which is soon to become reality. I work for the peace of civilized countries and for the peace of Europe."

"You take your instructions from someone," Behrling insisted.

"From no one. Nor do I give instructions. I am here, though, to tell you why there will be no war, if you care to listen."

"There have been rumors of a pact," Behrling remarked cynically. "Pacts I am sick of. They start with acclamation. When the terms are announced enthusiasm dwindles. In a month or two they are just a pile of parchment."

"The pact I am speaking of has survived all those troubles."

Behrling squared his shoulders.

"Well, tell me about it," he invited with resignation. "I warn you I am no sympathetic listener. I am sick of promises and treaties. The bayonet is the only real olive branch."

"You will have to forget those crisp little journalistic epigrams if you stay where you are, Behrling," his visitor said firmly.

Behrling was furious. He rose to his feet and pointed toward the door. Fawley shook his head.

"Too late, my friend," he declared. "The pact I am offering you is one already signed at Washington by the President of the United States, at Windsor by the King of England and the Prime Minister. It has been signed by the President of France and the Premier. It has been signed by the King of Italy and Berati's master. It only remains to have your signature."

"SIGNED?" Behrling repeated incredulously.

"Absolutely. It is the simplest of all pacts that have ever been recorded. The secondary tabulated formula of minor conditions will be issued shortly but none of them will affect the main point. America, England, France and Italy have entered into a compact that under no circumstances will they go to war. It is to be a five-power pact. You are the man for whose signature we are waiting now and the thing is finished."

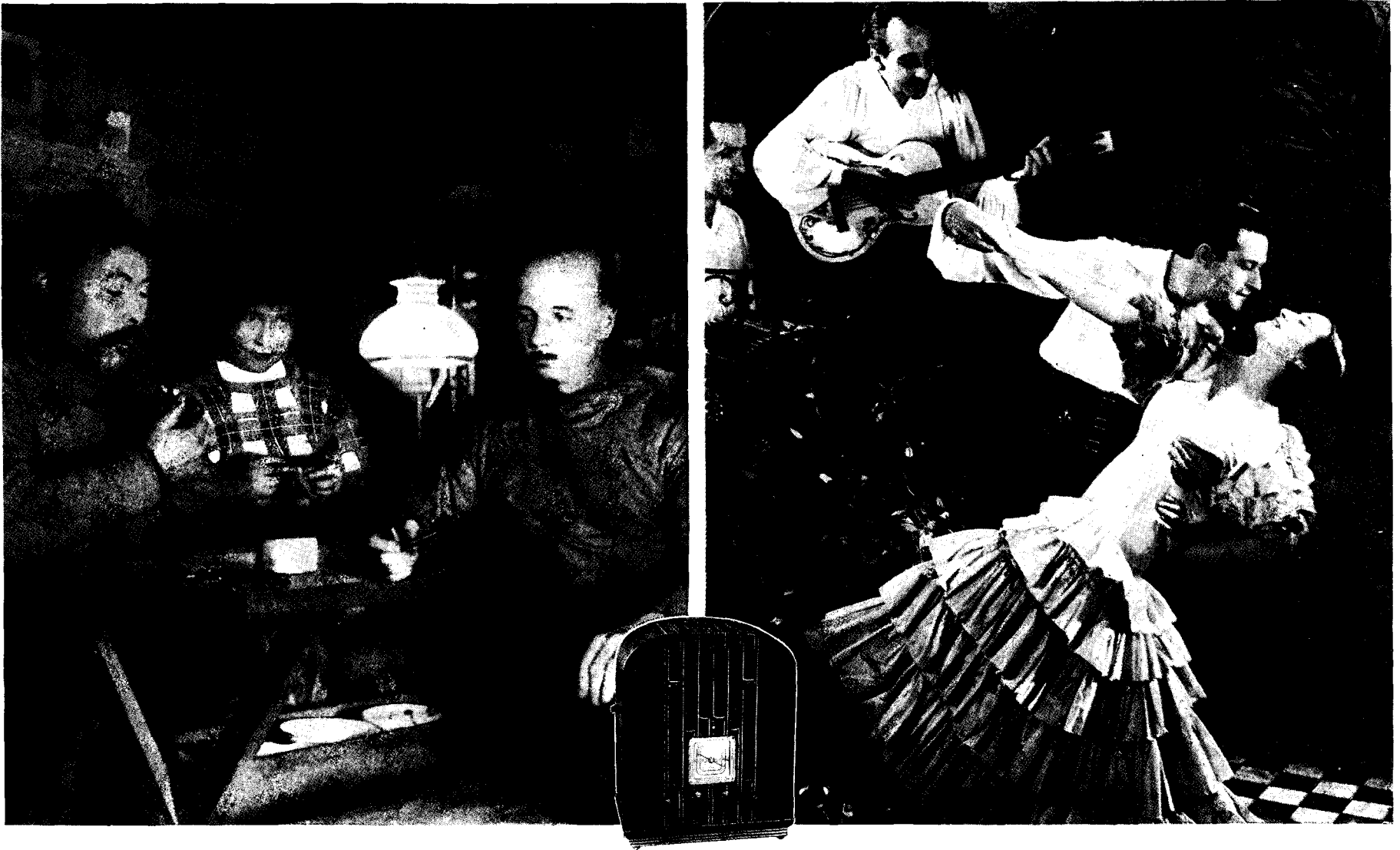
"Under no circumstances are we to go to war," Behrling muttered in dazed fashion. He resumed his seat.

"Major Fawley," he said, "I suppose in all history there has never been a case of an unknown ambassador like you speaking with a voice of such colossal authority. You are known to the world only as an American secret service agent who became a free lance and betrayed the country for whom he worked."

"In her own interests," his visitor reminded him, "and in the interests of the world. That is true. But I do not ask you to take my word. It is not I who will bring you the treaty or lead you to it. You will find it at the English ambassador's or the American Embassy, I am not sure which. Five minutes will tell us. You can sign it today. You can lunch with Martin Green, the American ambassador, where you will probably meet Lord Inglewood, the Englishman. You can sign it today and issue your proclamation to the German people this afternoon. You will have the largest crowd that Germany has ever known shouting outside your residence tonight."

(Continued on page 32)

Rockwell Kent, with the Eskimos in Greenland...



...hears the tango played in distant Argentina

FOR the next eighteen months, Rockwell Kent, noted artist and author, will live in Greenland among the primitive Eskimos.

He has put civilization far behind him—telephones, motor cars, steam-heated apartments—and yet he will be in daily touch with the modern world and all that it is doing.

He will hear, over a new General Electric All-wave Radio Receiver that went with him, the news of busy America and Europe.

During the long Arctic nights, he will entertain his Eskimo friends with Spanish music from Madrid and Buenos Aires, symphony concerts played in Berlin, opera winged from Milan and Rome.

And every other week, he will listen to the voice of Mrs. Kent, speaking from the General Electric short-wave station at Schenectady . . . telling him the gossip of New York, of friends, of home.

After you've "gone places" with a new G-E set, you'll never be content with any other radio.

Any one of these new General Electric All-wave sets . . . founded on 28 years of short-wave pioneering achievement . . . will take you roaming all over the world for radio entertainment.

At the turn of a dial, you leave the U. S. A. behind and in a few seconds, oceans are bridged . . . and you're getting programs from European capitals, South America, distant Australia.

Switch to another broadcast band . . . and there are police calls, aviation signals, the conversation of amateur operators to thrill you.

And when you return to America once more, your favorite local and network programs hold a new delight for you . . . because only the new G-E can bring them in with such brilliancy of tone.

Convince yourself with a thrilling "tone test"

Ask your nearest G-E dealer to demonstrate one of the new G-E All-wave models—highly improved descendants of the famous G-E sets that "won the tone tests" . . . "Believe your own ears" as you compare this new G-E with your present radio . . . And bear in mind that this distance-defying G-E is less expensive than the standard-range set of three years ago.

A full line of superb instruments—table models, consoles, radio-phonograph combinations, including battery sets, from \$18.75 to \$375. Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South. Subject to change without notice. Write General Electric Co., Section R-4810, Mdse. Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

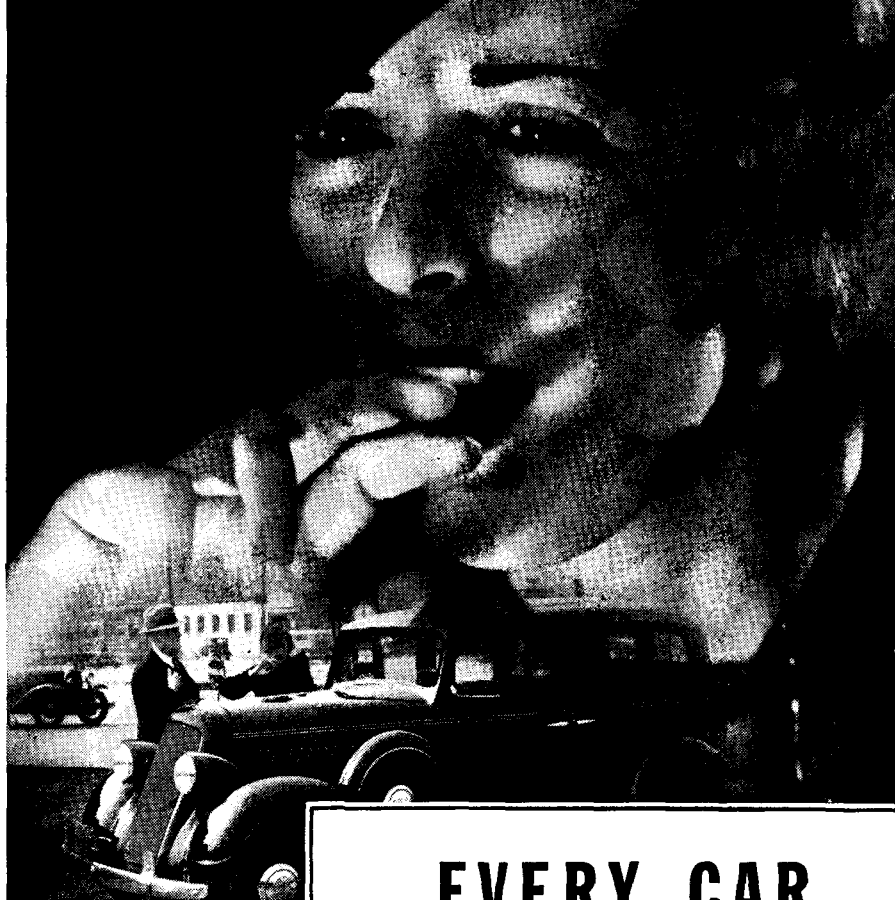


MODEL M-86—Typical of the many new G-E All-wave models is this smartly styled console. Priced at \$119.50. Other long- and short-wave sets as low as \$39.95.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

BORN OF THE PIONEERING ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE FAMOUS "HOUSE OF MAGIC"

No! Not... "Finish Rot"?



Finish magnified
showing "finish-rot"



"Finish Rot"

A form of decay which dulls and eventually destroys all motor car finishes unless Simonized.

MAKES DULL CARS LOOK NEW

You'll enjoy Simonizing your own car—it's so easy! With a few strokes, the wonderful Simoniz Kleener thoroughly cleans, restores the lustre, and scientifically prepares the finish for Simoniz, which makes your car stay beautiful.

Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car



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EVERY CAR NEEDS SIMONIZ

Stops "Finish Rot"... Keeps Cars Beautiful for Years!

Simoniz your car... Then you never need to worry about "Finish Rot" ruining its beauty. Simoniz gives the finish a perfect protection no matter when or where you drive. You can always depend on it to keep your car beautiful for years.

Millions know that nothing else even compares with Simonizing. It is recognized throughout the world as the deluxe beauty treatment for motor cars. This famous process is easy, quick and economical. It not only speedily restores the original lustre to dull cars but protects the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps the colors from fading. A Simonized car, too, stays beautiful with no more care than an occasional wiping with a dry cloth.

New cars should always be Simonized but the sooner any car is Simonized the better. So be sure to Simoniz your car right away.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 30

"The coming of peace to the world, after all, Behrling, is the greatest boon that could happen. I only deal with superficials. You will meet the councilors at both embassies during the day. You will understand much that I cannot tell you. But nothing can dim the truth. This is peace.

"And however you may talk, Behrling," Fawley went on, after a momentary break in his voice, "of the military spirit, the grand sense of patriotism that comes from the souls of the German people, you know and they all know in their calm moments that they, too, are fathers; they, too, have their own little circle of friends and shudder at the thought of being robbed of them. War may have its glories. They fade away into blatant vapors if you compare them with the splendors of the peaceful, well-ordered life—the arts progressing, manufactories teeming with work and life, the peoples of every nation blessed without ever-haunting anxiety."

There was little of the grimness left in Behrling's face.

"After all," he remarked, with a smile half whimsical, half jealous, at the corners of his lips, "you will be the outstanding figure in this business."

Fawley shook his head.

"My name will never be heard," he declared. "I shall remain what I have been all my life—the secret service agent."

THE Marchese Marius di Vasena, Italian ambassador to the Court of St. James', threw himself into an easy-chair with a sigh of relief. This was the moment for which he had been waiting more or less patiently since the night when he had sheltered Martin Fawley and Fawley in return had taken him a little way into his confidence, had raised for him with careful and stealthy fingers the curtain which shrouded a utopian future. . . . From outside the folding doors came the sound of floods of music, distant and near at hand, the shuffling of feet, the subdued hum of happy voices, the fluttering of women's dresses like the winged passage of a flock of doves.

"We make history, my friends," the marchese exclaimed, with a gesture which would have been dramatic if he himself, like most of the diplomats and politicians of the five countries, had not been somewhat overtired.

"What sort of a chapter in the world's history, I wonder?" Prince von Fürstenheim, German ambassador, speculated. "I have been present at many functions organized to celebrate the launching of a new war. I have never yet heard of a great entertainment like this given to celebrate the coming of perpetual peace. How can there be perpetual peace? Is it not that we mock ourselves?"

"I do not think so," Willoughby Johns declared. "There has never before been such a unanimous and vociferous European press. The pact of ours through its sheer simplicity seems to have touched the imagination of millions."

The great ball at the American Embassy to celebrate the formal signing of the greatest of written documents since the Magna Carta was in full swing. The marchese, however, felt that he had done his duty. A young prince connected with the royal house, whom he had been asked to look after, was safely established in the ballroom outside. He himself had kissed the fingers of his hostess and paid his respects to the ambassador some time ago. He was forming one now of a *parti carré* with the

Right Honorable Willoughby Johns, the English Premier, Prince von Fürstenheim, German ambassador, and Monsieur Vallauris, the newly appointed delegate of his country from the Quai d'Orsay.

"I tell you what it is," the latter remarked in an outburst half cynical, half humorous. "We ambassadors have cut our own throats. What I mean is this: There is no work to be done—no reason for our small army of secretaries and typists. Diplomacy will become a dead letter. Commerce! Commerce! Commerce! That is all our people, at any rate, think about. My visitors, my correspondents, all have to do with matters which concern our consular department."

"Capital!" Willoughby Johns commented. "I always thought that the two establishments—diplomatic and commercial—should be joined up."

"Nowadays," Von Fürstenheim pronounced, "there is as much diplomacy in dealing with the commerce of our country as we ever required in the settlement of weightier affairs."

"It is a new era upon which we enter," the marchese declared.

"I ask myself and you," Vallauris pronounced, "what is to be the reward which will be offered to this almost unknown person who first of all conceived the idea of the pact and then carried it through?"

"Perhaps I can answer that question," Willoughby Johns observed, lighting a fresh cigarette. "It has been rather a trouble to all of us. What are you to do with a man who is himself a multimillionaire, who cannot accept a title because he is an American and whose sole desire seems to be to step back into obscurity? However, between us—the marchese and me—we have done all that is humanly possible. I, or rather my cabinet, we have presented him with an island and the marchese has given him a wife."

"An island?" Vallauris repeated, a trifle bewildered.

Willoughby Johns nodded assent.

"The island," he confided, "is the most beautiful one—although of course it is very small—ever owned by the British Government, and the Princess Elida di Rezco di Vasena, the niece of our friend here, is I think quite one of the most beautiful of his country people I have ever seen."

"An island," the Frenchman—who like most of his compatriots was of a social turn of mind—repeated incredulously. "Fancy wanting to live on an island!"

The marchese smiled. There was a strange look in his eyes, for he, too, had known romance.

"You have never met my niece, Monsieur Vallauris," he observed.

THROUGH the driving gray mists of the Channel, battling her way against the mountainous seas of the Bay of Biscay, emerging at last into the rolling waters of the Straits and the sunshine of Gibraltar, the famous yacht *Esperance* seemed in a sense to be making one of those allegorical voyages of the Middle Ages dimly revealed in ancient volumes of fable and verse.

Something of the same spirit had, perhaps, already descended upon her two passengers—Martin Fawley and Elida—as they passed into the warm tranquillity of the Mediterranean. After the turmoil of the last few months a sort of dreaming inertia seemed to have gathered them into her bosom. They were never tired of sitting in their fa-

(Continued on page 34)



New way to Measure Driving Fatigue Proves Dodge Easier Riding Car



DR. ANDREW H. RYAN, of Chicago, who conducted the astounding experiments that showed Dodge to be less fatiguing than other cars tested.



VISUAL FATIGUE TEST—Measures accurately the degree of impairment to the vision, resulting from fatigue, before and after a long drive.



VASCULAR SKIN REACTION TEST—Fatigue affects the nervous system, and this test shows the reaction of the skin blood vessels to a tired nerve condition. Tests made before and after the long drive.

In Amazing Fatigue Tests, Scientist Finds Impairment Due To Fatigue 54% To 65% Less In Dodge Than Other Cars Tested

It's engineering genius that makes one car easier-riding, easier to drive, than another. You've heard claims . . . but now Dr. Ryan steps forward in the name of science to give you actual proof that Dodge is smoother, easier on your nerves and muscles, than rival cars.

This not only means greater comfort to you. It means greater safety, for with wearied nerves and tired aching arms nobody is in condition to drive. It means that you and your family can drive steadily all day in a Dodge without becoming all fagged out!

You Ride in a Cushion of Rubber!

In the new, bigger Dodge there is rubber at 56 vital points. You float in a veritable pillow of rubber, cushioned against noise, against road shock, against jolting and rocking.

In a Dodge, Floating Power engine mountings stop jarring vibration before it can reach the frame or body of the car. And Dodge is the only car in its field with this advanced engineering achievement. No matter what speed you drive—18 or 80—Dodge is *smooth*! There's no "jitter" to shake you up, and wreck your nerves. Vibration is banished, once and for all!

You've driven cars in which it took all your strength to apply the brakes. But how different it is in a Dodge! A slight pressure on the brake pedal is all you need to come to an instant stop that is as smooth and even as it is quick. For Dodge hydraulic brakes work instantly. They are always equalized against skidding and swerving.

There is an entirely new principle in Dodge cross-steering. Road shocks are prevented from reaching the steering wheel. There's no "shimmy" possible . . . no wheel-fight. Drive a Dodge and see for yourself. See how easy it is to steer.

Dodge gears are quiet in every speed—including reverse. Slide into second—what do you hear? You hear a sharp, short click. That's all. No rasping, no grinding, no deafening "grrr." Think what a relief that is after you've been driving hard over 200 or 300 miles.

What It Means To Your Pocketbook!

The amazing engineering advancements that give the big Dodge its easier riding qualities, have an important bearing on economy, too. Vibration—the deadly enemy that is slowly, steadily shaking ordinary

cars to pieces—is smothered, so Dodge lasts longer. You don't have to pay out money for the repair bills that constant vibration causes, either.

Free Proof—Now!

Ask any Dodge dealer to give you a real sample of Dodge smooth riding comfort and driving ease. Give this big Dodge every test you know how. Drive it long enough, far enough to convince yourself that nowhere among all Dodge competitors is there a car that gives you so much for so little money!

That's why Dodge leads its field this year by a wider margin than ever before. That's why it continues to outsell all but the three lowest-priced cars. That's why you should join the thousands and thousands of motorists who are finding out for the first time how much quality you can buy at low price in the new, bigger Dodge.

DODGE BROTHERS CORPORATION

Division of CHRYSLER MOTORS

Big Dodge Six 117" wheelbase—Coupe \$645, Rumble Seat Coupe \$690, Touring Sedan \$695, Sedan \$745, Convertible Coupe \$745. DeLuxe 117" wheelbase—Coupe \$665, Rumble Seat Coupe \$715, Touring Sedan \$715, Sedan \$765, Convertible Coupe \$765. Special 121" wheelbase—Brougham \$845, Convertible Sedan \$875. *All prices f.o.b. factory, Detroit, and subject to change without notice. No extra charge for wire wheels. Special equipment at slight extra cost. Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

AT LOWER PRICES **DODGE** NOW ONLY \$645*



*"My grandfather...my father...and I
...EACH IN TURN HAS CHOSEN ELGIN"*

writes **LYMAN T. WHITEHEAD, JR.,** of *Smithtown, Long Island*

● He's a familiar figure on Long Island's famous polo fields... this hard-riding No. 2. He has played with Squadron A in New York... helped them win the national indoor championship.

"For three generations now," says Lyman T. Whitehead, Jr., "our family has never been without its ELGIN WATCHES."

Here is a tradition that today repeats itself in thousands of families where appreciation is keen. The reasons are clear, once you see the newest ELGINS.

Created for realistic modern men who think for themselves... who know values... who have sound ideas about styling. The functionally correct design of these timepieces gives them a strong, honest, handsome appearance. From the start you have a friendly feeling for them.

And nowhere can you find another watch like ELGIN. It takes even more than the finest craftsmanship to produce it. It takes more than modern science.

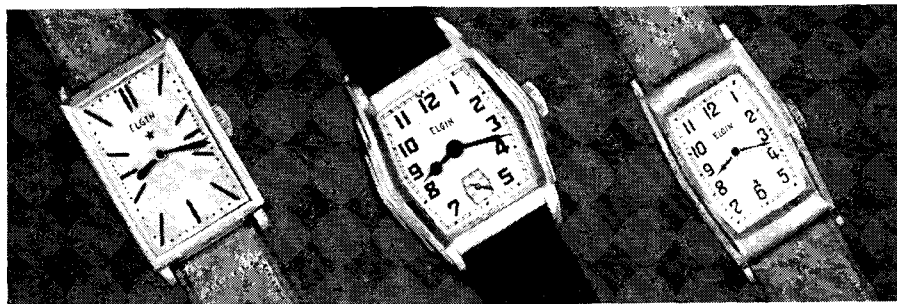
Only the merging of the two into a unique, close partnership can do it!

At ELGIN this distinctly American union is made possible by the fact that every ELGIN movement is planned, created and completely finished under one roof.

Co-operating at every step, scientists and master craftsmen have here been able to achieve important watchmaking advances. You get them all in the newest ELGINS. These timepieces have their accuracy checked to the absolute standard of the stars. They are flawless—even under microscopic inspection.

When next you consider the purchase of a fine, dependable watch, ask to see the newest ELGINS. Prices: \$500 to \$19.

★ **ELGIN** ★
MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP
SINCE 1865



★ 17 jewel movement, 14 K. solid gold case. No. 1226 (natural), No. 1225 (white). Also with arabic dial. \$65.00

★ No. 1422, with "Veritas" non-magnetic stainless steel case. Price: \$19.00. Also with metal band, at \$21.50

★ No. 1260 (natural), No. 1259 (white), in 10 K. rolled gold plate case. \$25.00. With gold filled band, \$27.50

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 32

favorite corner on deck, searching the changing sea by day and the starlit or cloud bespattered sky by night, indulging in odd little bursts of spasmodic conversation, sometimes breaking a silence, Elida for her part declared, with the sole purpose of assuring herself that the whole affair was not a dream.

In the long daylight hours a new gayety seemed to have come to her. She was restless with her happiness. She moved about the ship the very spirit of joy—light-footed, a miracle of grace and fantastic devotion to her very little more sedate lover. With the coming of night, however, her mood changed. She needed reassurance—Martin's arm and lips, the deep obscurity of their retired resting place. There was excitement in the very throbbing of the engines. Martin surprised himself at the effortless facility with which, at such times, he played the part of lover and husband. With him, too, it seemed, after the hurricane of a stormy life, the opening of the great book of peace and romance...

It was seldom that they spoke of the immediate past. Both seemed equally convinced that it belonged to two utterly different people who would some day slowly awaken into life rubbing their eyes. Patches of those colorful days, however, would sometimes present themselves. One morning Elida discovered her husband with a powerful telescope watching the distant land. She paused by his side—a silent questioner.

"Somewhere among that nest of mountains," he pointed out with a grim smile of reminiscence, "is a French general—a fine little chap and I should think a thorough soldier—the desire of whose life it was to see me with a bandage over my eyes, against his white-washed barrack walls, facing a squad of his picked rifle shots! Nearly came off, too!"

She shivered and half closed her eyes. He understood that she was shutting out Europe from the field of her vision. He closed the telescope with a little snap.

"We both had our escapes," he remarked. "Berati was out for your blood once... It is my watch," he added, listening to the bell. "Come with me on the bridge for an hour."

She passed her arm through his and they mounted the steps together. The third officer made his report, saluted and withdrew.

SILENCE on the bridge. Sometimes Fawley wondered whether they were not both grateful for that stern commandment of the sea. At ordinary times they were overwhelmed with the happiness which was always seeking to express itself. The silences of night were wonderful. The forced silences of the day were like an aching relief. A few paragraphs in a modern novel which she had passed to him with a smile contained sentences which struck home to them both.

"The self-consciousness of the lover has increased enormously since the decay of Victorian sentimentalism. Allegorically speaking, it is only among the brainless and the lower orders of today that the man walks unashamed with his arm around his sweetheart's waist and both scorn to wait till the darkness for the mingling of lips. The affection of Edwin and Angelina of the modern world may be of the same order as that which inspired their great-grandmother and great-grandfather, but they seem to have lost the idea of how to set about it. In town this seems to be a fair idea

of what goes on. Edwin and Angelina find themselves by accident alone.

"What about a spot of love-making, old dear?" Edwin suggests apprehensively.

"All right, old bean, but for heaven's sake don't let's moon about alone! We'll ring up Morris' Bar and see if any of the crowd are over there."

"Or if the amorous couple happen to be in the country the reply to the same question is a feverish suggestion that they try if the old bus will do over sixty, or rival bags of golf clubs are produced, or Edwin is invited to search for his gun and come along and see if there's an odd rabbit sitting outside the woods..."

Fawley closed the volume with a laugh.

"Let us be content to belong to the old-fashioned crowd," he suggested. "You come, anyhow, of a race which expresses itself far more naturally than we Anglo-Saxons can, and whether I am self-conscious about it or not I am not in the least ashamed of owning that I am absolutely and entirely in love with you."

She stretched out her arms.

"Come and tell me so again, darling," she invited. "Tell me so many times during the day. Do not let us care what any of these moderns are doing. Keep on telling me so."

Which invitation and his prompt acceptance of it seemed to form the textbook of their wonderful cruise.

AND then at last their voyage came to an end. In the pearly gray stillness before the dawn they found themselves one morning on deck, leaning over the rail watching a dark mass ahead gradually take a definite shape. A light-house gave pale warning of a near-by harbor. The stars faded and a faint green light in the east broke into the coming day. They heard the ringing down of the engine behind. They were passing through the placid waters now at half speed. The shape and color of that dark mass gradually resolved themselves.

The glimmering light sank into obscurity. There were rolling woods and pine-topped hills surrounding the old-fashioned town of quaintly shaped buildings which they were slowly approaching. Behind there was a great sweep of meadowland—a broad ribbon of deep green turf—cut so many ages ago that it seemed as though it must have been a lordly avenue from all time. At the head was a dim vista of flower gardens surrounding the castle, from the turrets of which the streaming flag had already caught the morning breeze. One other building towered over the little town—the cathedral—half in ruins, half still massive and important. As they drew nearer they could hear the chimes, the sound of bells floating over the water. He pressed her arm.

"No salute," he warned her. "Someone told me there was not a gun upon the island."

"Is that not rather wonderful?" she whispered. "We have had all two people need of strife. The bells are better."

They were near enough now to hear the birds in the woods which hung over the low cliffs. A flight of ducks surprised them. The chiming of the bells grew more melodious. There was a little catch in her voice as her arms reached out for him.

"The people on the quay may see us but I do not care," she whispered. "This is Paradise which we have found!"

THE END



Speaking of a Daily Operation!

BY IRVIN S. COBB

America's foremost humorist entertains us for three minutes on his latest operation

Always one for mechanics and industriousness, I've already been a great one for an electric cleaner. Its purring hum seems to me a paean of "All's right with the house!"

In my odd moments I've been known to get out our—and now it must be said—antediluvian sweeper and start vacuuming, hit or miss, hither and yon, just for the fun of dropping cigar ashes shamelessly on the rug and watching them disappear. One day, the boss caught me red-handed at my harmless vice.

"Irvin," she said, "I want to talk to you about that thing you're running. You run it for fun—and so do I—for all the dirt it picks up! It is time we got a cleaner that does a little more than tickle the carpet!" "But," I expostulated, "just look at it gobble up those cigar ashes."

That was the wrong thing to say, for it seems that any old vacuum cleaner can pick up a simple thing like ashes with its hands tied, so before I could say "Sissie Fitzgerald" I had an appointment with the Hoover Man.

Why, after that Hoover had been over our rug a few times we emptied out the bag and what do

you think we found? More things than you ever thought could get into a rug. I, for one, didn't know how they ever got there—but there they were. Pieces of glass. Sand. Dog hair. Lint. Hairpins. Match stubs. Gravel. Dirt. Mud. Stray bits of cake frosting. And a missing Maltese kitten.

"That's all very well and good," I said, "but speaking of operations, how does the rug feel after disgorging all this debris? Is it another case of a successful operation, only the patient died?"

* * *

WE EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENS. A rug is composed of pile or nap on a base. The pile is what you want to protect. The thing that cuts the pile is sharp, gritty dirt at its base. If it is left in the rug every footstep may cut some of the pile away. There's one basic principle of electric cleaning which can dislodge these destructive particles of grit. That is Positive Agitation, the

exclusive Hoover action, which gently vibrates the rug so that this death-to-rugs dirt is worked to the surface where, and where only, it can be suctioned away. That's why rug experts everywhere concede that The Hoover is the easiest on rugs, and a preserver and protector of floor coverings as well as a cleaner.

* * *

MR. COBB AGREES. "Well, it all made sense. That's why the Cobb home now has The Hoover. I foresee long, lazy hours for myself of picking up match stubs, stray bits of paper and the like. And I also see other members of the family joyously and with a song in the heart cleaning our rugs so they can look forward to a long happy rug life."

IRVIN S. COBB ON THE AIR



Mr. Cobb, the Sage of Paducah, creator of that beloved character, Judge Priest and the world's greatest story teller, will be a guest of the Hoover Sentinels Serenade, Sunday, Oct. 21. We hope you will hear him. 5 to 5:30 Eastern Standard Time. NBC Red Network and Coast-to-Coast.

The HOOVER
IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS

The New lightweight Sentinel Series Hoovers are sold through leading merchants everywhere. Let one of their representatives explain how you can own The Hoover with the new easy-to-use duralumin Dusting Tools, on very convenient monthly \$4⁵⁰ payments—and down payment as little as



"LISTEN, DADDY"

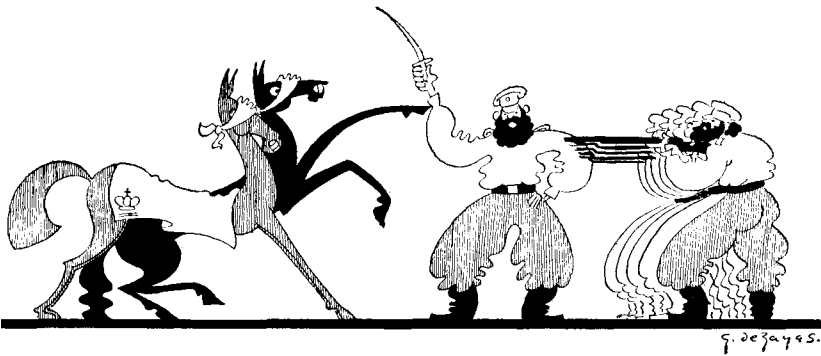
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UP TO YOU, BUT PLEASE MAKE SURE YOU
GET SAFETY GLASS ALL-AROUND BECAUSE
WE RIDE IN BACK AND A CAR IS NO
SAFER THAN THE GLASS IN ITS WINDOWS"

GOOD NEWS: Ask your auto-
mobile dealer
about the new low prices for Safety Glass All-Around
recently announced by many manufacturers. They come
to less than 2 cents a day on your new car payments.

WARNING: Unless you tell the
dealer you want Safety
Glass All-Around in your new car, chances are you will
get it in the windshield and ventilators only and the ones
who ride in back will be without this greater protection.



LIBBEY · OWENS · FORD
SAFETY GLASS



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The news that Russia has again taken up the breeding of race horses brings to mind the fact that, shortly after the Revolutionists came into power only 17 years ago, they so hated everything which had been connected with the middle and upper classes that they shot two famous thoroughbreds, one for having won considerable prize money for several years and the other for having had "dealings with the old régime."

The extent to which sons follow the occupations of their fathers has been the subject of a series of studies made among 23,361 men in all walks of life in six different countries. The figures show that 451 out of every 1,000 men either take up the same kind of work as their fathers or enter an occupation closely allied to it.

In the movie theaters of the United States today at least 90 per cent of the pipe organs, which cost their owners approximately \$10,000,000, no longer are in use.—*By Mary de Corsia, New York City.*

From the 15th to the 20th century, the churches of England frequently held "church-ales"—or parish festivals—in the churchyard or a near-by barn, the chief activity of which was the drinking of ale. The churchwardens not only made a profit on the liquor but the resultant spirit of the crowd helped greatly in the collection of parish dues. In Tudor days, these parties were held on Sunday afternoons.

The average life of a ship is much shorter than the average life of other large structures. The amount of tonnage which either sinks or has to be removed from service during a 25-year period is equal to the total tonnage on the seas in any one year.—*By William Bigelow, Rathdrum, Idaho.*

The only animals whose rear feet hit the ground in front of their forefeet when running rapidly are the greyhound, the cheetah and the hare.—*By Maurice Sagoff, Boston, Massachusetts.*

The world still is without countless important records. Several nations have no definite boundaries, many countries never have taken a population census, numerous languages never have been recorded, millions of species of insects and fishes never have been classified, and large parts of the heavens and the seven seas never have been charted. Even the northern coast of Australia still is a hydrographic mystery.

One of the first services rendered by the express companies of this country about ninety years ago was that of tracing obscure banks. At that time, several states allowed banks to move at will and locate anywhere. Consequently many went into hiding so their notes could not be presented for redemption in gold. One of them—"The Bank of Morocco"—was found after many months' search in a cabin in a dense woods of Indiana.

One of the most dangerous jobs is the collecting of Brazil nuts in the jungles of the Amazon Valley. The peons who gather this world crop, which is neither planted nor picked, are not only beset on all sides by deadly animals, insects, fishes and plants, but they are in constant danger of having their backs broken or skulls cracked by the four-pound pods which are frequently falling around them from a height of 100 feet.

In 1578, King Sebastian of Portugal went to war in Morocco and was killed. His countrymen did not believe he had died and the idea that he would return spread rapidly. Up to 1832, or two hundred and fifty-four years later, this idea still gripped Portugal and Brazil and not only was the night sky watched constantly for his reappearance but commodities frequently were sold with the bills to be paid on "the return of Sebastian."

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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C-30



“... and, Grandma,
I rode my birthday
bike clear around
the block! ... ”



No THRILL like hearing a child's eager voice, the satisfying words of grown-ups. Birthdays or anniversaries? ... they're especially good times to call. • Perhaps you don't realize how easy it is to telephone out of town, how little it costs. After 8:30 P. M., for example, you can talk (station-to-station) about 75 miles for 35c; 150 miles, 50c; 275 miles, 75c. Remember: *Night-time is bargain-time for telephoning out of town!*



*"Hold the line,
please!"*



The Traitor

Continued from page 19

the first rays of the sun glinted against the spiky tips of the Dolomites. When at last we reached the summit, a flat table top some twenty yards across, I turned and with my binoculars carefully swept the route that we had followed. There they were—just above the ledge where we had rested. Then off to the left I made out other moving dots and to the right still more of them.

"I faced my guide.

"Johann, can we get down the west face?"

"He shook his head. 'It will not go.'

"Is there any place to hide?"

"He pondered it, after giving me a bewildered look over his grizzled beard. 'Ten meters down on the west face is a ledge hidden from here by an overhang.'

"Lead the way to it."

"GOING down to that ledge was a bit of a scramble. I can tell you I was glad to have the rope on the last stretch around the overhang—there was nothing but thin air under my heels. I found Johann on a level shelf about four feet wide and ten or twelve long, a position that one man could have held against an army corps—as long as he was conscious.

"For the next two hours we spoke only in whispers and moved only to turn our other sides to the cold wind that raked our perch.

"At last we heard voices on the summit.

"After a few minutes we heard the scratching of hobnails on rock and realized that someone was coming down. We pressed ourselves back against the cliff. First we saw a pair of boots appear grotesquely in the sky directly above our heads. Then the whole man came into view, being lowered on a rope. As he reached our level the rope had pivoted so that his back was toward us. I remember looking at him with a queer detached feeling, as if the thing were a farce put on for my entertainment. I noted that his uniform was German, not Austrian, and in the time that it took the spinning rope to turn him toward us I recalled that this sector was manned partly by the Bavarian Alpen Korps, who had been sent down and brigaded with the army of Austria. As his front swung around toward us I had my revolver out and aimed at the center button of his tunic four feet away.

"I have the most vivid recollection of his face when he saw us.

"Ziehe, ziehe," he yelled.

"His descent was arrested and in a moment he began to mount, disappearing from our sight in successive jerks, his feet kicking wildly at the end. I almost applauded as you do at the theater. I give you my word I didn't even think of letting off my pistol.

"We heard an excited babel of talk up above. Then silence and, after a little while, some words were shouted in German. I turned to Johann for a translation.

"He looked puzzled.

"They say the English spy must come up."

"Spy!"

"During the rest of the day we had no more communication from above.

"We talked very little. Sometimes Johann muttered to himself, shaking his head. I kept my arms in motion, trying to ward off the cold that grew almost unbearable with every breath of wind that touched us. Once I lay with my face over the edge searching for some route down the face. It wouldn't go.

For three hundred feet the cliff was sheer and smooth as only Dolomite rock can be. Below that, one might have had a chance. At that point a crack opened up into which an arm and leg might have been jammed and the descent made with friction holds to the easier rocks below.

"I asked Johann's opinion. He studied it carefully and nodded. 'The crack, it might be climbed down—perhaps. But to reach the crack—no.'

"The old guide sat with his arms folded, his weathered face set in rigid lines. Looking at him I came to a sudden resolve.

"Johann," I said, 'you don't have to go through with this.'

"He turned sharply toward me.

"I mean," I went on, 'that it is not you that those soldiers are after. What you must do is this: As soon as it grows dark climb up to the top. Give yourself up. Say that you were forced by the Italian soldiers to act as my guide. That you have escaped from me. I don't think that any harm will come to you.'

"He looked at me, uncomprehending.

"I tried to explain. 'Your staying here cannot help me. Save yourself—'

"There I stopped. The old man was glaring at me as if I had struck him. 'Herr Merrill,' he said slowly, 'for forty years I have been a guide. No man can say that I am such as would leave my Herr on a mountain in danger.'

"I said no more.

"Before it grew dark he rose and, with fingers stiff from the cold, lashed us to projecting knobs of rock. We pressed as close as possible to each other, our feet in our rucksacks and both cloaks wrapped around us. Far below we could see lights twinkling in chalets where people were warm and comfortable. We beat our arms and legs against the rock to keep the blood moving.

"THE night was very long.

"As the next morning wore on I kept watching and listening for some sound from those above. Not even their voices could be heard but I felt that I must keep every nerve strained against whatever might come. But it was beyond my power—in spite of myself I sank into a torpid inertia.

"An exclamation from Johann roused me. Looking up, I saw something come jerking down from the sky on the end of a cord—something that hissed like a snake. For a moment I looked at it stupidly. Then my memory told me what it was and I started awake as if I had had an electric shock. I leaned out and made a desperate effort to hook it with my ice ax but it was just out of reach. Then I remembered my revolver. It took two shots to cut the cord, and we heard the crash of the explosion in the air below. Johann growled something in his beard and a gleam of anger came into his eyes.

"We drew back as close as we could get to the cliff, alert for the next move. It was not long before a spokesman above opened communication with us. I heard the voice, harsh and peremptory, calling down: 'Gruber, Gruber.' I wondered how they knew his name, not remembering that they must have had it from the man in the hut.

"After Johann's startled 'Ja,' the voice went on in a Tyrolean patois of which I understood nothing. As I watched the old man his weathered face flushed deeper. He roared out a 'Nein' that interrupted the harangue from above. Then the voice said something more in

(Continued on page 40)



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(Continued from page 39)

a tone that was plainly threatening. Johann shook his fist in the air.

"I sank into an apathy of waiting, although there was nothing to wait for. The chances of an Italian rescue expedition were nil. We weren't expected back for four or five days and one more night on the ledge was all that I could hope to endure. I wondered miserably whether at the last I would be left with enough strength to stand up before the firing party. The food was all gone and my mouth and throat were dry and burning. My will power was too weak to keep my thoughts from lingering on the full canteens above, picturing how the water would gurgle out of them. Once or twice some ingenious and imaginative fellow above emptied a cupful so that the drops flashed by us in the sunlight. We heard a mocking invitation to come up and drink.

"IT WAS late in the afternoon that we were hailed again by the spokesman. At his first words Johann sat up straight and I thought that a look of fear came into his eyes. The man above paused and we heard another voice, a voice that trembled a little. Johann gripped my wrist hard with a hand that shook. He spoke in a strained whisper:

"It is Hans."

"I stared at him.

"They have brought him up from his regiment," he went on. "They say they will—do him an evil if—I do not give you up to them."

"I struggled to my feet and fumbled with the rope that still tied us together. I tried to put a note of authority in my voice:

"Nothing can be done for me. You must do as they say."

"He shook his head doggedly.

"We stay here together," he said.

"We sat looking out at the snow fields on the far-off Adamello. No sound came down from above. Johann's face was set like a mask of oak.

"My mind had sunk to a wretched state of impotence. In one corner of my brain was the insistent reminder that I was playing the coward, that I was accepting too great a sacrifice from Johann, that I should command him to leave me and, if he refused, give myself up. But I did nothing.

"Johann's face still showed no signs of emotion but I could see the hand that grasped his axe go white at the knuckles with the intensity of the grip.

"Suddenly he rose to his feet and untied himself from the rope. He muttered some words that I failed to understand and, still without looking in my direction, began to climb around the overhang and up toward the summit. As I watched him go all the remnant of vitality seemed to drain out of me. With the disappearance of his sturdy back around the bulge of the rock I felt my last contact with life vanish.

"I sat crouched against the cliff, blank despair pressing in on me. I tried to assure myself that this was as it should be, that now I could die like a man, without reproach. But the noble sentiment wouldn't register—I just sat there in a dull trance of misery. The sun dropped behind the most distant range and the gray dusk rushed up from the valley. I sat as still as the stones themselves while the twilight deepened into dark.

"My mind holds no definite memory of how long that state endured. But I have a most vivid recollection of the sound that broke in on my apathy.

"It was that same scratching of nails on rock.

"I started up, calling on the last dregs of energy in me. This would be the end. I drew my revolver and pressed back flat against the cliff.

"The sound came nearer. A dark

shadow moved around the bulge of rock. I raised my revolver.

"Keep still, *mein Herr*." At the voice I almost shouted aloud.

"Feeling his way slowly in the dark Johann moved to my side on the ledge. Behind him was another dim figure. When he spoke I recognized Hans. Both of them were curiously burdened and when I looked closer I saw that around their bodies and over their shoulders was coil after coil of rope—more rope than I had ever seen.

"Johann's chuckle was in my ear: 'Stolen from the cursed soldiers.'

"We worked with silent speed. The rope was tied to a firm knob of rock just over the spot where we knew the crack began three hundred feet down; then all the loose coils were pushed over the edge.

"Hans went first, disappearing suddenly into the black gulf below. For minutes that stretched out to an eternity Johann and I waited, our ears strained for any sound from above. At last came a tug on the rope, the agreed-on signal.

"I took a turn of the rope around my thigh and, gripping it with both hands above my head, slipped over the edge without giving myself time to think about it. Prayers and cold sweat burst from me together as I slid down into the darkness. Hans was steadying the cord below—even so, it twirled and swung, battering me against the side of the cliff. When I looked down, the lights of the chalets in the valley made a pattern on the black floor under my feet.

"I heard a low call and, looking down through my heels, I saw Hans clinging there. He caught me as I swung toward him, I untied and we tugged at the rope for Johann. Sooner than I expected the old man's body appeared and he made an expert landing beside us.

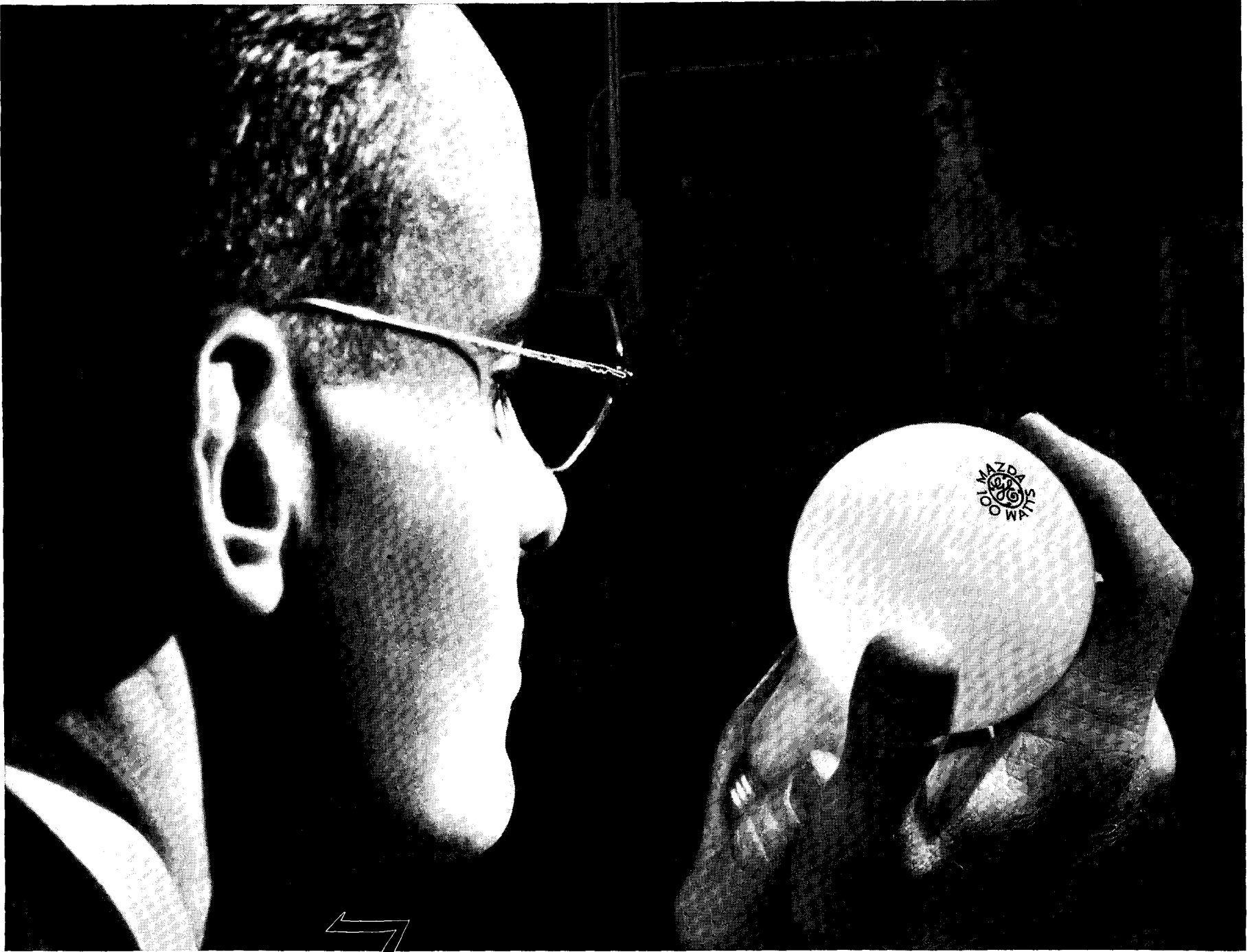
"With a shorter length of the cord we roped together and started down. That part of the descent is another hazy spot in my memory. I have a confused recollection of groping painfully downward, supported over black emptiness by an arm and a leg jammed into the crack. We moved one at a time and Johann, poised above, held the rope taut and directed us in gruff whispers. Finally we came to a jutting rib and the slope eased off. Two hours of scrambling brought us down to the floor of the valley.

"The road to Primiero lay open before us.

"JOHANN told me afterward that the plan had come into his head before he left me on the ledge. I gathered that when he first appeared among the soldiers they had handled him rather roughly. But he convinced them that he had escaped from me and that he would aid them to capture me in the morning. When it grew dark and the cold increased most of the soldiers had retired to the shelter of ledges below the summit, leaving only two or three on guard. Johann had a word in Hans' ear and the boy did not hesitate to obey his father. Under cover of darkness they had secured the rope and slipped over the edge unseen.

"I did what I could for Hans with the *commandante* and, although his status was that of deserter from the Austrian army, his internment for the duration of the war was made easy. As Primiero became Italian territory after the war neither of the Grubers had to explain their part in the affair to the Austrian authorities. I believe that, up to his death two or three years ago, it never occurred to Johann that any other course of action had been open to him.

"He was a very simple-minded old man."



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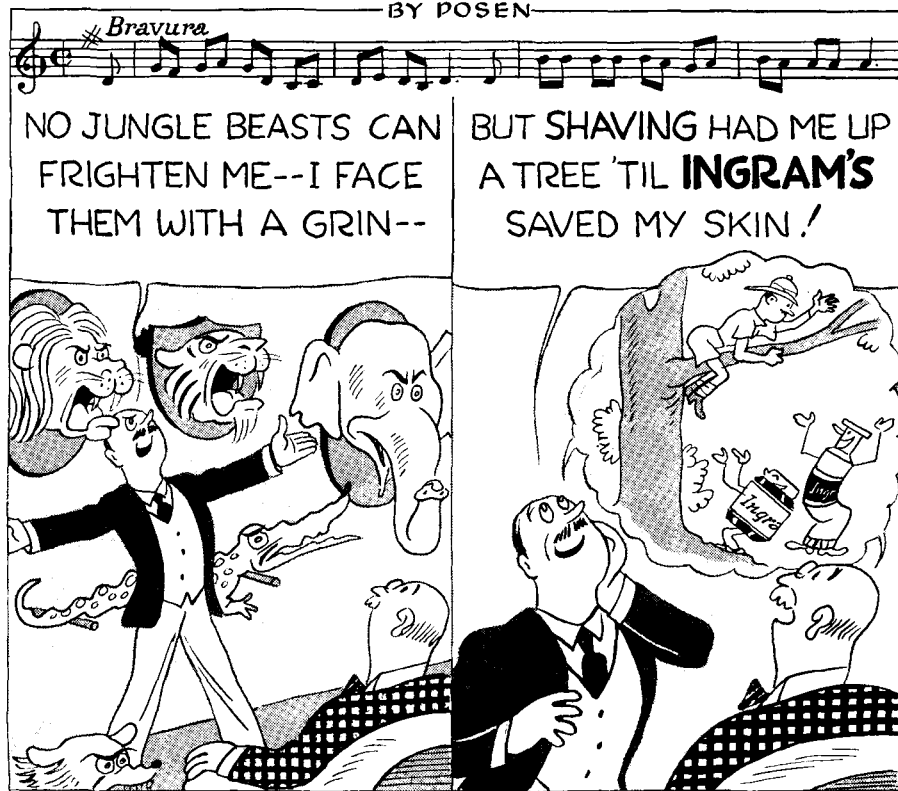
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The Widow's Choice

Continued from page 15

knew that even Arlie had a certain nuisance value.

"You'll have to get power of attorney from Mrs. Terping, unless she appears in person," he said. "And then you can file a statement of error before the County Board."

"You're dern' tooting I'll get power of attorney. You can't beat a poor lone widow woman out of her just rights in this county, brother!"

"I'm very busy, Mr. Byshaw."

"You won't be so dern' busy after I've long-distanced Henry Wallace!"

"That's up to you. Excuse me!"

"I'll get hold of a senator while I'm at it and a couple of congressmen, too."

"I'll have to ask you to step outside, Mr. Byshaw."

"I'll step outside, but I'll be back!"

Followed by the seven permanent denizens of the town square, Arlie tramped out of the courthouse.

"Aw, you ain't gonna call up Henry Wallace, Arlie!" a doubter jeered.

"I'm gonna call Henry Wallace right now!"

IN THE telephone office, Miss Abbie Hutton, the popular and efficient operator of Pike City's switchboard, was not amused.

"You ain't paid your bill, Mr. Byshaw, and, besides, I don't know if Washington'll reverse the long-distance charges."

"My bill? Oh, I reckon I must of overlooked it. How much is it?"

"Dollar twenty-five."

"Here you are!"

Miss Hutton counted the money twice. Then she said, "It'll be fifty-four for three minutes, if they won't reverse it."

"They'll reverse it. They better. I'm a taxpayer, ain't I? I'm in a hurry. Put in a direct call to Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture at the White House."

Murmurs of awe arose.

"The dern' fool's gonna do it!"

"I told you. You get Arlie fightin' mad and he don't care for nothin'."

Miss Hutton made her last stand.

"There'll be a report charge of forty-five cents in case we don't reach the party."

"Right here. Forty-five cents!"

"St. Louis? Pike City calling Mr.

Henry Wallace in Washington. Party wants charges reversed. Wallace. Henry Wallace. He's Secretary of Farming!"

The crowd gathered quickly. Arlie kept right on talking: "Campbell says, 'You got to have power of attorney,' and I says, 'Dern you, I'll get me power of three attorneys.' Then he acted like I was scared to tell Washington on him the way he's been mishandling government money in this county—beating widows and orphans out of their just rights while all them big farmers around Clarksville they get twice what they have coming—"

Miss Hutton's voice broke in:

"Washington? Mister Arlie Byshaw calling Mister Henry Wallace... wants charges reversed... oh... he ain't? Oh... I see... Just a minute, operator—"

Arlie's big moment burst upon him.

"They say Secretary Wallace is in conference and can't be disturbed and will you talk to anybody else and if you do they can't reverse charges unless you had an appointment to call—"

Mr. Byshaw grimaced with chagrin.

"Naw, I want Henry Wallace personal. Tell 'em I'll call later!"

He stalked grandly out.

The Byshaw flivver backed away from the telephone office and swung madly around the square. In front of the Central House, Judge J. Q. Ledbetter waddled out and held up his cane. Arlie's brakes screeched.

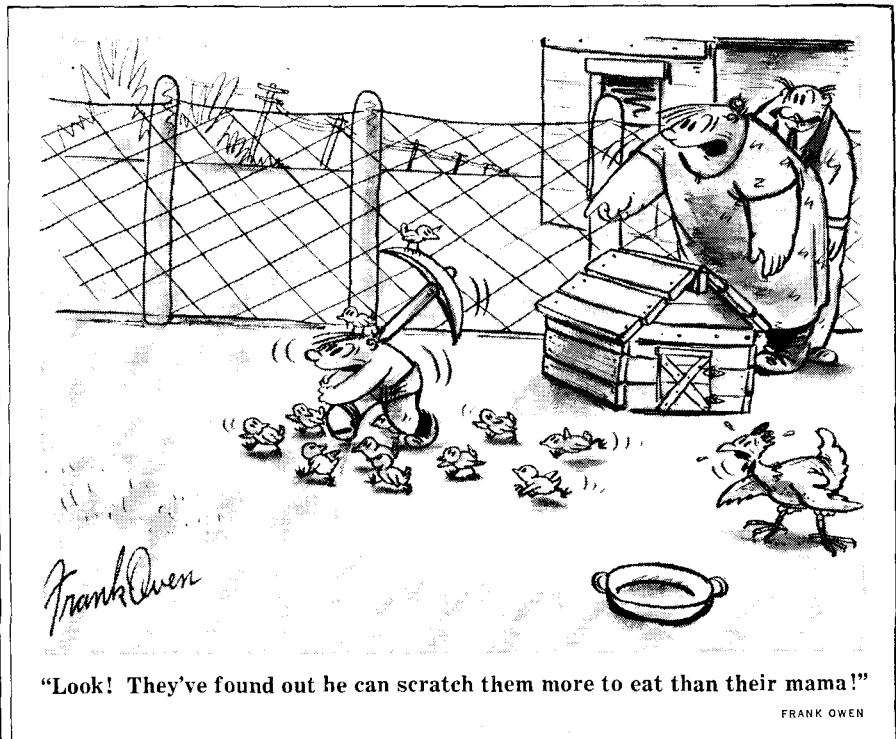
"What's this quarrel between you and Henry Wallace, Arlie?"

Arlie swelled importantly. Judge Ledbetter had "retired" from the practice of law to devote the rest of his life to checkers and mint juleps, but the old warhorse smelled powder.

"We-ell, Jedge, it's like this—"

The wrong suffered by Missis Terping, only support of herself and she a widow, had grown more grievous since Arlie had mighty near talked to Henry Wallace on the long-distance telephone. Not only had the government through its evil minion, County Agent Campbell, refused to give widow Terping proper credit for one hundred and twenty-five acres of corn at fifty bushels to the acre; two hundred and fifty sows and three hundred and ninety shoats; but the government had forced her to re-

(Continued on page 44)

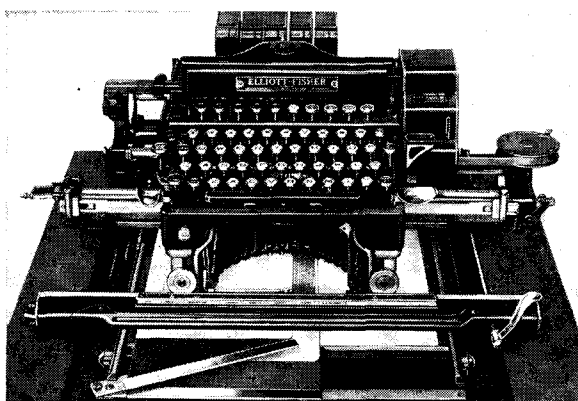




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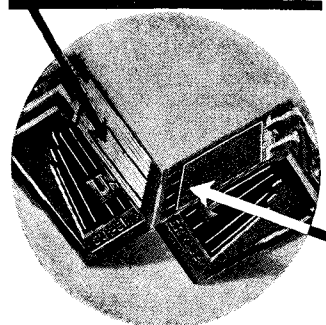
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USL BATTERIES
BUILT TO LAST WITH POWER TO SPARE

The Widow's Choice

Continued from page 42

duce its maliciously erroneous estimates of the Terping farm produce by twenty per cent. This reduction meant slow starvation for the widow Terping and child. And Arlie was gonna get power . . .

Judge Ledbetter stomped his cane on free and democratic Missouri soil.

"You won't require power of attorney, suh! I shall act as counsel for Missis Terping!"

"I knowed she had a case, Jedge!"

"A case, suh? I consider the government's actions absolutely unconstitutional!"

Judge Ledbetter turned to his cronies on the hotel porch: "Boys, I'll be back shortly. Now, suh, will you be so good as to inform me where I can find my client?"

"Hop right in, Jedge! I'm a-goin' there!"

QUITE a crowd had assembled by this time. Judge Ledbetter was a historical figure; gossip had it that he had turned down an appointment to the Supreme Court after his friend President Cleveland refused to fight England.

"First thing to do, Arlie, is to get the affidavits of all witnesses concerned. Then I shall apply for an order of restraint and abeyance requiring the government to show cause for persecuting that poor widow!"

Arlie nodded fiercely.

"I'll get plenty of affnadavits, Jedge. Plenty of affnadavits!"

The little car lurched forward in a swirl of dust and gossip.

Down the road a way Arlie thought of something.

"Don't reckon Missis Terping could afford a very big fee, Jedge."

Judge Ledbetter made the right answer.

"Won't charge her a cent, not a cent. It's my duty as a barrister to defend the Constitution of these United States."

Still farther down the road Arlie was halted by two friends who had parked their car and were talking to Bill Drewis across his cornfield fence.

"Hey, Arlie, what's all this about you climbing on Bill?"

"I ain't a-climbing on Bill."

"I heard tell you claim like Bill and Tom Campbell went in cahoots to beat Missis Terping out of her corn-hog money?"

Bill Drewis, a brawny yeoman with red ears, stopped digging dirt out of the oil leads in his corn cultivator discs and came to the fence.

"That's a gol-darned lie!" said Arlie loudly. "I ain't making no charges agin nobody. All I say is that Missis Terping's got a hull lot more money coming to her than what was paid. Jedge Ledbetter is a-handling the case."

Bill Drewis spoke: "You better not put me into your windy talk!"

"Oh, is that so? This is a free country, I reckon."

"You better not. That's all."

One of Bill's conferees said: "You know he said it. Why don't you make him take it back?"

"I got to get this corn plowed before sundown. I got no time to pay attention to that feller's windy talk."

He climbed onto his cultivator and clucked to his team. Arlie waited until he was well started.

"I ain't a-scared of you or nobody like you!" he yelled.

Hastily throwing his car into gear, he drove off muttering: "I've offered that feller fights lots of times, but I

can't never get him to fight when there ain't no women or children around."

Bill Drewis just went on plowing corn.

Missis Terping was thrown into a great fluster by the arrival of Mr. Byshaw and Judge Ledbetter. She came out of the kitchen, wiping jam-stained hands on her apron.

"I've engaged the jedge to be your lawyer, and it ain't gonna cost you a penny, Missis Terping! He says the case is just like I told you and agin the U. S. Constitution to boot. That right, Jedge?"

"Prima facie and per se," the judge agreed. "I consider it a privilege, Madam!"

"But, Mr. Byshaw! I—I didn't aim for to do no *lawing* agin the government. Land sakes . . . not lawing in the court."

Old lady Millingham came trotting around the root cellar.

"I told you to get Mister Bill Drewis, Henrietta. Mister Bill should of been here before he got back."

"Shut up, Maw. I did send word to Mister Bill Drewis and he said he was too busy plowing corn."

Mrs. Millingham was not silenced.

"That's where *you* should be, Arlie Byshaw, instead of gallivanting around this county talking with your big mouth and stirring up trouble!"

Arlie laughed tolerantly.

"That's just her way, Judge. I and Mrs. Millingham get along fine." Then, to Missis Terping: "I just got to Pike City in the nick of time. Another two minutes and you'd of been did out of your rights. Now, all we got to do is to get affnadavits from you and all concerned. I just been talking to Henry Wallace over in Washington and he said to go ahead and get the affnadavits and he'd take care of your case personal!"

Judge Ledbetter frowned.

"You shouldn't have done that, Arlie. We want no trading with the enemy. This is a case of Terping *vs.* The United States of America and it must be fought out on constitutional grounds!"

THESE speeches were too much for the widow Terping. She was awestruck.

"You mean I'm *lawing* the hull country?"

Mrs. Millingham spat out another and final dart.

"They mean you and me and your child will be in the county poor farm before they get done!"

"Shut up, Maw."

"I'll not take a penny, not a penny, Madam."

"Just to show you how you been cheated, Missis Terping—you remember that ten acres you had in wheat last year?"

"You mean the volunteer crop that come up on the woods meadow?"

"Volunteer or planted—it was *wheat*, wasn't it? And this year you didn't plant no wheat at all. The government only asked farmers to reduce their wheat twenty per cent and is paying them for doing that. And you reduced your wheat a *hunderd* per cent. And what did you get?"

The widow Terping gasped.

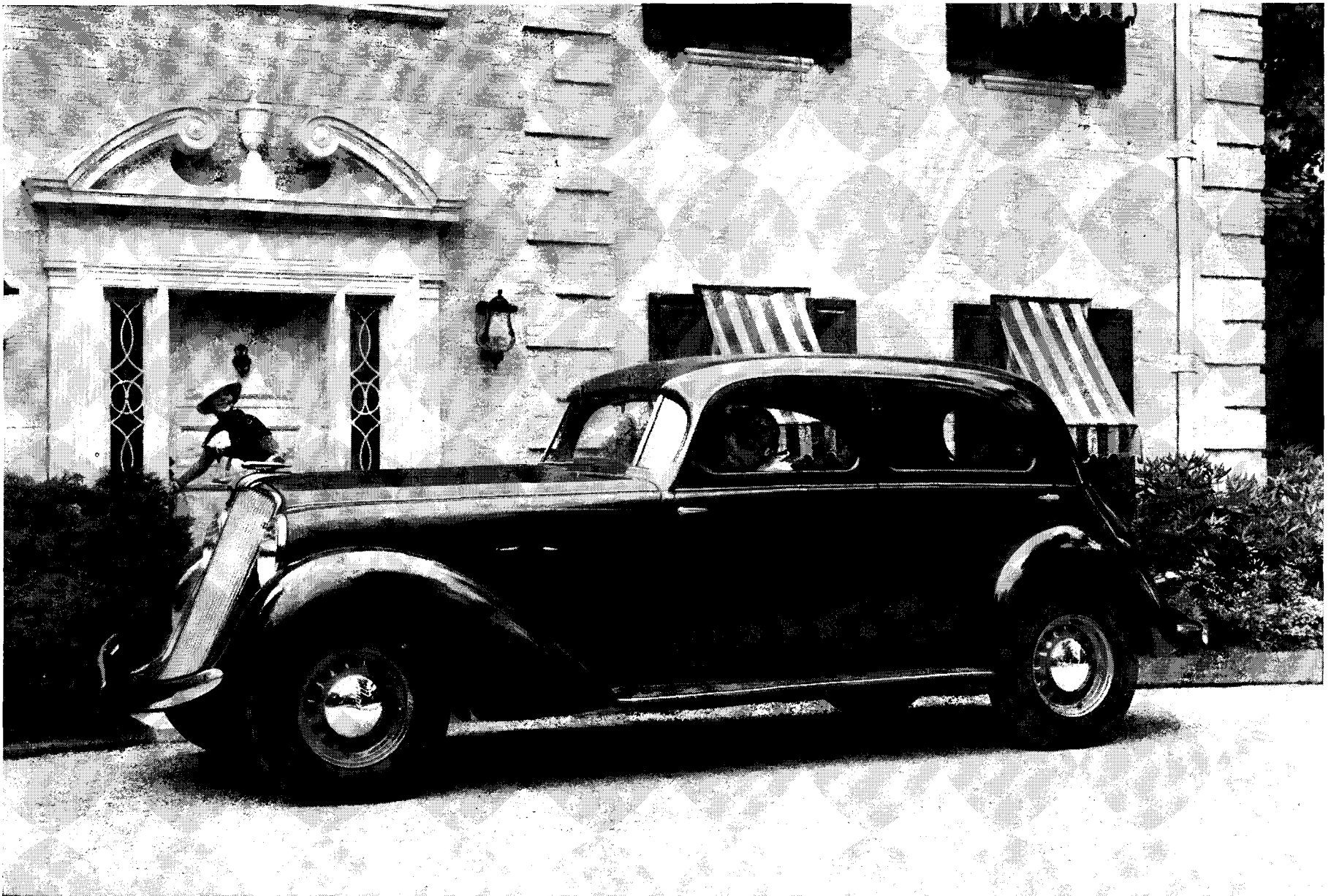
"I didn't get ary nickel! Wasn't nothing said about my wheat crop!"

Arlie nodded triumphantly.

"There you are! Last year you had a good fifteen-bushel-to-the-acre crop of wheat and they didn't give you a penny for reducing it. You know how much wheat money Missis Bass Holcomb is

(Continued on page 46)

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Gentlemen:

Upon my arrival in the little village of Iceburg, I was promptly besieged by practically every Eskimo girl in the town. The minute I stepped out of my igloo, three or four of these demonstrative maidens would rush up, throw their arms about me and cry "Voomie" (Darling in English). I must admit I enjoyed it -- until . . .

I was sitting in my igloo one night when several very surly looking Eskimos paid me a visit. Harpoons and all. One youth, who had been to night school one night and learned English perfectly, stepped forward. "You ain't no voomie," he growled at me, "it's just your shirt."

"What's wrong with my shirt?" I inquired.

"The women think it's so beautiful. When we come home in our pelts they say we're not attractive . . . ask us why we don't get shirts like yours." Everybody growled then -- and started for me.

"Wait, gentlemen," I cried. "I will give each of you a shirt just like this."

"No you won't," they bellowed.

"Why not?" I asked, snatching up an ice pick to chip my way out of the house.

"Because, your pale-face shirts shrink and choke us . . . we've tried 'em before. But never again!" Then the light dawned upon me. These poor fellows had been fooled like a lot of us have about shirts.

"But this shirt is an Arrow!" I screamed, "It's Sanforized-Shrunk! Do you hear? . . . it won't shrink." Well, they took the shirts, but they held me hostage until the next wash day. Naturally, the Arrows kept right on fitting them . . . and the women fell in love with their men all over again. They made me an Honorary Knight of the Blubber. I guess I've told you everything.

Sincerely,

Richard
Decker



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The Widow's Choice

Continued from page 44

collectin' on that rock pile of her'n? Nine hunderd and forty-four dollars!"

"That much? Why the fly and chinch bugs et up all her wheat last year!"

"Nine hunderd and forty-four dollars. I got it direct from Miss Nellie Broaders not twenty minutes ago!"

Judge Ledbetter spoke authoritatively:

"You are in a position to make history in this county, Madam. We have a great many affidavits to collect. I suggest that we proceed at once!"

"Affidavits! Land sakes!"

Mrs. Millingham began sweeping dust and chicken dirt on Mr. Byshaw's car. But no gesture, no words could stay the widow Terping now. It isn't every day that a young widow can go out collecting affidavits and making history and suing the U. S. government.

"Well . . . nine hunderd and forty dollars to Missis Bass Holcomb . . . I declare. . . I'll have to slip on a clean dress. And I guess we better go in my car, Mr. Byshaw. It'll be too crowded in yours. Maw! Give these gentlemen some cold buttermilk while they're setting."

LATE that afternoon, Bill Drewis was still plowing corn. The village of Pike City was in a turmoil. There had been a fist fight on the public square between Arlie's Cousin Bob Byshaw and County Agent Campbell's brother, Wilfred. The Byshaws and the Campbells were in open feud all over the county. A Republican newspaper in St. Louis had telephoned Newt Oberwucker, editor of the Twice-a-Week Times, for a story on the filing of Judge Ledbetter's application for an injunction. The Republican newspaper believed the New Deal was unconstitutional and was happy to print any report of an attack upon it.

There was a wildfire rumor that the county board, now in secret session in the courthouse, had found County Agent Campbell guilty. There was another rumor that the widow Terping had been granted five thousand dollars cash to compensate her for fearful losses in cutting down her corn, hog and wheat production twenty per cent. It was also reported that Arlie Byshaw had finally succeeded in putting through a call to Henry Wallace. There were numerous versions of what Arlie Byshaw had told Henry Wallace and what Henry Wallace had told Arlie Byshaw.

Mister Bill Drewis was still plowing corn.

And in the Circuit Court judge's private chamber, County Judge Wilson, chairman of the County Board, delivered an ultimatum:

"Mrs. Terping," he said, "we have read all your affidavits and heard all the evidence. It appears that there is some substance to your complaint—"

"You're dern' tooting there is!" put in Arlie Byshaw.

"Mr. Byshaw," said Judge Wilson, "I must ask you to stop interrupting or leave the room. Judge Ledbetter is representing Mrs. Terping."

"This is a free country, I reckon."

Judge Wilson frowned and hurried on:

"The board has decided to recommend an adjustment of your corn and hog checks. The corn adjustment will give you thirty-one dollars and eighty cents more and the hog adjustment will allow you an additional seventeen dollars, making a total of forty-eight dollars and eighty cents."

"What about that wheat money,

Jedge?" When he was not answered, Arlie nudged the widow Terping, who was sitting, frightened but resolved, with her hands in her lap.

"Seems like I ought to have some money for not planting wheat this year, Jedge."

"You didn't plant any last year, Mrs. Terping. Mr. Byshaw's explanation of a volunteer wheat crop of twenty-six bushels to the acre has not impressed the board. Now . . . you can either accept your checks as written and await action on your adjusted compensation or you can refuse the checks and carry your appeal to Washington."

Arlie jumped to his feet.

"It's a gol-dern' gyp! Don't take it. We'll law you straight up to Henry Wallace!"

"Sheriff, kindly remove Mr. Byshaw."

Ten minutes later, Mr. Byshaw was still protesting on the steps of the courthouse that he would slap a suit for fifty thousand dollars onto the county and slap another suit onto the U. S. government for a hundred thousand dollars.

The widow Terping came down the steps.

"Did you go and take them checks?" Arlie demanded.

Missis Terping was just plumb tuckered out. It had been a vastly exciting day; her apple-rosy cheeks were sunburned red, her best dress was travel-stained, her hat had wilted.

"I need the money for interest right away, Arlie," she said, somewhat apologetically, "and they talked Jedge Ledbetter into arguin' me to take it."

Arlie's voice hurled defiance across the square.

"I'd law 'em. I'd law 'em clear to the Supreme Court, if it was me!"

"I got to go home now, Mr. Byshaw. It's time for the milking."

Driving the widow's practically new sedan toward the farm, Arlie still talked about what he'd do to the AAA if it was him. They passed Bill Drewis' front cornfield. The widow Terping spoke:

"Mister Bill Drewis is still plowing corn," she said caustically.

It was the psychological moment.

"You don't want no feller like that," Arlie said. "A man that won't leave his corn to defend a woman in her just rights ain't fitten to marry no woman."

Missis Terping giggled shyly.

"You sure told Jedge Wilson a thing or two, Arlie," she said.

Arlie nodded.

"You ought to have a feller like me to take care of you, Missis Terping. How about it, hunh?"

"Oh, Mr. Byshaw—are you just joking?"

"No, I ain't. I been crazy about you for some time. If'n I can get all the money that's owing to me in this county we'll go to the Chicago World's Fair and have a real time. I'm acquainted with Jedge Dawes in Chicago and he told me any time I wanted to drop by he'd see that I was taken care of . . ."

His voice droned on. His arm went about the widow Terping's shoulders. Her head slowly lowered to his shoulder. She listened . . . spellbound.

OLD lady Millingham was giving her daughter a piece of her mind.

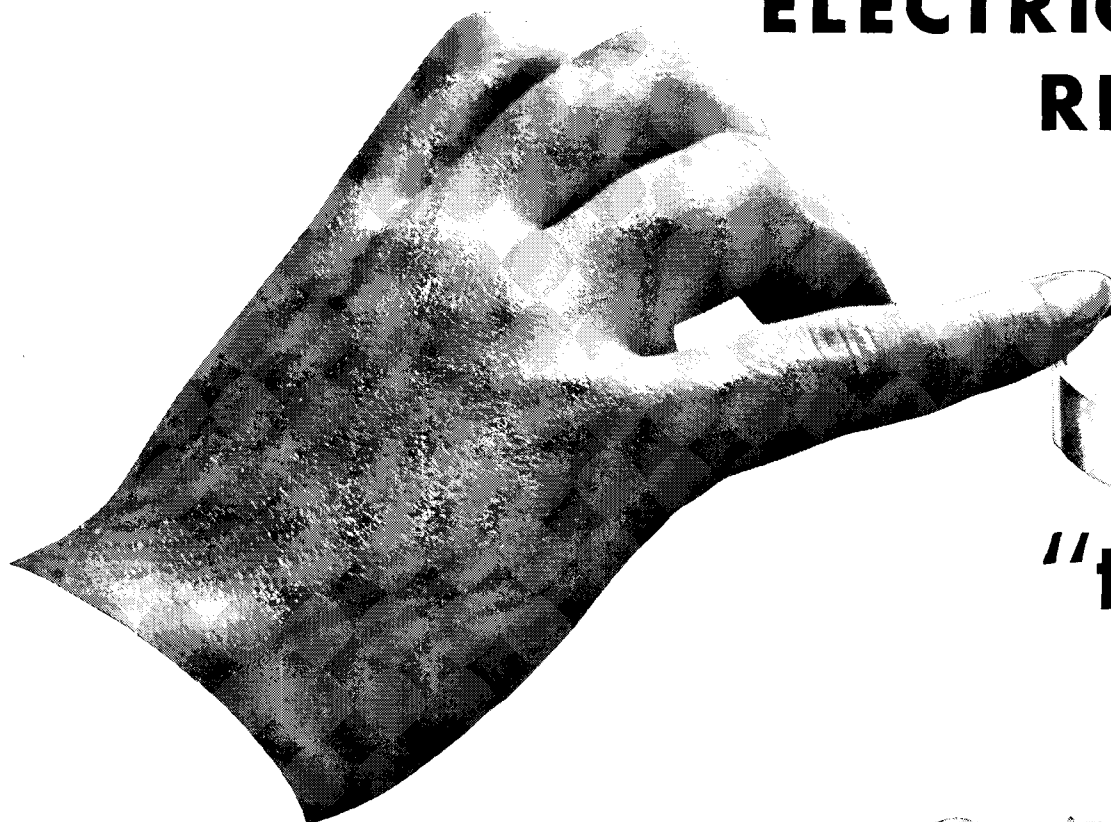
"The idee of marrying a windbag good-for-nothing like Arlie Byshaw! When you could have Mister Bill Drewis, a good, steady farmer—"

Missis Terping giggled.

"Arlie ain't much account, Maw," she said, "but he sure is kinda exciting."

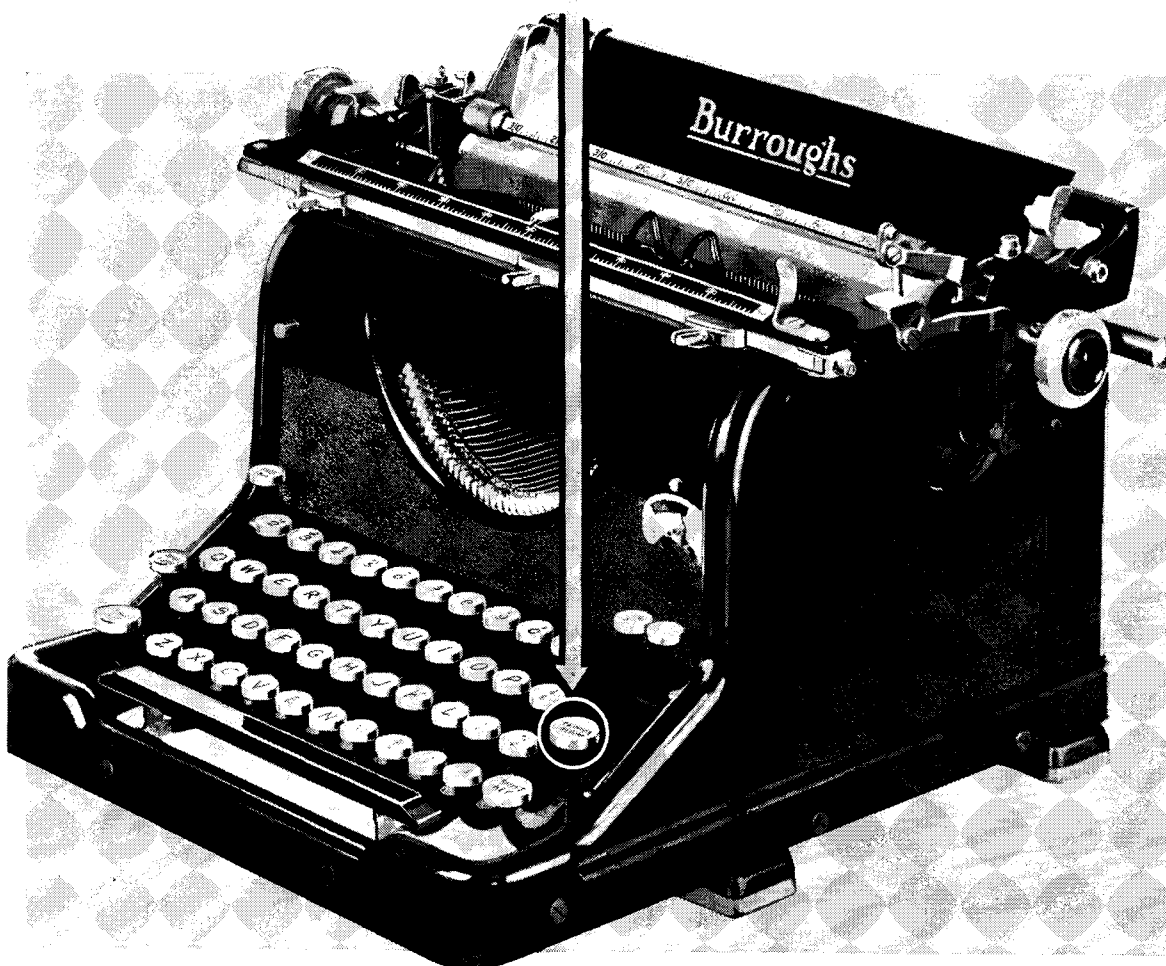
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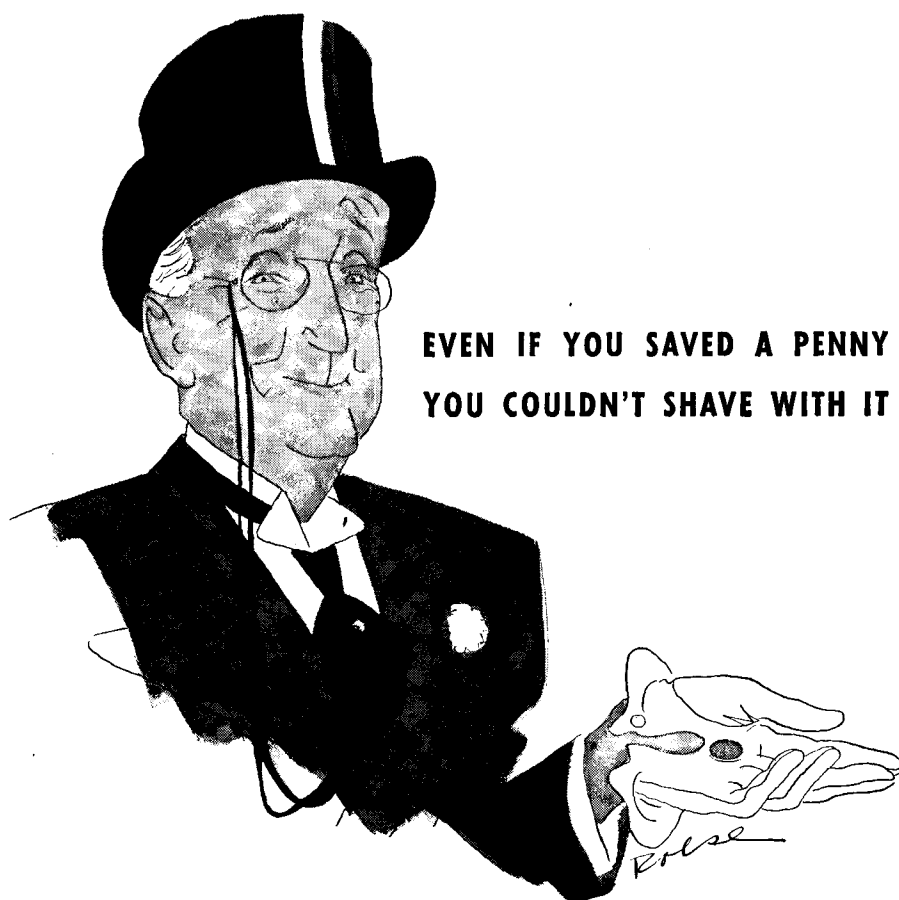


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But money is only one thing you save with Williams. You save in comfort; in time. And you save in appearance, for this bland white cream is mighty soothing to your skin. It keeps your face looking fit.

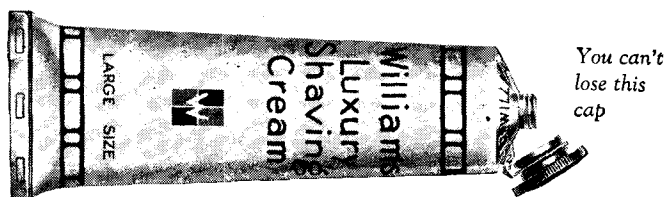
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Shaving Cream

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Final Flight

Continued from page 12

Carmichael came up on a clear patch and began to circle. Less than an hour separated them from home. In an hour he could be with Janet.

Still he circled. Reed eyed him inquiringly.

"Tough," shouted Reed, "but we've done our best."

"Yeah," said Carmichael, "our best just ain't so hot!"

Janet's image drew him like a magnet. *Janet, Janet, my dear! In an hour . . . then his eyes shifted.* He knew that his decision was already made and the knowledge of it filled him with unspeakable resentment. It wasn't any rule or canon that prescribed it. Authority more formidable than mere red tape had taken over. Something that he couldn't even analyze. An allegiance, perhaps, a fealty to that instinct which had grown inside him during twenty years of flying. Despotism, it stuck there, a sort of grinding second nature that commandeered his loyalties and his emotions. . . .

CARMICHAEL peered at the fuel gauges, checked the instruments and threw the wheel to Reed. He fumbled open a pack of cigarettes, lit two with his cold, cramped fingers, leaned back and inhaled his own. Concentrating every nerve, he pressed his mind further into the problem. Hard to be certain in that treacherous visibility, but it seemed unlikely that the ship had come down on the regular airway. The boys behind the Hump could be depended on to search as thoroughly as he and Reed.

"So what?" Carmichael frowned. "Suppose we go along from there?"

Holt would have been at the controls himself, Carmichael figured. Patiently he rummaged in his mind, revived Holt's record in exacting detail. Portrait of Pilot Holt. A good pilot, long on experience and nerve, brilliant in spots, but a bit shy on prevision. Yeah, prevision a bit slow, maybe. That came out in his poker game, and that might mean . . . he hadn't quite foreseen how that storm could develop, hadn't foreseen all the angles.

As Reed eased the ship up to hurdle the Divide again Carmichael's imagination was screwed to concert pitch. He was no search party now; he was Holt with passengers and mail behind. He speculated.

Dirty weather closing in ahead . . . that'll mean Blind Man's Buff up to the Hump. No, that's out. Too risky—the radio is spitting itself sick. So what? Sit down and wait? No place to sit. Take her up high and go it blind, with ice already building on the wings? . . . Carmichael could hear Holt once more arguing in the pilots' room:

"Me, I don't fly blind with passengers—not if I see it coming first. No, sir!"

That's that, then. So suppose we turn around? Suppose we hit back for the Parker City airport? Suppose . . . imagine. . . . Think, THINK, THINK. . . . Then, in a flash of insight, Carmichael had the other pilot's mind.

He took the wheel from Reed, swung the giant transport around to the south, shouted into the mouthpiece through the caterwauling air: "*Carmichael to Parker City. Change to five-minute check. Am trying Steelhead Pass.*"

He opened the throttle slightly and settled down to half an hour of fancy flying.

He picked the wreck up more than five hundred feet below, just as he swung the ship around the bleak white shoulder of Mount Kerson. He slowed and shouted, pointing:

"O. K. Raise Doyle if you can. Give him the dope."

Reed's eyes reached down over the side. He fumbled for the button and his breath, coming fast, condensed in little rivulets around the mouthpiece.

"*Reed to Parker City . . .*" His voice wobbled a bit with urgency. "*We've found Trip Four. Crashed on Mount Kerson. We're going down to look. . . . Stand by. . . .*"

Carmichael took the ship down gingerly, eased her into the narrow valley between the mountain walls. A hundred feet or so above the trees he stood her on one wing and circled. His guess had been correct. Holt had got trapped in the Steelhead, flown up and down it trying to get out. And here was where it had to end. The spot which held the wreckage of Trip Four was, he knew, the one patch of clear in the whole pass.

"Some layout!" said Carmichael. Reed had begun to talk again:

"*. . . Took it sock on the nose . . . blotted out forward but from here the cabin doesn't look so bad. Holt tried to land—he must have turned into the rocks to miss a canyon. . . . No sign of life. . . . Hold on! . . . Hold on. . . .*" Excitement vented itself in a sudden yell from Reed. "*There's something—waving—from a starboard window. . . . A handkerchief! . . . Stand by. . . .*"

Carmichael caught it, too. An arm, thrust through a shattered window in the rear, waving its signal slowly to and fro. Then, suddenly as it had come, it stopped. The handkerchief sailed on for a few yards in the wind and then sank down, invisible against the snow.

"What'll I tell 'em?" shouted Reed. "Make 'em wait. We'll take another look."

He banked the plane steeply. Sweet Moses, what a set-up for a landing! Holt, poor devil, must have seen it coming . . . still, Holt hadn't had a Merlin or flaps to choke the speed. And down there was still life, one survivor, maybe more. A part of Carmichael escaped and tore to Janet. But the die was cast. Again that same inexorable agent warned him that he was too late.

"Crazy," Reed was saying, "to try and land in that!"

"Crazy," agreed Carmichael. His eyes devoured the short, treacherous run, the canyon rim, the gulf beneath. Bad.

"What'll I tell 'em?" Reed asked again.

"Tell 'em we're going to land!"

CARMICHAEL was already turning the machine upwind. The little plateau showed ridiculously small over the nose. He cut the guns and coaxed the Merlin in at stalling speed, down, and still down, until the spiky treetops almost grazed his undercarriage. He caught her at the last second on the engines, floated in on a power stall. The fast ship dropped with a sickening swing, caught the air blanket, steadied and then touched. Across the clear they streaked, two tons of racing metal, churning behind them tidal waves of snow. Carmichael's feet were on the brakes. The canyon rushed toward them, but the pressure on the brakes was delicate, unhurried as a pianist who times a pedal flawlessly. The ship slowed. In the last few feet Carmichael ground-looped to the left and came to rest.

Reed wet his lips. He looked down under the starboard wing into a thousand feet of nothingness.

They heard the sound of sobbing before they reached the wreck and

wrenched the jammed door loose. A little girl of three or four was sitting on the tilted floor. There was a look of terror in her eyes that struck a knife into Carmichael's heart. A man was lying back across a chair, unconscious. His wife lay in a heap, forward, upon the wreckage of two seats.

Carmichael picked the small girl up and passed her through the door. Then he unscrewed the brandy flask and turned back to the man.

"She seems all right," called Reed. "Just shock, poor mite—and cold. Here, baby, try a bite of this!" He gave the child a bar of chocolate and wrapped a blanket round her. The sobbing lessened.

"Put the kid in the Merlin," said Carmichael. "Strap her in and put a blanket round her. She'll warm up in there. Then come on back. Bring more blankets and the stretcher. Step on it!"

Reed stepped. Inside of four minutes he was back.

"This guy's bust both his legs," Carmichael said. "Looks bad. Can't tell about the girl. She's passed out cold, but no bones broken far as I can tell. Hand me the kit."

Reed gave it to him. He darted a look toward the pilots' room. Carmichael shrugged.

"They're done," said Carmichael, "we're not through here yet. Gimme a hand."

THE light was fading by the time the injured pair were safely in the Merlin. The woman had begun to moan, the man, his legs strapped in rough splints, was still unconscious. The little girl began to cry again.

"Daddy!" she called wildly. "Daddy, Daddy!" Reed unbuckled her and took her in his arms.

"There, honey, there. Daddy's going to be all right. Attagirl, now, gimme that big old smile!" He looked at Carmichael. "Suppose I break the wood axe out—we'll need a fire."

Carmichael turned.

"No. Look after the kid. I'll be right back."

He tramped along the canyon edge and thence downwind across the clearing. His eyes and feet hunted for holes under the thin covering of snow, for hidden boulders. He marked the distance and came back again, his forehead creased, his heart a lump of lead. He blew on his numb fingers and stared over the edge. It would be dark in half

an hour and although the snow had ceased the cold was bitter. There seemed no option but to try a take-off, to bid five lives in an unholy gamble.

He crammed each detail of the ground into his brain. The run was short, too short to gain full flying speed. He'd have to drop her off the edge, then try and turn her north along the canyon to gain height. Maybe he could, maybe he couldn't. And if he couldn't, it would be curtains for them all. No two ways about that.

"God—" said Carmichael, "—if You'll help me out of this . . ."

A wicked gust of wind plunged at Carmichael's neck and struck it like a whiplash. He wheeled and faced it. Suddenly his mind began to click. He'd noticed it before, subconsciously, that sudden blast as he had stood there on the edge. Now he began to count, eyes on his wrist watch. Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty. It died away. There was a pause and then the squall swelled up again. Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one. He stood there for ten minutes in the dying light and gauged it patiently. There was an intermittent regularity about it. It lasted roughly half a minute. Then it died. But while it blew, it had gale force. If it would only hold. . . .

Carmichael ran back to the Merlin and called Reed.

"Hey, Reed, dump the spare gear. And the movable chairs. Measure the tanks and drain 'em down to two hours."

He sped back down the canyon rim, armed with a roll of bandage. He scratched around for a small branch and wedged it till it held. Then he cut a length of gauze and tied it like a banner to the branch. Mechanically he went on counting. Twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine. . . .

"Good," Carmichael said. The rhythm of the wind was constant. He tied the bandage with a final knot for luck. Then he walked over to the wreck. He stood a moment silently beside the smashed-in nose. He couldn't take the bodies.

"Well, so long, old timer," said Carmichael slowly. "Now it's my draw."

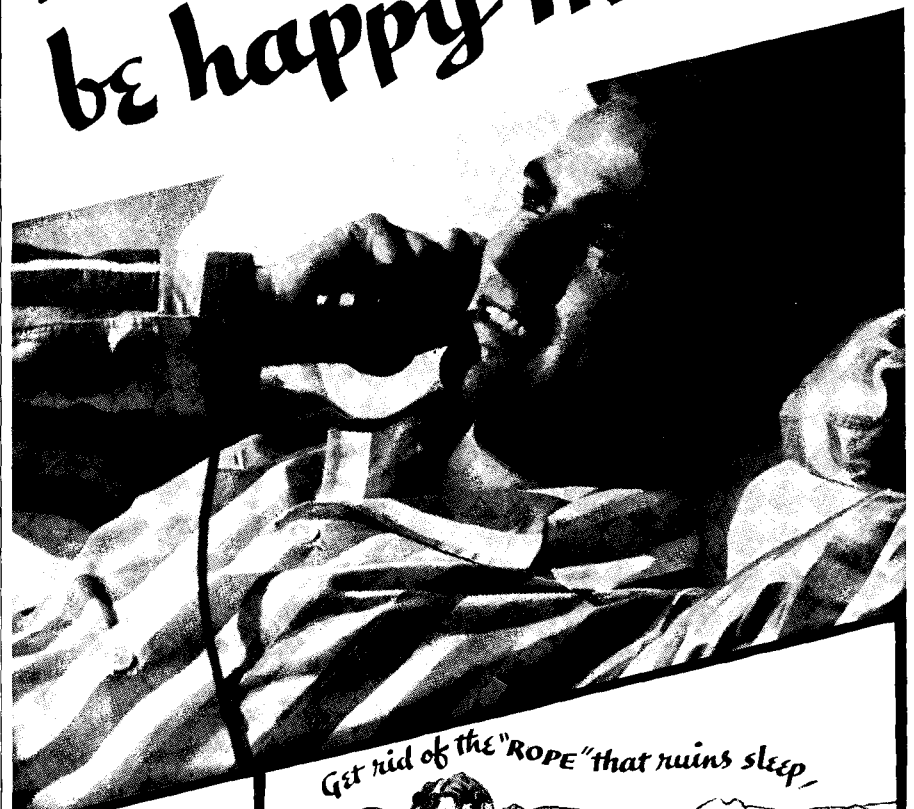
"Ready here!" called Reed across the snow.

"Right!"

Carmichael looked the Merlin over. He met the young co-pilot's eye and let a hand fall on his shoulder.

(Continued on page 50)

How to be happy IN BED



Get rid of the "ROPE" that ruins sleep.



(Above)
He wakes up smiling after sleeping in Faultless Nobelt Pajamas. This coat model, Wilmer No. 1, in a variety of beautifully striped broadcloths, \$2.65.

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They stay up without noticeable pressure.

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Now at your favorite men's store in all fashionable styles, fabrics, colors—\$2 to \$15.

Tailored exclusively by WILSON BROTHERS, also makers of V-line Shirts, Super Shorts, Buffer Heel and Toe Hose, Wilbro Neckwear.



"Can't something be done about this ivy, pet?"

V. CARPENTER

"OUCH!" ... at every step because of LOPSIDED HEELS



IF you work on your feet—if your feet are sensitive—heed this warning from leading orthopedic surgeons:

"Walking on run-over heels can injure the foot structure, sometimes permanently." For, as any skilled shoe fitter will tell you, the heel is the largest, most important bone in the arch. Sagging heels mean sagging arches—and that's the cause of "touchy" feet, arch trouble, and often flat foot.

Goodyear Wingfoot Heels keep shoes and heels straight and prevent fatiguing strains—because they are built of such tough, resilient rubber that they keep their shape and wear down **EVENLY!**

There's no better, or more reasonable foot protection. That's why more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind. You can get their foot-easy comfort at any good repair shop—in a jiffy!

GOOD YEAR WINGFOOT HEELS



keep shoes and feet straight

(Continued from page 49)

"Fine. Now, listen, fella—this take-off's liable to be a trifle fancy. I want you back there in the cabin. Strap-hanging, see? Don't let the folks get thrown up through the roof, and have a bedtime story handy for the kid."

"Okay!" Reed nodded. He added: "But, mind you, Mike, my famous last words were 'You're nuts!'"

"Save 'em for the hangman! We'll make out."

DOWNWIND, Carmichael edged the big ship into the last foot of space. Bracing his feet on the brakes, he ran each engine wide, minute by minute. He wanted them red-hot for the last ounce of power. In the distance he observed the streaming bandage loop all at once into a sharp arc and, like a thing possessed, dash through a repertory of crazy antics. Then it went limp again.

"Check," said Carmichael; "now if I catch the next..."

Then he let go the brakes. The machine lurched forward and the engines split the mountain echoes with their roar. They raced across the little space. The scant width of a farmyard, thought Carmichael, of a hen-coop—maybe he was an imbecile to have tried the thing. Ah! the controls began to bite. Ahead the gauze lashed back into its dervish dance, and by that fitful signal, by that brief buoyant gust, he and his little band must live or die. Too late to stop. A few more seconds now...

"Janet, old girl... if I get out of this... I swear—"

The canyon rim rushed headlong at them, the giant Merlin shot over the brink. Carmichael felt the drop, the forward plunge now that the wheels no longer dragged. Simultaneously he wrenched her level, aimed her smack at the sky-filling wall ahead. Now! In the last decimal of time, the ultimate, agonizing instant, he threw her over in a vertical turn. Wheels seemed to scrape the rock face, seeking some last despairing hold, the lower wingtip brushed the antlers of the rangy pines beneath...

It was all over. Carmichael stuck the nose up and began to climb. He filled his bursting lungs with air, and rocked his wings. Reed came up.

"The Master Mind!" said Reed. "I'm much obliged!" His face above his dark blue overcoat was like a chalk mark.

"Take over," said Carmichael, "I got chilblains."

He turned the dial and plugged in to the airport.

Carmichael walked back to the cabin. The injured couple lay there motionless, but breathing quietly. It seemed to him that the girl's face showed a little color as he propped another pillow underneath her head. She looked so young, not more than Janet's age, too young and gentle to be trapped in such a mess. Well, they would have a doctor waiting at the airport when they landed. The weather had begun to clear. A good hour ought to see them in.

Carmichael didn't want to think of doctors. He sat down by the child, unbuckled her and took her on his lap. Her eyes were sleepy, and her baby face was moist with tears, and chocolate.

"Sleepy?" Carmichael said. "Well, it's okay with me, young butterball. Just go the limit."

• He was surprised to find a little girl could feel so soft and warm and comforting. She seemed to fit into his arms as if she'd grown there and his heart began to beat against the tousled head like an old habit.

"Cozy!" Carmichael thought, and suddenly he knew he wouldn't mind if

Janet's baby were a little girl. He wouldn't mind? ... it would be grand, stupendous. He and young Janet and a little girl. Why, they could lick the world. What matchless vanity, what half-baked self-infatuation had made up his mind that the child would be a boy? A boy! ... a boy who'd grow up in this crazy racket and try to go his dad one better every trick, to skin past, fifty or a hundred times, by the enamel finish on his teeth. Or just to miss—like Holt and the poor lad who sat beside him. A boy, to toss his shining, valorous youth into some stinking war, to trample with swift feet on a brave heart like Janet's...

"A girl," muttered Carmichael to the drowsing child, "gimme a little girl..."

The light was gone. Carmichael did not see Reed's hand wave through the door. But suddenly he caught the rocking motion of the wings.

"Now what?" Carmichael thought savagely. He put the sleeping baby down and hurried forward as the wings began to rock again.

Reed's grin was plastered on his bony face from ear to ear, and one hand gestured wildly at his earpiece.

"It's a BOY!" yelled Reed, "oh, Poppa!"

A boy! Carmichael felt the thunder of his heart and flopped. A boy... his boy, a strong, straight, wiry-muscled lad, to race beside him, bareheaded, through the clouds, to taste the wild champagne of flight, the joy of mastery. A boy! Oh, God... how much distending glory could a heart encompass at a single stroke. A son! His son and Janet's.

Half dazed, he listened to the voice of Doyle seep through the earpiece which the jubilant Reed had slapped across his head. ... "A boy... eight pounds... both doing well..."

"Poppa," Reed was gibbering, "oh, boy, horray for Poppa!"

The voice in the earpiece petered out and suddenly the blur that hung around Carmichael's vision cleared. The night awoke around him. The black arch of heaven, the hooded clouds, the beckoning sentinels of light on the horizon. Home!

"Gimme!" Carmichael shouted. He wrenched the wheel from Reed, opened the guns, dropped the nose, and, leaping like live thunder, tore for home.

THE nurse deprived Carmichael of the squalling, ruddy morsel in his arms and left the room. Janet was watching him, her wide brown eyes inscrutable for once. He sat down on the bed and took her hand.

"The conquering hero!" Janet said at last. She added: "Of course, I knew you'd gone."

"Honey," Carmichael's eyes pleaded with her, "I'm sorry... It was a rotten thing—but, it's the last time... honest, kid—I swear—"

"Again?"

Carmichael dropped his eyes.

"I know. I haven't any right—"

"Oh, Mike—my precious idiot—we might have known that promise couldn't take. 'To thine own self be true,' you know. So it just had to be. You see, you couldn't keep a sissy promise and be you. I'm glad!"

"Janet!"

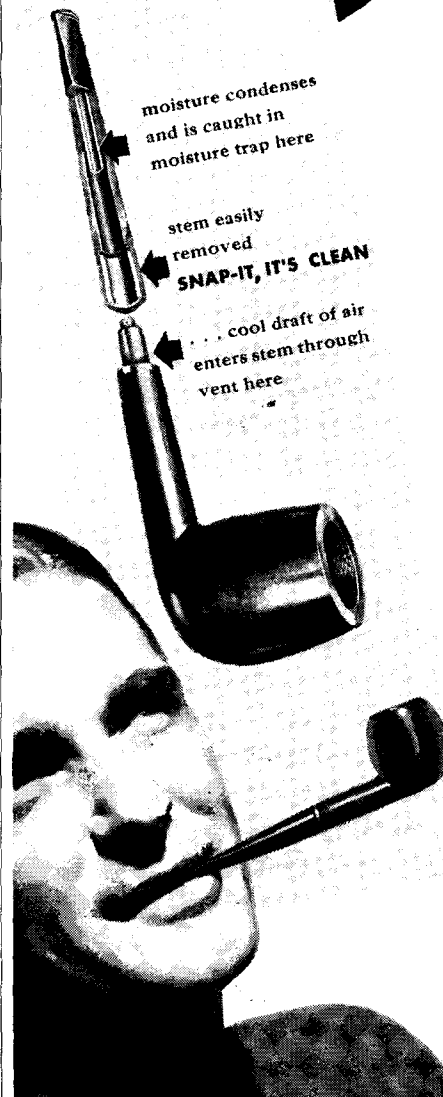
They sat in silence for a while, her hand in his. On the edge of town the Overland Flier whistled as it pulled out noisily.

"A few more weeks," Carmichael said, "and we'll be on that train. You, me and Mr. Carmichael Jr!"

Janet's eyes laughed in the way he loved.

"You, maybe," said Janet, "but as for me and Mr. Carmichael Jr.—we're arranging to go through by plane."

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Snap-KLEEN \$2.50

In Sickness and in Health

Continued from page 10

Since it was something new in medical practice, it created a sensation in the profession and there was indignation on the part of those who felt that the patients showed extreme ingratitude to a man doing his best for them.

"That," said the doctors bitterly, "is a sample of the thanks we get when we try to help these people."

On second thought, however, it was agreed that the action of the women, although rough and direct, was a striking illustration of the crisis in medicine.

The figures are not pleasant. The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, fostered by President Hoover and headed by Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, former president of the American Medical Association, reported in 1932 that fifty-two per cent of the American population receive no services from a physician, seventy-nine per cent get no attention from a dentist, eighty-nine per cent receive no health examination or similar preventive service and sixty-two per cent receive no medical, dental or eye care of any sort. These statistics are for the prosperous years of 1928-1929. Conditions are admittedly much worse now.

A Battle of Words

On the other hand, consider the case of the gentleman in St. Louis and his colleagues. The general impression, of the city physician at least, is of a distinguished gentleman with a goatee who rides about in a limousine and has a black-paneled office furnished in sink-down furniture, soft lights, office assistants and junior medicos. Most undoubtedly there are such doctors and surgeons in the higher income brackets but a great many of them are now behind in the rent and even in 1929, that year of glorious memory, one third of all physicians in this country had incomes of less than \$2,500. More doctors were to be found in the \$1,000 to \$2,000 class than in any other.

Very obviously something is wrong. There are millions of Americans without medical care and thousands of doctors, dentists and nurses without adequate incomes because they either have no patients or no patients able to pay for their services.

Hence the plans for prepayment medical care and the rumpus within the profession. It reached a climax with the report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. You may have forgotten the circumstances. It was issued in December, 1932, and was mixed up with Christmas shopping, post-election excitement and general interest in other matters. There was a majority report recommending health insurance and other arrangements tending toward the socialization of medicine.

But it was behind the scenes that the real drama was developing. In the offices of the American Medical Association in Chicago, Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the Association, was forging some of his weightier thunderbolts. The release of the committee's report was followed almost immediately by a blast from Dr. Fishbein which exploded not only over the front pages of the newspapers but which swept the medical journals along in its wake. The committee was at a disadvantage. Feeling that the report itself would do the work, the committee released it and sat back to wait for the reactions.

The reactions were tremendous and mainly in opposition. By the time the

committee realized that publicity could be a powerful thing and had appointed Morris Llewellyn Cooke to conduct a campaign on behalf of the ideas of the report, the Fishbein campaign had been going without competition for months. The other mistake the committee made was in running out of funds just about the time they were prepared to get in their most ponderous licks. To give you an idea of the level on which the discussion was started, it may be said that the Journal of the American Medical Association denounced the committee's report as "Socialism and Communism—inciting to revolution." It was a little difficult to think of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur leading the revolutionary hordes but you will get the general impression that feelings were running high.

They are still running high. The annual convention of the American Medical Association was held this year in Cleveland. On the eve of its opening session, the American College of Surgeons, through its Board of Regents, issued a report in Chicago advocating a thorough investigation of health insurance with a view to giving it the official endorsement of the organization. Since the surgeons are also members of the parent medical association, the anger in Cleveland was much as if a younger son had stood on the public square and asked in a loud voice why the old man persisted in hanging on to the old Model T. In short, the surgeons were accused of having deliberately put the A. M. A. on the spot and no weighty attempts were made to maintain the amenities.

From which it may be deduced that the Medical Association is not having things all its own way. If Dr. Fishbein has not been backward in using his pen against health insurance, such men as John A. Kingsbury, secretary of the Milbank Memorial Fund; Dr. Michael Davis, director of medical service of the Rosenwald Fund; William Trufant Foster, of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, and Dr. Franklin H. Martin, director-general of the American College of Surgeons, have been bringing their effective speaking and organizing ability to bear on the other side.

It Works in Europe

There is no lack of arguments as to the effect health insurance will have on both the doctor and the patient. The opponents make these objections: health insurance will sap the initiative of the physicians; it will upset the personal relationship between the doctor and the patient; it will turn good doctors into medical robots; it will make guinea pigs of the patients; it will bring the evils of institutionalized medicine into general practice; it will give slick business men a chance to use the doctors for their own profit.

The advocates of health insurance have another story. They reply: Every plan of health insurance yet proposed gives the patient the choice of his physician. But just for the sake of an argument, what is the matter with a clinic? Only a few of the thousands who go to the clinic of the Mayo Brothers at Rochester, Minn., get the attention of either Dr. Will or Dr. Charlie Mayo. They are assigned to doctors they have never heard of before but in whom they have confidence because of the reputation of the clinic.

When I was in Philadelphia recently
(Continued on page 52)

11 NEW WORLD'S SPEED RECORDS FOR PENNZOIL!

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NOTE: Pennzoil SAE 10 and SAE 20 meet specifications of 10-W and 20-W winter-oil grades recommended by leading automotive engineering groups.

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6c of winter repair bills are due to thin winter oil that breaks down under engine heat. Playsafe with Pennzoil. It starts quickly in sub-zero weather, yet stands up under highest operating temperatures.



TOUGH FILM

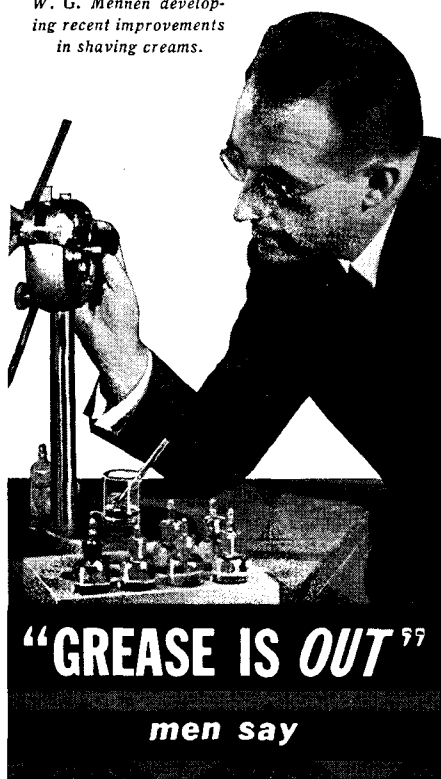
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"My brushless shave is a cream . . . not a grease."

W. G. Mennen

MOST MEN hate grease. That's the big argument against the old type of brushless shave. Clogs your pores; makes you feel and look greasy.

"It would have been foolish for me to make merely another greasy brushless, with men everywhere saying 'Grease is out!' So I didn't put out a brushless shave until I was able to offer you one that's a *cream*, not a grease. And did Mennen Brushless catch on! Men from forty-eight states wrote: 'At last a brushless that's not greasy! A brushless that makes shaving a pleasure.'"

"Mennen Brushless improves your shave in no less than five ways."

THE FIVE IMPROVEMENTS

1. **Wilts whiskers**—smooths the path of the razor. The blade sails over the skin. No yank! No pull!
2. **Shows white on the face**—so you can see the path of the razor.
3. **Washes off easily**—being highly soluble it doesn't clog razor or wash-basin.
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brushless SHAVE

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5 products for 10¢

"One type of shave does not suit all faces best. Oily skins need a lather shave; dry skins, a brushless. Which is best for you? I've made up a Skin-Tester Kit to answer that one. Contains trial sizes Mennen Lather Shave, Mennen Brushless, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer, and a Mennen Double-Edge Blade. Just write your name and address in margin, tear off with this coupon, enclose 10c and mail to Dept. C-26, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J."

(Continued from page 51)

I was told of doctors and dentists driving taxicabs and working on construction jobs as manual laborers. Others were taking institutional jobs or were working in city clinics at salaries below that of the ordinary clerk. Several of those I spoke to, however, were convinced that if the patients would only be decent enough to pay their bills, the medical profession would be all right. A man can have a car, he can go to shows and take vacations, but he can't pay his doctor bills, say the physicians.

That is all true enough and it is one of the hard nuts to crack but it still doesn't solve the problem. I talked with one of my old college friends about that.

"Well, figure it out for yourself," he said. "I used to have a good job but now I make two hundred a month and am glad to get it. That's a pretty good position now and I know a lot of engineers who would give their left legs to have it. But I have a wife and two children. Say I saved twenty-five dollars a month toward doctor bills, which I can't begin to do and keep up my insurance and live decently. If I did that I'd have three hundred dollars a year for doctors. My little girl had pneumonia last year and it cost me that in a month. Now we have to take the best care in the world of her, and expensive care at that, or she may go into tuberculosis. What if that happened? It would mean either the state sanatorium or a strain on my own pocketbook I couldn't begin to meet even if I set aside fifty dollars a month. What these fellows do who make twenty-five dollars a week is beyond me."

Health insurance is a comparatively new thing in this country. The history of the movement begins in 1883 when Bismarck inaugurated the plan in Germany to take the wind out of the sails of the Socialists. It failed to ruin the Socialists but it became such an integral part of the German social system that it now takes in 40,000,000 beneficiaries out of a total population of 63,000,000 and engages the services of 35,000 physicians out of a total of 50,000. With the German plan as an example, health insurance has spread to forty countries and includes every nation in Europe but Italy. England launched its system in 1911 when Lloyd George whipped the doctors into line and France as recently as 1930 adopted a plan which brings health benefits to 12,000,000 of its inhabitants.

But we have had something like health insurance for a long time. We have had the company doctor and company medical care by large industrial units, railroads and mining companies. The growth of prepayment medical care on the Pacific Coast has been attributed to the pioneering of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Holding the Fort

In addition to the company plan, there are clinics operated by various medical societies themselves. The movement has spread rapidly on the Pacific Coast and particularly around Portland and Seattle. Since the doctors keep all outsiders away from it, what it requires of course is a good doctor who is at the same time a good administrator. The fees run higher than in the Ross-Loos clinic but the objections are overcome that business is being taken from other physicians. In this plan the physicians themselves form the organization and run it. The patient has his choice of his doctor from the entire list and is in the exclusive care of that practitioner. Membership fees run from five to one hundred dollars, depending upon the amount of help the association has from other

local sources. In other cases subscribers pay from one to two dollars a month.

While the American Medical Association is holding the fort against socialization, the American Hospital Association has endorsed a plan for group hospitalization. In many communities the problem of the hospital is so acute that nothing but bankruptcy faces most of them. The new plan does not include the services of a physician, who must be selected by the patient before he will be allowed to enter the hospital, but it does take in board and room, in-patient service, operating-room, laboratory and X-ray for a period ranging between fifteen and thirty days. The usual annual rates are from six to twelve dollars a subscriber.

Perhaps the most important developments along this line are those at Dallas, Texas, and the city-wide plan at Newark, New Jersey. The Baylor University Hospital in Dallas, Texas, started in 1930 and by 1934 had 15,000 subscribers. The Methodist Hospital in the same city later enrolled more than 7,000 members and St. Paul's Hospital took on more than 1,500 subscribers in a year's time. There are many individual hospitals and small groups of hospitals over the country now giving prepayment service.

Socialism or Sociology?

It must not be thought that the members of the American medical profession are simply acting as dogs in the manger or as hidebound reactionaries. In all sincerity they feel that American medical standards are the highest in the world and that anything breaking up the personal relationship between the patient and the physician can only result in evil to both. They maintain that health insurance may seem a feasible scheme but when you start such plans they go rapidly from a voluntary to a compulsory base and eventually end up in government control. It is true that many recent prepayment plans have been in the hands of unscrupulous promoters who have sold memberships by high pressure methods and have departed with the money when the receipts began to fall off. The American Medical Association looks on health insurance as an entering wedge for state medicine. The British Medical Association, on the contrary, regards it as the most effective weapon against Socialism and infers that the Americans are confusing sociology with Socialism.

In Chicago the day after the Cleveland convention of the A. M. A., I sat across the table from a doctor who had come from Oklahoma to attend the sessions.

"Of course the foundations are all for health insurance," he said. "Why shouldn't they be? Look what they'll make out of it."

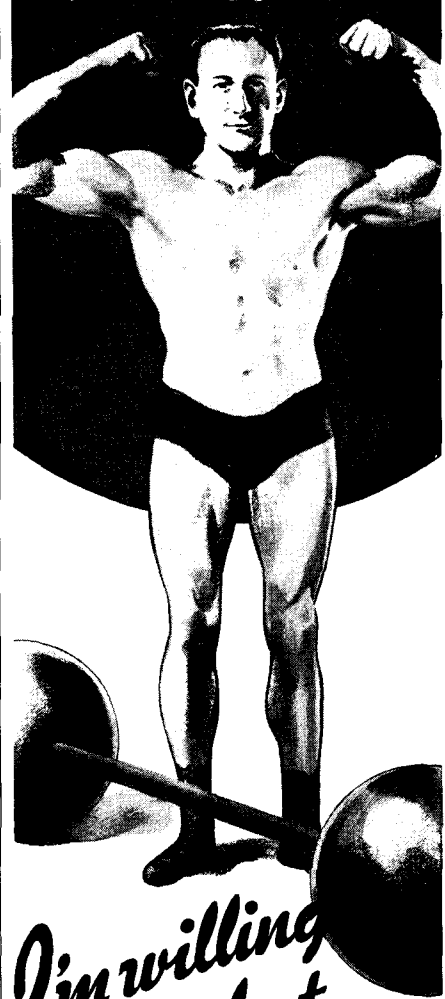
And then he added bitterly: "I wish I still could make something out of it. I've been carrying people on my books for five years and never get a penny out of them. But what are you going to do when they call you and they have a sick boy or girl in the family? They're worse off than I am, so I just go and hope that some day I'll get paid for it."

Just how the foundations could make anything out of it wasn't clear and is even less clear upon investigation, but it was unquestionably true that the doctor was speaking from the heart about his own affairs. The fact still remains that millions of Americans receive no medical care of any sort and graduates of medical schools walk the streets in poverty because they can't find patients with money enough to pay for their services.

That is what is known in dramatic circles as a situation.

They say

HE
CAN LIFT THAT
OVER HIS HEAD



I'm willing
to bet that
he can

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Genuine
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FILES

A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

What You Don't See

Continued from page 9

There's a sequel. The remainder of the game was a succession of battering advances by N. Y. U., last-minute stands by a thin blue Georgetown line and tremendous punts out of danger by the aforementioned Mr. Mooney, who was the greatest kicker it has ever been my pleasure to coach.

With only a few minutes to play in the fourth quarter, Georgetown still led, 7-0, by the grace of good fortune and the power that was in the large right foot of the man named Mooney. Again N. Y. U. threatened. Again, in what would have been the shadow of our goal-posts if there had been a sun shining to cast a shadow, there came the strength from somewhere to turn back this attack led by Ken Strong and Ed Hill, the great pair of backs dressed in N. Y. U. violet. Georgetown's ball on downs on Georgetown's two-yard line.

When the Quarterback Was Wrong

And now come back into the huddle with me again, this time on the muddy terrain of New York's Yankee Stadium. Not until the game was over, of course, did I learn what had happened.

"You're going to kick it away from there," said Quarterback Johnny Scalzi to Mooney.

"Not if you want to make sure of winning this ball game, I'm not," replied Mooney. "They've been coming through on me faster and faster. With me backed up there in the end-zone, they may hurry it or even block it. We'll take a safety. Give 'em two points. Then we'll move out and I'll kick it into the next county for you. Let's get smart."

They say difference of opinion should never be countenanced in the huddle. Ninety-nine times in a hundred I agree. Our quarterback—may he be always right, but our quarterback, right or wrong. However, this was the hundredth time. Mooney overruled both captain and quarterback—Scalzi took the safety. The team moved out. Now Mooney, without danger of blocking, drove the heavy ball not quite into the next county but down around the N. Y. U. 10-yard line, which was quite satisfactory to me. The game was clinched, 7-2.

I read the next day of Provincial's great run and of Mooney's remarkable kicking. They were obvious and certainly important factors in the victory. But so far as I know, this is the first recounting in print of the vital part played by Mooney in the scoring of Provincial's touchdown; and of the fact that it was Mooney's decision, for which he was ready to fight, to take the safety for safety's sake. You see, you miss things by keeping your eyes glued on the man with the ball. But more than that, there are some things happening out there in tense moments which you, in your seat in the stand, and I, down there on the bench, can't be expected to know at the moment. Perhaps this age of science will do something about that. The huddle between plays is about the only place to which radio announcers, with their portable short-wave broadcasting sets, have not yet penetrated.

Evidence of football intelligence that we in the stands fail to recognize marks every professional game. I'm thinking now of Russ Saunders, the old University of Southern California star, and one of the smartest bits of football brain-play I have ever noted.

The New York Giants, gridiron inhabitants of the Polo Grounds while

Bill Terry's baseball Giants are off hunting and fishing in the autumn months, were locked in a bitter battle with the Green Bay Packers. Dale Burnett, Giants' halfback, caught a Packers' kickoff midway in the game and came storming up the center alley to about his 40-yard line, where he suddenly swerved to his left, picking up a convoy of several interferers. Man after man in the runner's path was cut down until only Red Dunn, the Packers' safety man and former brilliant quarterback at Marquette, remained as a potential tackler.

Ten yards or less from the sideline, with only Dunn ahead, Burnett straightened out again, heading directly upfield.

There were 40,000 in the stands and I'll bet that every pair of eyes but one waited only for the crash of Dunn and Burnett that was to come two seconds later.

The spectators had forgotten Saunders who, cut down by one of Burnett's phalanx of interferers, had bounced to his feet in what appeared to be a hopeless chase. Dunn, up ahead, was eagerly attempting to force Burnett toward the sideline, maneuvering as a smart safety man should to make a decisive ally of the sideline, to force the runner out of bounds or into vulnerable position for a side tackle.

Equally cagy, Burnett was refusing to be forced to the sideline. He continued straight. That meant Dunn would be committed to a straight, open-field tackle in which the runner, who has ample room in which to cut to either side, always has an advantage.

Meanwhile Saunders, a fast man, had come up to within four or five yards of Burnett. But so far as catching the fugitive in a straightaway race was concerned, Saunders might as well have been in a seat beside me in the stand. Burnett was not slow.

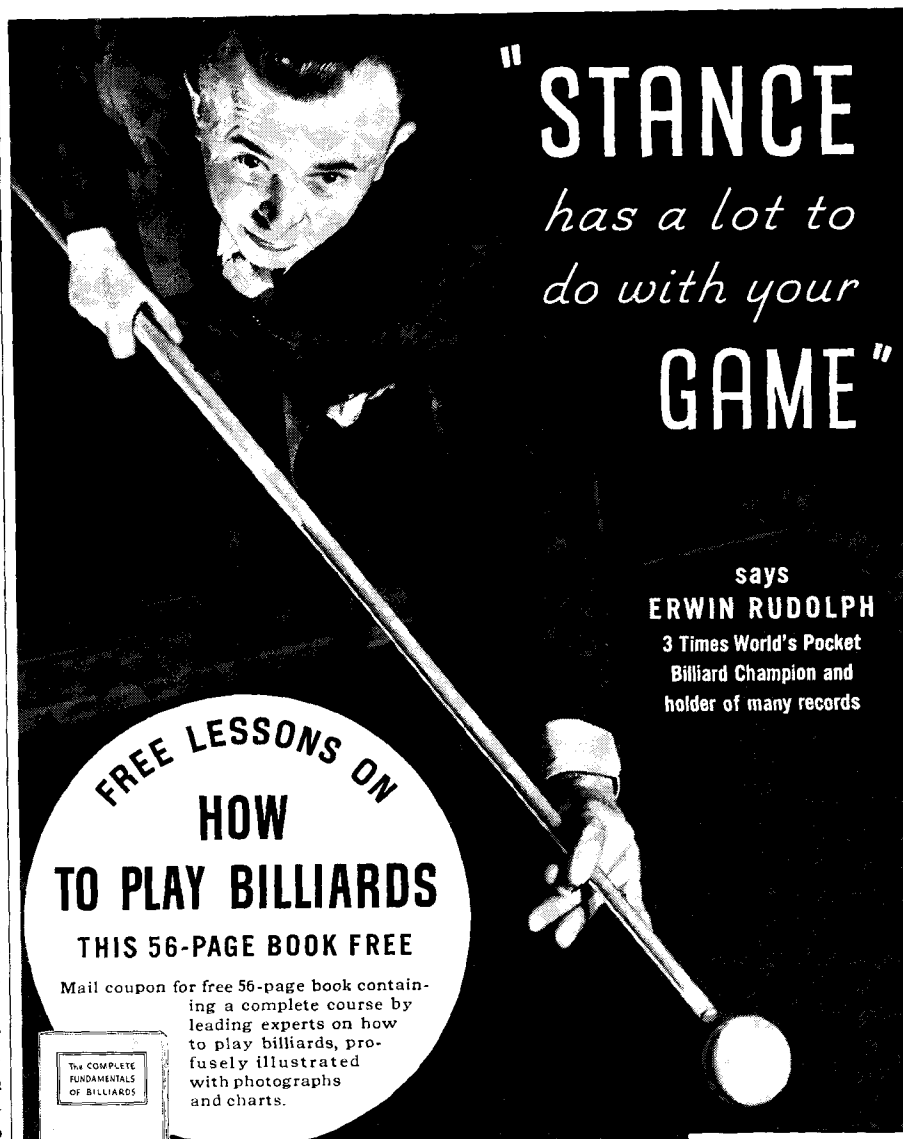
The Real Grid Hero

Saunders knew that. But he knew also that if Burnett were forced to cut back sharply toward the center of the field again, the angle would be such that he could be overhauled. He acted. "Watch the inside," he yelled to Dunn. "Force him in," meanwhile pointing with his hand.

Dunn grasped the situation instantly, moving up and out toward his invaluable ally, the sideline. Burnett as well knew what was happening. To cut back toward the middle would be to sacrifice his lead on Saunders and to be pulled down from behind, which is the easiest possible kind of tackle. To meet Dunn from the front still offered the chance of a sharp change of pace and a missed tackle. He swerved toward the sideline.

But Dunn, an uncommonly sure tackler, now had no worries about the runner cutting back. Saunders had lifted those from his shoulders. Dunn now had a narrow strip of turf to guard. Two more strides toward the sideline and now it was Dunn, not the runner, who held the advantage. His tackle was a thing of beauty and 40,000 persons cheered—but it was hooray for Dunn, not Saunders. As they trotted back to their defensive positions, however, I saw Dunn, jogging past Saunders, give Russ a little tug on the jersey that was as good as a twenty-minute conversation. Dunn knew who had made the tackle possible. That tug on the jersey was the football

(Continued on page 54)



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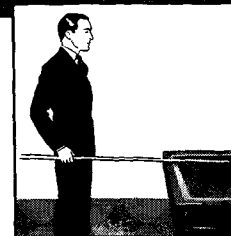
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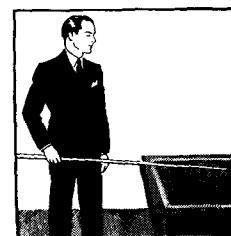
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"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"



(Continued from page 53)
player's "Much obliged. I'll do as much for you some time."

It is still true even in this day of the forward pass, the lateral pass, the open play and all the other refinements of modern football, that the lineman, the infantryman of the gridiron war game, holds the balance of power. The line that clicks on the offense, that cleans out, that blocks with the split-second timing of a fine watch, can make a combination of ordinary backs resemble a quartet of Red Grange, Ernie Nevers, Jim Thorpe and Cotton Warburton on a good day.

The Players Know

And for what reward? Well, their self-esteem and the respect of their mates make up for a good deal. The football players themselves know. Check over the list of varsity captains this year and I think you will find the linemen lead by a greater proportion than their seven-to-four ratio warrants.

So forget the ball carriers for a few

plays when you settle back in your seat on some of these Saturday afternoons. Don't be excited. Try to understand what is making your favorite team go. Is your center passing accurately? That's one reason why the attack is moving. Is that guard swinging out of the line and cutting down a defensive end or fullback? Or is he "pointing," giving away his intention before the ball is snapped? If your guard misses his man and the play is smeared at the line of scrimmage, don't rant about poor quarterbacking or the coach's bad offense. But—if the play goes for twenty-five yards, remember you were smart enough to watch those running linemen swing out and knock down people who might otherwise have been rude enough to set the ball carrier back on his shoulder blades.

You'll see more football played than you and the cheer leaders and the newspaper headline writers ever guessed was there.

"What it Takes," the second article of this series, will appear in next week's Collier's.

After the Hounds

Continued from page 23

well; but he should remember that height and distance count, too. I well remember last year's Dangerous Fall contest. It was won by a horse named Rain in the Foothills. He threw his rider forty-two feet eight inches."

"I think you're a worm," she told him.

Involuntarily his arm tightened about her as she smiled up at him; then instantly the smile was gone—Ann flinched, and her cheeks went white.

"Why—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry."

Dick Thomas angered. "If this is some more of that Caisson horse—"

"I think it's only that they've taped me up too tight."

"But, Ann, I sent you horses that—"

"Clif wanted me to ride Caisson. Clif said—"

He didn't learn what Clif had said; someone cut in just then and danced her away. But he guessed he could get along without hearing what Clif had said.

Dick took himself for a walk in the frosty starlight. It had been hard for him to conceive that Ann Taylor was definitely not for him. But now at last he got it—definitely and conclusively, and all at once. He no longer doubted Babs McChesney's explanation of why Ann had been so eager to jump, nor discounted the suave surety of Clifton Foster.

If he had been slow in getting the idea, it was not because he did not know his own mind. He looked out across the corn-shocked and pumpkin-strewn fields, clear-cut in the starlight; some of those fields were his. part of his life since his earliest memory. But now they seemed to him empty and barren, and haunted with weary ghosts better forgotten.

He went back into the clubhouse and cut in on Ann Taylor.

"There's something I may as well tell you," he said ironically. "There's no reason for keeping you in suspense."

"Am I supposed to be in suspense?"

"You're going to get what you want, all right," he told her without expression.

"And what is it you think I want?" "I'm going to sell my Wissatuck country to Clifton Foster."

She didn't get that the first time, and he had to repeat it. When she was sure

of what he had said she seemed astonished.

"But you don't mean the house—the—"

"The house, the stables, the horses—everything. He'll have to take all or none."

Ann dropped her hands and stepped back to stand looking at him dazedly. "Dick! I don't—I thought—"

"Whatever you do, don't start thanking me," he said. "He'll pay its full value; I'll see to that."

"Thanking you? But—"

He hadn't expected to say to her what he said then. Even afterward he couldn't be sure that he was honestly sorry for it. His words were even and steady. "I don't want the place anyway, Ann," he said; "I think you've poisoned it for me."

THEY stood looking at each other, and he grinned at her sardonically. Then he cupped one hand behind her head, and with his other hand lifted her chin. Dancing couples were all around them, but he didn't care anything about that. He kissed her mouth, and it was no mere momentary brushing of the lips, either.

"Good luck to you," he said. "Try to pace the jumps." He turned his back on her and walked out.

He rode with the hunt a couple of days later. It was the first time he had ridden to hounds in more than three weeks. He had an idea that he had better get done what riding he was going to do in this country. Clifton Foster hadn't come to see him yet, but Dick knew he would come, and that they would be able to get together all right.

Dick joined the hunt at Souder's Bridge, and they went hacking along a tree-lined road in flat sunlight. He was cool and steady as he came up beside to Ann Taylor. She was riding a tremendous seventeen-hand gray.

"What a large, determined-looking horse," he said. "Caisson, I suppose?"

Ann hardly looked at him; the lids of her eyes seemed tense, and her fingers were stiff upon the reins.

"Yes," she answered, and pushed the big gray ahead. Dick made his own horse drop back.

They "found" in the second cover drawn by Hugh Taylor.

For a few minutes the hound music



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and the rhythmic power of his Irish hunter possessed all of Dick's mind. They were coming into the country of post-and-rail fences. Dick, rating his horse along easily, well back, watched the leaders begin to go over their first fence. He couldn't help noticing where Ann was always, whenever she was in sight. Ann and Clifton Foster were well up to the front; the two big grays they rode seemed eager to make it a horse race. Pullers, both of them, Dick decided.

He was thinking about Ann's fractured rib and was angrily impatient that she should have been permitted to ride. He swore a little, and thought poorly of Clifton Foster.

JUST then Ann put Caisson over his first jump.

The big gray came at the fence with a hammering, slashing stride. He hit the top rail with a shattering crack. He came down stumbling, hind feet high and to one side; fought for recovery; made it, and went tearing on. Ann was still up, but that was about all.

Babs McChesney came up beside Dick and they galloped their horses easily, side by side. They jumped two more post-and-rail fences, a chicken-coop panel set into wire, a shallow brook.

"Every time that gray jumps I forget to breathe," Babs said. "He throws himself at a jump like a handful of buckshot."

Dick Thomas didn't say anything.

"His horse is much faster than hers," Babs went on, her eyes still on the pair of grays far ahead. "She's letting Caisson come at his jumps overextended, just to keep up with Clif. She's riding as if she were perfectly crazy."

It was true that Ann appeared to be riding with a kind of desperation, as if she didn't care what she did. Dick Thomas was relieved when they came to their first check, the pack having lost the scent in a long rift of brushy woodland. Old Hugh Taylor, M. F. H., held up his hunt outside the covert, and waited for signals from his huntsman or his whippers-in.

"Listen," Dick said to Babs. "Go over and talk to Clifton Foster—tell him in God's name to be careful. He'll get that girl killed, leading her into riding like that. That elephant of a horse isn't up to it."

"I don't see how I can—"

"If you don't, I'll tell him myself. And that will be bad."

"I'll go."

She was back in a few minutes, moving her horse slowly through the waiting hunt. She told Dick, "He said she isn't holding up his head. You know what I think? I think the animal's mouth is made of aluminum."

Dick began, "If I go over there and—"

"Dick Thomas, you stay where you are!"

He said reluctantly, "Oh, all right."

"You don't look happy, Dick."

"I guess I'm tired of hunting, Babs; I'm not sorry that I'm about through."

"Through?"

"Foster wants to buy my country; I'm going to let him have it, Babs."

"Dick! You can't do that! Why, your people have held this land since Philadelphia was a village. You're rooted in this soil. You can't sell your home!"

Across the woods came a faint cry, the call that meant the fox was sighted: "Tallyho! Tallyho!"

Dick Thomas held his horse and sat thinking for a few moments after Hugh Taylor had waved them on. The way Babs McChesney was looking at him told him that she was worrying about him in a sisterly sort of way, and wished to talk to him further. He wanted to get away from that.

"Perhaps you'd better go after the rest," he said. "I'm going to take a short cut around Shag Hill."

"It's a dirty ride," Babs complained. "The ugliest footing we have is right in your so-called short cut. There isn't a more treacherous jump in the country than the wall and water at the foot of old Shag."

"You'd better follow the others," Dick told her.

"What's more, there's no fox at the end of it, and you know it. You're only going that way because Ann and Clif went that way."

"They what?"

"They went whaling southeast about three minutes ago. Foster was riding over this way yesterday. He probably thinks he's solved the throw of the country."

Dick Thomas swore bitterly and put his horse the way Clifton Foster and Ann Taylor had gone. . . .

Dick drove his horse smashing and bounding through a wall of brush, cleared a wire fence where there was no panel, and raced around the shoulder of a hill, cat-jumping through a drift of boulders. A quarter of a mile ahead he sighted the grays he was looking for, both galloping hard, much too hard for hunting. He saw Ann turn in the saddle and he waved; he thought that she pulled in a little. He gaited his own horse a little more slowly, for the way was uphill here.

This gave Babs a chance to pull up alongside once more, panting. "Dick, you're worse than he is! Nobody jumps wire. Are you trying to kill that horse?"

"I tell you I won't have—"

"Oh, Lord," Babs gasped, "did you see that?"

Foster was riding a little ahead of Ann; he did this, no doubt, on the theory that her horse would jump better with its stable mate to lead. But what was really happening was that Caisson was led into blind, headlong running. Foster took a post-and-rail cleanly; it was so high that any conservative rider would have dismounted to take down the two top bars. Ann's horse flung itself over the obstacle like a crazy thing, floundered, struck its stride again and went on, dropping from view.

"Dick, they're not going around the hill at all! They're going straight down it! I saw him swing to the right!"

ALL this time an ugly anger had been rising in Dick; but now his temper broke and went out like a dam. He lifted his crop and brought it down with a whistling snap. His hunter, running as Dick had never let any hunter run, came tearing up the slope, cleared the bars by speed alone, swerved right and went plunging down a long declivity.

Below, at a furlong and a half, ran the stone wall that for a little way skirted the foot of old Shag. Beyond the wall a lazy brook ran close, sometimes deep, sometimes wide, shallow, and floored with muck. At two or three places you could jump that wall and water on an excellent horse, but so many good horses had been lost here that nobody ever did it any more. Dick had never tried this jump, until now had never seen it done.

But now he saw Clifton Foster, still riding his outrageous racing pace, lift his horse to that wall in a long, reaching jump. The big gray appeared to stumble and lose himself beyond the wall, almost went down. Foster pulled up hard, turned in the saddle and shouted; he lifted one hand, signaling Ann to stop.

Dick saw Ann try to pull up the great, wild-headed gray; a flicker of white froth spun from the bit, but the

(Continued on page 56)

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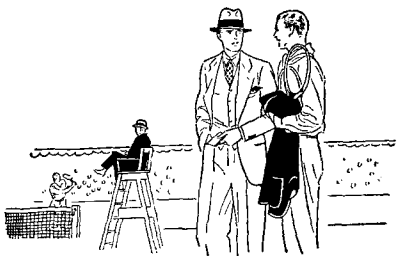
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(Continued from page 55)

animal's lunging rush was not checked. The big horse rose to the jump, and went hurtling over into space. Riding breakneck down the hill, Dick saw Caisson's heels go up, kick desperately for balance, then go down, disappearing behind the wall.

Foster sat for a moment as if paralyzed, then dropped from his horse; it galloped down the field. Then up from behind the wall Caisson scrambled, muddy and riderless, and ran off after the other.

Dick Thomas swerved his hunter fifty feet to one side of Ann's Waterloo, and rushed the wall insanely. He didn't know what kind of a footing was on the other side and he didn't care. They rose in a long, striving jump, came down in shallow water. The Irish hunter went to its knees. Dick flung out of the saddle and started running.

Ann, he saw now, was already up; and Clifton Foster was holding her in his arms. She appeared to cling to him, her cheek against his coat, her breath coming irregularly.

WEARILY, Dick walked down to the fence corner and caught his horse. Then he caught both grays and came back, leading them. Foster was saying to Ann, "Do you think you feel equal to going on?"

Ann said, "Of course I'm going on." "That's the spirit," Foster applauded. "That's what I like to see."

Ann accepted Caisson's reins from Dick, hardly looking at him. A dead sense of fatality was upon him. There wasn't anything he could do with a girl who was in love and a man who was blind to her danger.

Ann settled the leather on Caisson's neck, put one hand on the saddle. Then suddenly she bent at the knees and collapsed, coming down lifelessly under the feet of the big gray.

Babs McChesney was here by this time. She had dismounted on the other side of the wall and splashed through the shallows. She dropped beside Ann and took Ann's head into her lap.

Nowadays there are always people who follow the hunts in cars, darting along obscure roads to seek points of vantage, from which they may watch the panels which the hunt must cross. One of these cars was coming along now, down a little wooded road a hundred yards away. Dick whistled at it, and it rolled to a stop.

He stooped and picked Ann up in his arms.

"Here, I'll do that," said Foster. "Get out of my way," Dick said. He didn't raise his voice, but Foster stepped back. Dick lifted Ann into the car. Babs McChesney got in and put her arms around Ann. Ann was coming to life again now, was beginning to cry; she hid her face in Mrs. McChesney's shoulder.

Babs said, "Stable my hunter, will you, Dick?" He stood and watched the car roll off.

"Awfully bad luck," Foster remarked.

Dick turned and looked him over slowly.

"So that's what you like to see," he said, repeating Foster's remark. He stepped closer. "Take care of yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to give you the thrashing of your life."

"You're what? Why? What's the matter with you?"

"You'll never be horseman enough to know," Dick said. He smashed his left fist into Foster's face.

He had supposed that he would have to knock Foster down five or six times, but the second time Foster sprawled he did not get up. Dick threw a hatful of

water in the fellow's face and left him sitting against a post.

Dick rode into his stable yard shortly after noon. He felt none of the usual reactions to a good run with the hounds. He wasn't interested in lunch nor a highball nor in lazy relaxation. He wasn't interested in going any place, nor staying here. He didn't care where he was. He walked down the flagstone path to his house with the most complete indifference he had ever known.

Babs met him at the back door. "You have a house guest for a couple of days," she told him.

"Guest?"

"Ann broke her collar bone and two more ribs. We brought her here. Now the doctor doesn't want her moved."

"Oh," said Dick.

"I called her uncle, but he isn't home yet. Clifton Foster has got home, all right. It seems he had a fall and broke his nose. He's going back to New York."

"What a pity!"

"A nurse is coming; she'll be here some time this afternoon."

"Is Ann as bad as that?"

"Oh, no; but someone has to give her baths. You're not eligible. You'd better go in and see her now. She's in the southwest room—the one with the corner fireplace."

Dick went in. He found Ann looking very small in the enormous bed. Her hair was spread loosely over the pillow that very slightly propped up her head, and her eyes looked frightened.

"Hello."

"Hello."

"This is silly," Ann said.

"Are you feeling more comfortable now?"

"I'm perfectly all right. I'm going home just as soon as somebody will give me my clothes. I can't imagine why they brought me here."

"I'm sorry, Ann. But I can easily move out if you want me to."

SHE turned her face away from him abruptly, and there was an awkward silence. Presently Dick discovered that her eyes were closed, and that tears were beginning to get away from under her lashes.

"Why, Ann, what's the matter?"

"Tell Mrs. McChesney to come here right away. Tell her I want to get out of here. I want to go home."

"Please don't do that. Why, Ann, I thought you liked this house."

"I hate it," she said.

He angered sharply, though not at her. "I suppose Clif Foster managed that, too."

"You managed it yourself. Do you think I'm going to care more about your old funny house than you do yourself? It's your own, and you've had it always—yet you'd sell it to him."

"But I thought you wanted—"

"What do you care what I want? You haven't been near me for a week, nor phoned me, nor written me a note, and if I rode by here you managed to be gone."

"Look here—" he said—"look here—"

"Go away from me!"

He did not obey. He dropped to his knee beside the bed; he took her face between his hands and kissed her.

"Do you still want to get out of here?" he said at last.

"No."

"Ever?"

"Not ever."

"What a break it was that Babs brought you here!"

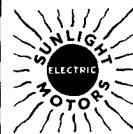
She said, "I told her to."

The little, old house seemed to glow and live, taking on a gentle sparkle. It had waited a long time for what was going to happen, but now seemed to feel a whole lot better already.



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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 26

make up your mind what you want to do."

From the newspaper-men came a murmur of approval. Sackville's face turned brick-red.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the lieutenant. "I ain't said a thing—well, you dined here with Miss Plaiice. Did she telephone anybody while you were here?"

Something suppressed in his voice, something about the way in which the lids drooped over his eyes, told Sturdevant that he knew the answer to this question. But why wouldn't Trenna have told the police that she talked to Haworth? What was the matter with him? Did he think for a minute that Trenna Plaiice had shot Len Haworth? Trenna had a famous temper, but she was not the woman to shoot a man. Why was he, Sturdevant, being so cautious?

"She called up Haworth," he said.

"What did she say to him?"

"She told him that she'd marry him tomorrow."

"How did she happen to do that?"

"I suppose it was because she'd told him she'd let him know," said Sturdevant.

"You and she hadn't had any row about Haworth, had you?"

THERE was no reason why Trenna should have told the police that she and Sturdevant had had a quarrel. To tell the police that Sturdevant had objected to her marriage to Haworth would put Sturdevant in an unenviable position, the position of a jealous and rejected lover. Trenna would not have done that. And in addition to his knowledge of Trenna's character, there was something in the way that Sackville put the question that made Sturdevant think the police detective was shooting in the dark.

He felt a sudden chill creep over him. He hadn't killed Haworth, but he had no alibi. He had not awakened his manservant on his arrival at his apartment on Gramercy Park. He had fought with Haworth a few hours before the killing. Bad blood could thus be proved to have existed between them. Inez Johnson could testify that Haworth had picked the quarrel, but if it could be shown that Sturdevant had bitterly resented Trenna's statement that she was going to marry Haworth, a substantial motive would be shown for Sturdevant's having killed Haworth. In the fraction of a second all these things flashed through Sturdevant's mind. The innocent, he realized, can sometimes be made to look guilty. And he gambled on the sweet loyalty of Trenna Plaiice.

"Why should we have a row? Of course we didn't," he replied.

"You were in love with her, weren't you?" persisted Sackville.

"When she told me that she was going to be married I drank to her happiness," said Sturdevant.

Sackville stared at him, but as his rather dull brain struggled with the framing of another question, the door-bell rang.

One of the detectives admitted Reed Ryan and Tom Granby. The latter, dressed with the care that brought a light of admiration to the eyes of Sergeant Wilcox, nodded a greeting to Sturdevant.

"Got over as quickly as I could, Sim," he said. "What's it all about? I'm Thomas Granby," he said to the room. "Mr. Sturdevant's lawyer. What have they been doing to you, Sim?"

"How did you happen to know where

Mr. Sturdevant was?" asked Sackville.

"He told me that the police were coming for him," replied Granby.

"In an awful hurry to get a lawyer, wasn't he?" commented the lieutenant.

"Why not? What's the charge against my client?" he demanded.

"No charge—yet," said Sackville. "A lot of suspicious matters that I want explained."

"But you haven't arrested my client?" inquired Granby sweetly.

"We haven't arrested anyone," said Sackville.

"This is Miss Plaiice's apartment," said Granby. "Where is she?"

"In her bedroom," replied Sackville.

"Alone?" asked Granby.

"Well, yes," admitted Sackville.

"You didn't let her phone her lawyer? You didn't remind her that she has a right to send for an attorney? Will you please tell her that Thomas Granby, of Granby and Fortescue, Mr. Sturdevant's attorney, is here and will be glad to represent her until she selects her own lawyer?"

"When she sends for you I'll let you know," said Sackville.

Granby smiled at him.

"You couldn't be kinder. But we won't wait that long. I wish to see Miss Plaiice now."

"You got no right to come barging in here—"

"None whatsoever, but I'm doing it. I have a right to see my own client, Mr. Sturdevant. I have no right to insist on representing Miss Plaiice. But I have an obligation, the obligation of any citizen, to insist that the police inform another citizen of her rights. Will you go in and tell Miss Plaiice that she is at liberty to telephone for an attorney?"

Again there came a murmur of approval from the group of reporters. Sackville nodded to one of the plain-clothesmen.

"Bring Miss Plaiice in here," he said. He turned to Sturdevant, but before he could speak Ryan lazily sat down on the arm of the chair on which Sturdevant was poised.

"Well, pal, I hope you haven't spilled news to these lads that you refused to give me."

SACKVILLE eyed him with disfavor. "So you're the man that tipped him off about this affair?"

"Why not?" asked Ryan. "I thought I might get a bit of news from him."

"You didn't care if you obstructed the course of justice by giving a suspect warning?" demanded Sackville.

"Not in the least," grinned Ryan. "Well, has anybody confessed? I just left the Bellwood home and your colleague, Lieutenant Henderson, seems to have had no luck. Miss Bellwood admits being at Haworth's apartment. But she says she left at a quarter to two. Never saw the gun that killed Haworth. Innocent as a babe unborn."

"She didn't mention seeing Trenna Plaiice at Haworth's apartment, did she?" asked Wilcox.

Sturdevant turned and stared at the innocent face of Wilcox. The sergeant nodded smilingly.

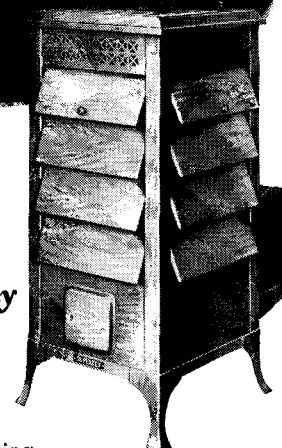
"Sure, she was there, too. But she hasn't mentioned seeing the Bellwood girl there. Let's ask her now."

From the library that adjoined the bedroom beyond, Trenna, escorted by the detective who had gone to get her, entered the living-room. And she might have been playing in a picture, so lovely was she as she entered the smoke-filled room.

(To be continued next week)

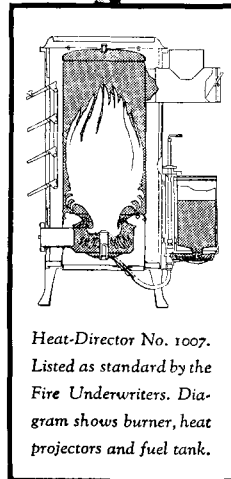
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Bad Boys of the Movies

Continued from page 13

and MacArthur have written a good many fantastic stories. But they have imagined nothing so bizarre, in some aspects, as the bare facts of their own lives.

They are successful collaborators today, no doubt, because they differ widely in personality, outlook and method. Thus each can supply the deficiencies of the other. They came from very different environments. Hecht is the older by about a year. He was born in New York City on February 28, 1894, the son of Russian immigrants. His father, Joseph Hecht, was a restless individual who engaged in a variety of occupations and grew bored with them. Consequently the family was constantly on the move. Ben went to high school at Racine, Wisconsin. Later he found himself living in the slums of Chicago and nursing an ambition to become either a dramatist or an actor. At eighteen he was running an "art theater," playing the leading parts and writing plays. Then it was necessary to earn some money and he got a job as a reporter on the Chicago Journal. Four years later he transferred to the News. Hecht was a good newspaper-man but not, if his partner's opinion is worth anything, as good as MacArthur. His real interest was fiction. Journalism, even free and easy Chicago journalism, cramped him. So he tried to write books. He was interrupted by the war, during which he enrolled in the army of government press agents and pleaded for the Liberty Loan.

Twenty Dollars a Week

After the Armistice he was sent to Berlin as a correspondent for the Chicago News and stayed for about a year. But Ben was a literary man, destined to be part of the literary renaissance which swept Chicago after the war. For a time it looked as though the production of books and plays in Chicago might exceed the output of beef and hams at the stockyards. A good many of the books came from Hecht's busy pen between 1920 and 1923. So did some plays. And the critics, particularly those of the sissy East, thought

that Mr. Hecht was too outspoken, vulgar and crude.

"Mr. Hecht and most of the Loop literateurs," said one reviewer, "like to think that they are caviar to the masses. They are, as a matter of fact, simply fish balls."

"From all I have read or seen written about my work," retorted Hecht, "it is obvious that two thirds of my readers are simpletons."

Meanwhile Charles MacArthur, who was also to be a figure in roaring Chicago, was being trained for the church by his too hopeful father. He was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, on November 5, 1895, and he talks about his early years with reluctance. His father was a Baptist minister ("Maybe he was a Presbyterian; I kind of forget," MacArthur says). He had to attend five or six church services a day. When Charlie was six years old an evangelist was holding forth in a tent near the paternal church and the Rev. Mr. MacArthur persuaded his son to help in the cause. The way he did so was by climbing to the top of a six-foot ladder, closing his eyes and jumping into the evangelists' arms.

"That's faith!" the man would proclaim. But to Charlie it was risky business and a shade silly.

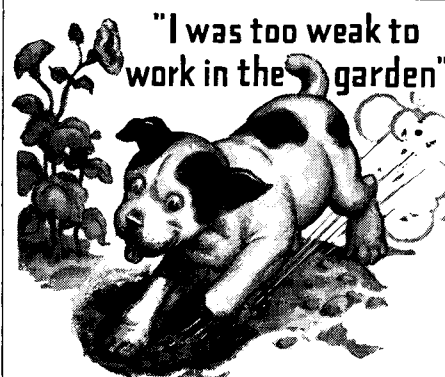
The Rev. Mr. MacArthur, like the father of Ben Hecht, enjoyed a change of scene. So he moved from Scranton to Chicago. Young Charles went to school there and then entered the Wilson Memorial Academy at Nyack, New York, an institution which specialized in training youth for missionary work. But Charlie did not want to become a missionary. Two of his brothers had bought a small group of newspapers at Oak Park and other Chicago suburbs and they gave him a job at \$20 a week. He had a row with one, however, and shifted to the Chicago City News, an organization which covered local routine news for all the Chicago papers. This offered small opportunity for MacArthur's budding creative urges. One day, when he wrote what he considered a very funny and original story, the city editor killed it.

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"You gave him a dime and now look what we have—a playboy!"

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wrote it," said MacArthur, his eyes narrowing to slits, "or pay me the thirty dollars that I lent you. If you don't I'll tell the managing editor that you borrow money from your reporters."

The city editor did not have thirty dollars. So MacArthur's story went to all the Chicago dailies and the Herald-Examiner printed it in full. The result was the offer of a job, which Charlie promptly accepted.

"I was an excellent reporter," he recalls complacently, particularly if Ben Hecht is within hearing. "I was the first reporter in Chicago to get one hundred dollars a week. That was when they hired a dude from New York who called himself a 'journalist', wore a derby and spats and carried a cane. I discovered they were paying him ninety dollars so I demanded one hundred dollars and got it."

But the war came first. MacArthur saw action, as a private in the 149th Field Artillery, at Rheims and in the Argonne. He divided his time between thinking up practical jokes which annoyed his officers a good deal and practical fighting, which annoyed the enemy a lot more. At the end of the hostilities he returned to Chicago and the Herald-Examiner. Along toward 1923 he decided that journalism held promise of insufficient material rewards and he began to write plays. They were not produced.

Charlie scraped along for a year or so. He started his first collaboration with Hecht in 1923, on a play. They never finished this maiden effort. They had been amusing themselves at the same time with another show, about the Chicago newspaper life they knew so well. But neither thought that any producer would put it on. It was much too rough. Next, MacArthur teamed up with Edward Sheldon, a playwright of experience, and the result was a drama called Lulu Belle. This opened in New York in 1926 and was an immediate hit. As the royalties started rolling in, Charlie lost all desire for work. He went abroad, sunned himself on the Riviera and managed to spend most of the royalties. Then he heard that a newspaper play, very hard-boiled and rough, had been put on in New York.

He took the first steamer back and found that this was a false alarm. But the scare was enough to start Hecht and MacArthur working on their newspaper opus, by now called The Front Page. Early in 1928 they persuaded Jed Harris, a new producer who considered himself quite as tough as the show, to take it. The authors, the producers and ultimately the New York police had some bad moments over The Front Page. One of the first out-of-town tryouts was at a Newark, New Jersey, theater where, to everyone's consternation, it was learned that the entire theater had been bought out by a church club. At the New York opening, in August, police stood in the wings and jotted down the more obvious profanities. The play was an enormous success, but it seemed not unlikely that Charlie, Ben and Jed would land in the jug.

To Hollywood and Back

They pretended not to be frightened and uttered loud cries about art and freedom of speech while the district attorney made threats and the police took more notes. Then a much dirtier play opened and distracted the attention of the authorities. The Front Page was soon making about \$6,000 a week for each of the partners—several road companies having been sent out. This time, however, MacArthur found it possible to keep on working. He had settled down, so to speak, by marrying Helen Hayes. He is, incidentally, still married to Miss Hayes.

Ben Hecht blazed the trail to Hollywood. Although chastised by the critics, he had won a degree of fame with his novels before MacArthur had been heard of at all. So Hollywood called him and he answered. But he got angry almost immediately. His first major picture, Underworld, so displeased him that he left Hollywood before it was finished and announced that he would write for the silver screen no more. B. P. Schulberg, then in command of the Paramount lot, retorted that Hecht was under contract and would do several additional scripts.

"Mr. Schulberg," telegraphed Ben to the newspapers of New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, "is suffering from delusions of grandeur."

In due time Underworld was released and Hecht, after dropping into some theater to see it, sent another telegram. This was addressed to the production staff of the Paramount Studio. "You poor hams!" was its succinct message.

On Their Own

Short and stubby, with sharp, blue-gray eyes and stringy black hair, Ben Hecht looks tough. He is. MacArthur is gentle in appearance—and in this case appearances are deceptive. He seems small and rather thin; then one hears that he has, on occasion, taken on three taxi drivers in a fight. He has curly hair which is usually awry. He talks steadily, in rather low tones but with a great deal of profanity. Like Ben, he dresses very badly. There is an elusive Puckish quality to MacArthur. Helen Hayes, who ought to know, sometimes calls him "that old devil, MacArthur." He can be quite as mean to the movie barons as Ben Hecht. His insults are different, but quite as effective. For instance: two summers ago the officials of a major company were in a fearful lather because the script of Rasputin, which was to be the father of all epics, was not ready. The three costly Barrymores—Lionel, Ethel and Jack—had been hired and were drawing vast salaries. Elaborate sets had been built. Someone at the studio first consulted Hecht. What should they do?

"Send the Barrymores home," he suggested helpfully.

Two days before shooting had to begin MacArthur was called in to fix the script. MacArthur promised to labor without stopping during the forty-eight hours which remained. But late the following afternoon a friend found him sunning himself on a raft off one of the Santa Monica beach clubs. He was smiling quietly, as though some prospect pleased him very much.

"I'm thinking," he confided to the friend, "how much dough this swim of mine is costing the studio."

Charles is often given to such costly procrastinations. One day he was seated at the luxurious desk in the equally luxurious office provided for him on one of the movie lots. He was doing nothing else, merely sitting, when the telephone rang. A studio executive asked whether he might drop up and look at the sequence which MacArthur had, in theory, been writing.

"O. K., Benny," said Charlie. "I'll be ready for you."

The truth was that he had not yet written a single line, but this did not disturb him. When the executive arrived MacArthur picked up a script, bound in blue covers, which lay on his desk. It was an ancient scenario, long since produced.

"Benny," he said, and his voice had a tremolo throb, "while you were on the way up I did some thinking. I haven't done right by you, Benny. This isn't my best work. Oh, it would make a

(Continued on page 60)



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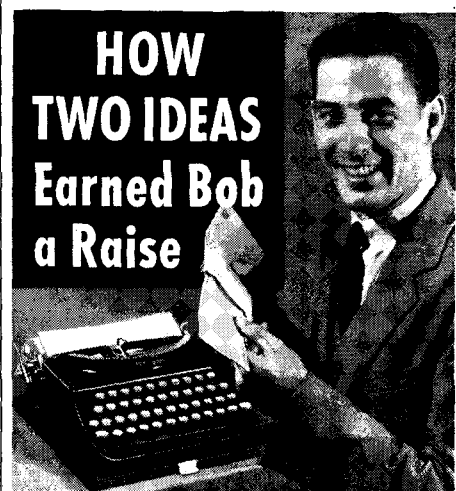
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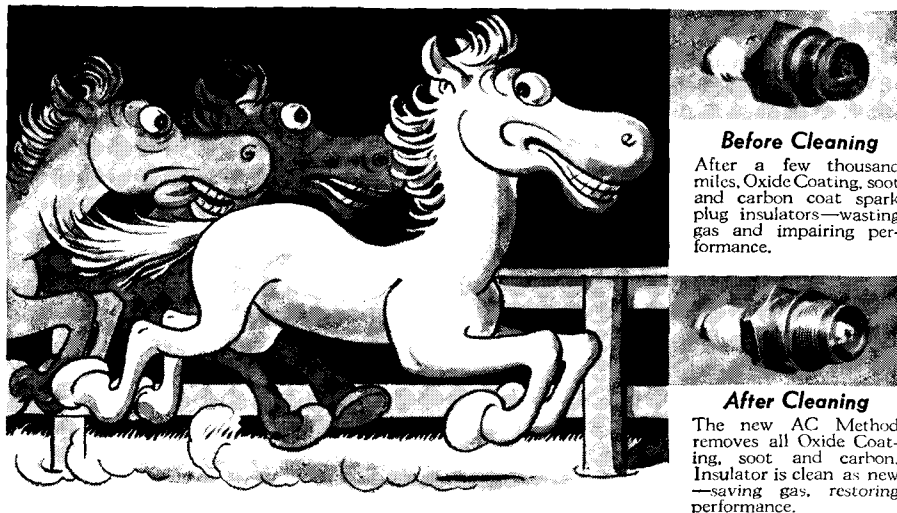
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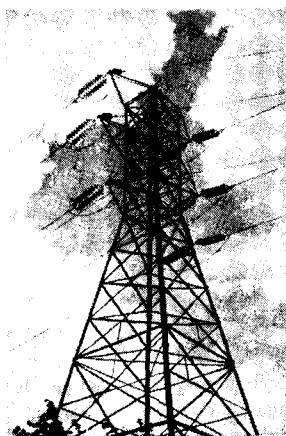
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Draining the Lifeblood of a Great Industry

**PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED on a wall
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is the following statement:**



**EDISON and other men of genius
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ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

61 Broadway, New York



(Continued from page 59)

good picture, but not a *great* picture. It would make money, but . . .

Benny reached for it. "No," said MacArthur, "I won't let you have anything but my best."

Whereupon he tore the moldy script into small pieces and let them flutter into the waste-basket. The official, close to tears, staggered from the room. MacArthur went back to his dreaming.

Two motives lie behind the perilous ambition of Hecht and MacArthur to produce movies of their own. A minor one is the fact that they prefer New York to California as a place to live. A major one is their egotistical conviction that the scenario writer is more important than the star, the director, the supervisor and the boss. The partners have a good deal of practical sense. There is to be nothing experimental about the four pictures they will make this year, nothing arty or modernistic or futuristic. Most practical of all is the fact that they are not even using their own money. Most of the \$200,000 which each picture will cost, a small sum compared with the \$300,000 and \$1,000,000 maximum of Hollywood, will come from the Paramount Company and from Electrical Research Products, Inc. Paramount will release the pictures. "Erpi" is a subsidiary of the Western Electric Company, which owns many of the basic talking-picture patents and is interested in seeing whether pictures can really be made with some degree of economy.

Screaming Practice

Ben and Charlie are determined that their pictures shall make money. The first, released recently, is *Crime without Passion*, a melodrama. The leading rôle is played by Claude Rains, who, although well known on Broadway, has been in but one major picture. The principal girl's part is taken by a little Spanish dancer named Margo, who has never been in the movies at all. The other girl's part is played by Whitney Bourne, a lovely young actress of small actual experience.

Thus the first picture was, in fact, produced without stars. Hecht and MacArthur did one very smart thing. They hired Lee Garmes, one of the best Hollywood cameramen. He is so competent that he can attend to most of the directing. They also grabbed Slavko Vorkapich, an expert film cutter, before the West Coast magnates were fully aware of what they were doing. Thus the technical side of the Hecht-MacArthur productions is in excellent hands. But they have no elaborate wardrobe department, no profusion of hair-dressers and beauty experts, no costly executives. Their actors are, by Hollywood standards, receiving very small salaries.

"We got rid of the worst racketeers in Hollywood—the writers," beams MacArthur. "Ben and I write the scripts ourselves; after we get finished on the set."

On but one occasion have Hecht and

MacArthur disagreed seriously. This was when Twentieth Century (the play) was being written. Charlie did not like the last act although Ben was enthusiastic. So he walked out, went to Hollywood and nothing was done for a year and a half. Then Hecht decided to go ahead; he gave the play to a producer and it was put on. MacArthur flew east for the opening and, to their mutual surprise, liked it very much.

Hecht is almost superstitious about the validity of MacArthur's judgment and rarely opposes it. Ben has countless ideas, which he throws at MacArthur and waits for a reaction.

"MacArthur's talent for knowing whether a thing is bad is incredible," he says. "I can always tell when he doesn't like it. There's something about his nose! I can tell on the set. When a scene is going badly, Charlie's nose looks funny."

On the other hand, MacArthur would get much less done if it were not for Hecht. He is a perfectionist, particularly about his own work. He is inclined to discard ideas in despair, to write nothing because he is afraid that the result will not be good enough. So Hecht and MacArthur work together with a fair degree of harmony. It is shattered, from time to time, by what they call "screaming matches." Then they yell at the top of their lungs. At frequent intervals, between jobs, they refrain from seeing each other at all; a variety of marital vacation.

Such, if you please, is the low-down on the Hecht-MacArthur relationship. You would never guess that it is the truth—if you merely talked casually to either of them. "Charlie MacArthur? Why, he's a frustrated ham," Hecht will declare. "He wants to be an actor. He wants to be in all the love scenes that he writes. He can't, so he won't write good ones. He won't let a man and girl kiss because he is jealous of the actor."

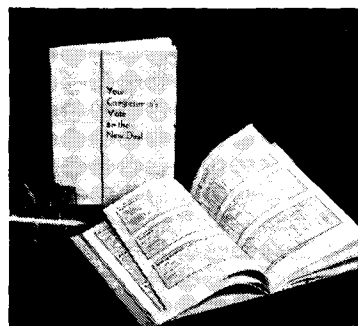
At this point MacArthur grabs the arm of the visitor and hauls him to another corner of the set: "What did that guy say about me? Oh, he did? Well, let me tell you about him!"

Hecht, it appears, would like to be a Cecil de Mille, a Frank Borzage and a von Sternberg rolled into one. MacArthur swears that his partner is secretly practicing a new signature: "von Hecht." Ben, Charlie continues, is the real "frustrated ham" of the two. In proof of this he tells a story. Not long ago they were preparing to shoot some minor scene in which a Negro doorman said a few lines. Ben Hecht went up to the man to give him instructions.

"Ah wants you-all to do it thisaway," he said in, according to MacArthur, a wholly unconscious dialect.

If Hecht and MacArthur can make pictures for \$200,000 each, even pretty good pictures, they should make money. If they turn out excellent films they will have justified their venture and the harpoons now being aimed from Hollywood will never be thrown. The boys intend, of course, that the pictures shall be excellent.

How Did Your Congressman Vote?



The votes of every member of the House of Representatives and the Senate on the important measures before the last Congress are tabulated in this booklet. Send five cents in stamps for your copy. The Record, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



CUSTER'S LAST RIDE

AGAIN the Sioux were on the warpath . . . and again from Fort Lincoln the veterans of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry rode westward. At their head was Custer . . . young, gallant and courageous.

By his side, for a little way, rode his beloved wife, Elizabeth . . . Long would she remember that last farewell.

Sunday afternoon, June 25, 1876, surrounded on the banks of the Little Big Horn and hopelessly outnumbered, Custer and his brave men fought desperately . . . until all were killed. The news brought sorrow to the nation, and to the women at Fort Lincoln . . .

With foresight and concern for the future of their loved ones, Custer and five fellow officers had insured in the

New York Life through a representative in the Dakota Territory. The Company paid \$40,000 to their beneficiaries.

* * *

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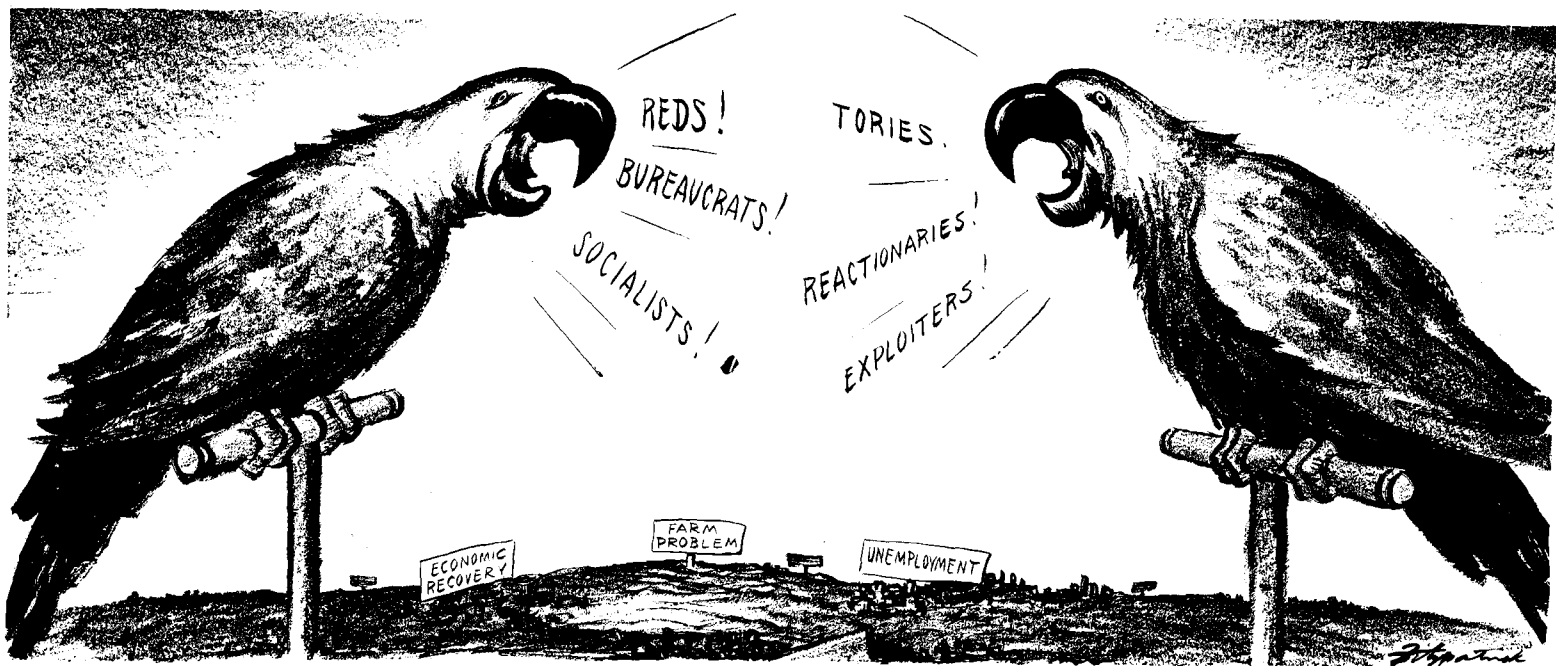
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Stop Calling Names

THE personal devils deplored by so intelligent a man as Henry Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, are busily employed in this campaign. Upton Sinclair's middle-aged retired farmers and their wives are Reds and Communists to their opposition. Mr. Sinclair and his campaigners are themselves using Wall Street as a private devil to affright the voters.

Throughout much of the nation similar excitement prevails. Not in a long time has calling names been so popular a political weapon. Bureaucrat, Anarchist, Red, Communist, Socialist, Tory and Reactionary are the prevailing epithets. Campaign arguments are as fantastic as the wild epithets hurled so freely. The tides of credulity have seldom run higher. Meanwhile, few aspirants for office have time or thought for the real issues that are now before the country.

Huey Long, most noisy of the rabble-rousers, finished his successful Louisiana campaign with these words: "This carries my regards to those loyal patriots, the financial interests, who from patriotic motives combined with the red-light district for the purpose of wrecking Huey Long."

The only real issue in Louisiana was the question of whether Senator Long or his opponents would dominate the political machinery of the state. No questions seriously affecting financial interests, or the red-light district either, for that matter, were involved. But for the want of something better it was successful politics to use the names.

Personal abuse is no new tool in politics. It has been employed by various groups at various times. The elder Robert M. LaFollette, who fought Wisconsin Socialists all his political life, was in turn denounced as a Socialist by his less scrupulous enemies. In an earlier day conservatives denounced the proponents of a federal income tax as Communists. When the Supreme Court in 1894 declared the income tax law void, the

New York Sun said editorially: "Thanks to the Court our government is not to be dragged into a communistic warfare against the rights of property and the rewards of industry."

To a long-lived generation the railroads were the chief devils of American politics. Governmental regulation was established at the behest of the Western farmers who later founded the Populist party. Wall Street and the bankers now occupy the rôle played in earlier campaigns by the railroads. The defenders of the railroads were, however, not less extreme, as witness the Nation, which denounced regulation as "confiscation, or if another phrase be more agreeable, the change of railroads from pieces of private property, owned and managed for the benefit of those who have invested their money in them, into eleemosynary or charitable corporations, managed for the benefit of a particular class of applicants for outdoor relief—the farmers."

Argument on this level did little to solve the railroad issue and we shall not find answers to present problems by the use of frenzied epithets. On the contrary, we shall move on much faster if by common consent terms of abuse are omitted for the period of the campaign. After all, there are serious and important matters to consider and to decide.

There is, for example, much growling over the NRA but almost no rational discussion. The Recovery Administration is a new thing in our business life. Coöperation under governmental supervision has been substituted for the old anti-trust laws.

Relief and reemployment are vast issues which necessarily must be acted upon by any Congress and any administration. Enormous sums are being expended. In many places the distribution of relief has fallen into the hands of quite stupid local politicians.

No sane person expects relief to be con-

tinued long on the present basis. On the other hand, no one with any political sense imagines that any administration can abruptly stop relief unless some other means of taking care of the needy is devised.

What are the solutions to this issue? The Congress soon to be chosen must deal with it. If the campaign speeches of candidates reveal what is in their minds, not much consideration is being given to it. Yet it is fairly certain that during the next two years social legislation of far-reaching importance will be enacted by the men and women who are now seeking our votes.

In similar fashion the farmer's fat is in the congressional fire. The present farm acts are popular with farmers getting government checks and less liked by those not on the receiving end of the line. Many would change the Agricultural Adjustment Act. But in what way? Nothing is accomplished by an unimaginative opposition to an existing statute of obvious benefit to many.

Such questions do not suggest that present legislation cannot be improved. Obviously it can. The point is we won't benefit ourselves or the nation by calling names when we might be considering the important questions which must be answered.

So far this congressional campaign has been singularly blank. The only real issue has been support of the Administration or opposition to it. Candidates of both parties are promising to support Mr. Roosevelt in the hope of sharing his popularity. This is a thin appeal.

At a time of great change in our economic life we should be able at least to consider the issues on which our representatives will soon be called upon to act. Instead, we are entertained by expletives and fantastic stories. The spectacle is not pleasant. It does, however, explain the contempt which legislative feebleness has aroused in so many nations.

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Adjustable sparks were set to the car manufacturers' recommendations for bringing out the best possible car performance with each of the three grades of fuel. Taking the performances of the cars with Ethyl as 100%, the averaged performances with the two other grades of fuel showed the following losses:

PER CENT OF PERFORMANCE* DEVELOPED		
by ETHYL GASOLINE	by REGULAR GASOLINES	by 3RD GRADE GASOLINES
100%	88.8%	65.9%
	LOSS—11.2%	LOSS—34.1%

Study these figures in terms of your own car. Consider also another point these tests brought out: objectionable knocking and higher radiator (cooling water) temperatures accompanied the power losses when regular and third grade gasolines were used.

Now ask yourself: "Is it econ-

omy to 'save' a few pennies per gallon of gasoline and lose from a tenth to a third in car performance? Is it economy to invest from \$500 to \$5000 in an automobile and then get only part of the power I paid for?"

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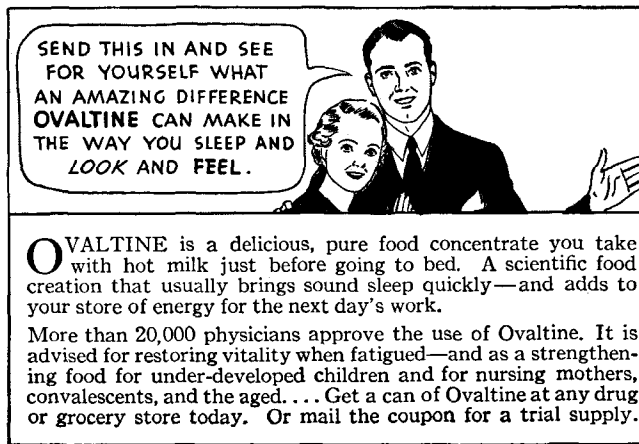
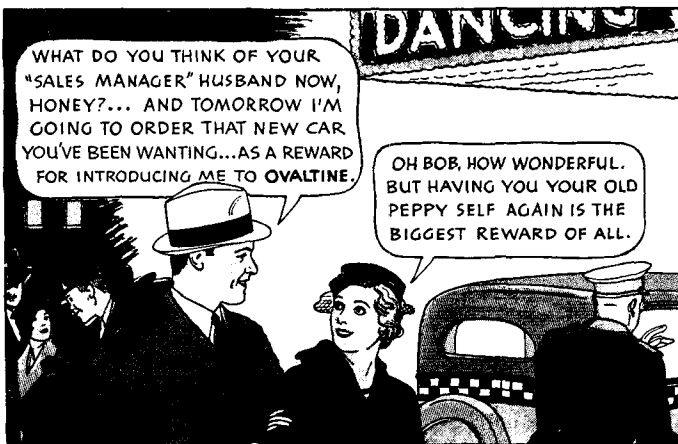
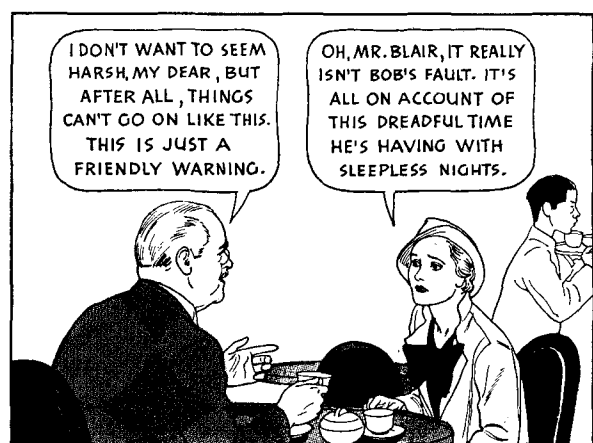
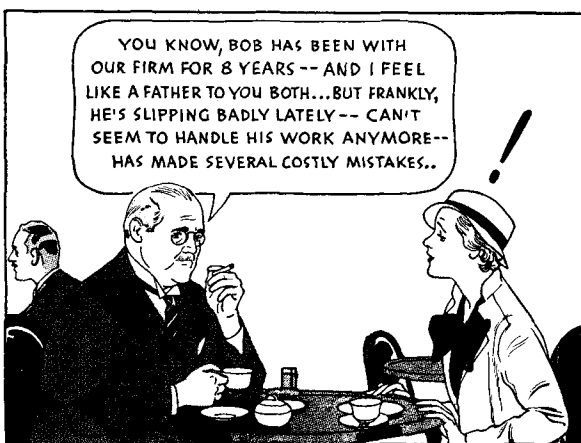
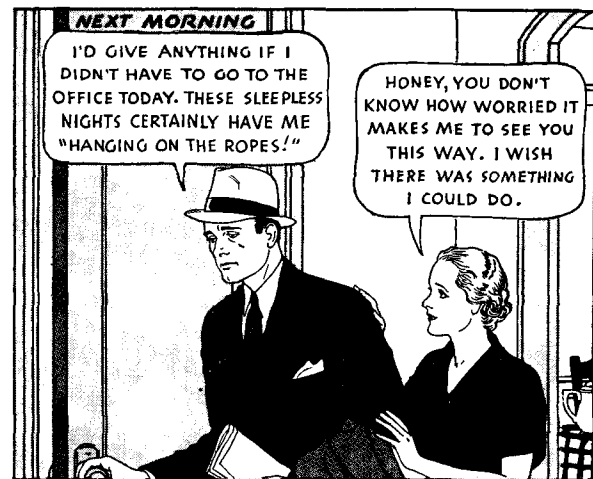
***PERFORMANCE** means speed at top of test hill in the case of those cars that were able to reach the top in high gear; in the case of those cars which had to shift to second, distance on hill made in high gear.



ETHYL

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AND WHAT HAPPENED AFTER HE SAID GOOD-BYE TO SLEEPLESS NIGHTS



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